

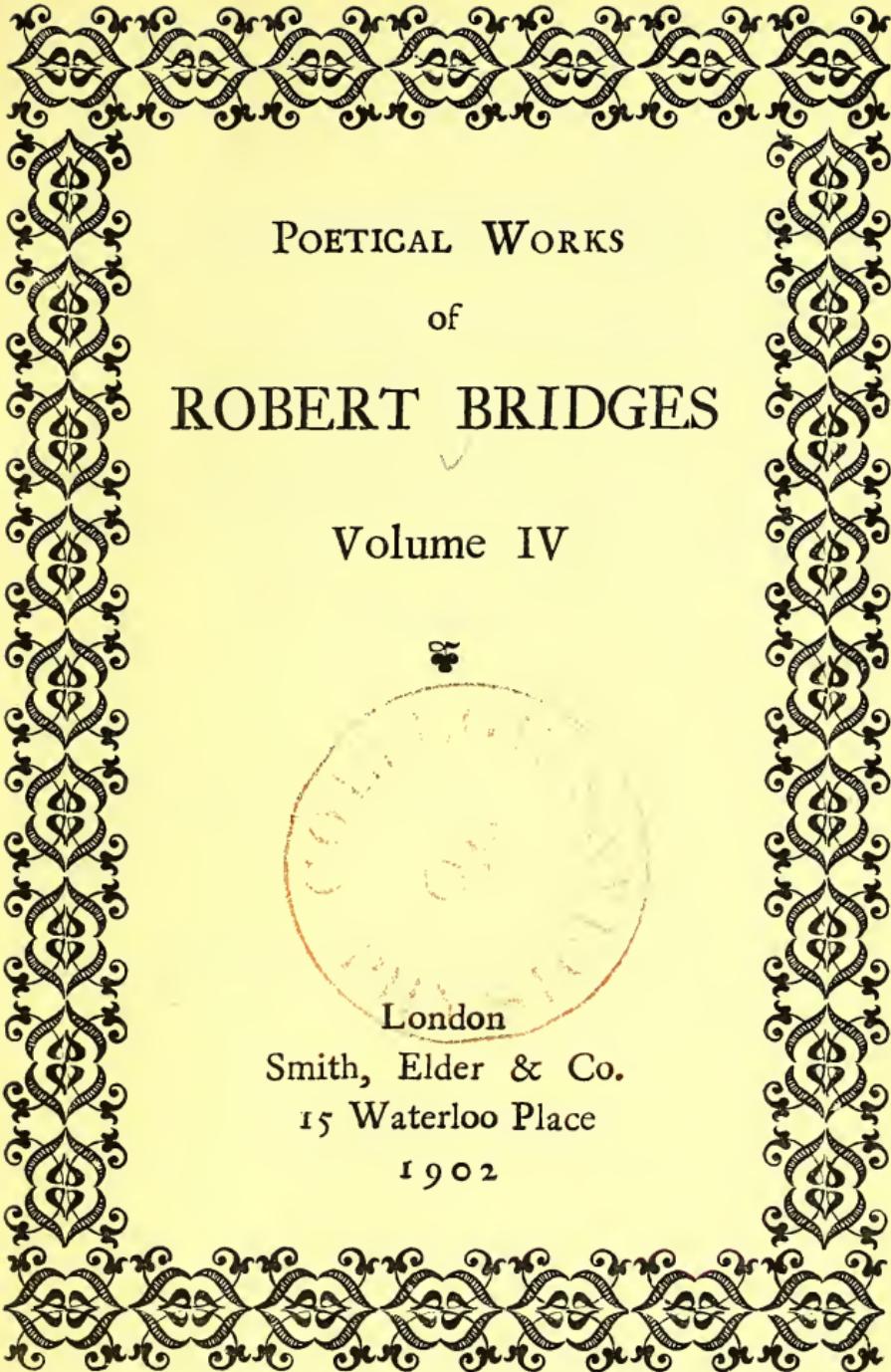
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POETICAL WORKS  
of  
ROBERT BRIDGES

Volume IV



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POETICAL WORKS OF  
ROBERT BRIDGES

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VOLUME THE FOURTH  
CONTAINING

---

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## LIST OF PREVIOUS EDITIONS



### PALICIO.

1. *PALICIO. A Romantic Drama in Five Acts in the Elizabethan manner.*

Ἡ καὶ ΠΑΛΙΚΩΝ εὐλόγως μενεῖ φάτις ;

Πάλιν γὰρ ἴκουσ' ἐκ σκότου τόδ' ἐς φάος.

Æsch., *Ætnææ*, frag.

*Published by Ewd. Bumpus. London, 1890. 4to.*

*pp. 37-70.*

### RETURN OF ULYSSES.

1. *THE RETURN OF ULYSSES. A Drama in Five Acts in a mixed manner.*

Ἄ μὲν ἐποποιία ἔχει, ὑπάρχει τῇ τραγωδίᾳ

ἃ δὲ αὐτή, οὐ πάντα ἐν τῇ ἐποποιίᾳ.

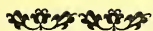
Arist., *Poet.* 12.

*Published by Ewd. Bumpus. London, 1890. 4to.*

*pp. 71-100.*



# PALICIO



## A ROMANTIC DRAMA





## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

HUGO	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Viceroy of Sicily.</i>
LIVIO	.	.	.	.	.	<i>his son, lover of Margaret.</i>
MANUEL						<i>Chief Justiciary, betrothed to Constance.</i>
PHILIP, Duke	.	.	.	.	.	<i>Spanish commissioner.</i>
FERDINAND	.	.	.	.	.	<i>his secretary.</i>
BLASCO	.	.	.	.	.	<i>a Sicilian count.</i>
MICHAEL ROSSO	.					<i>a surgeon, lover of Margaret.</i>
GIOVANNI PALICIO	.	.	.	.	.	<i>brigand.</i>
SQUARCIALUPU	.	.	.	.	.	<i>his lieutenant.</i>
MARGARET	.	.	.	.	.	<i>sister to Manuel.</i>
CONSTANCE	.	.	.	.	.	<i>daughter to Hugo.</i>
LUCIA	.	.	.	.	.	<i>servant to Margaret.</i>

*Brigands, soldiers, messengers, servants.*

*The scene is in PALERMO, and sometimes in the  
hills above MONREALE.*

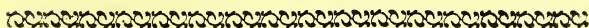
*Time, Spanish occupation of Sicily.*



# PALICIO



## ACT · I



### SCENE · I

*Palermo. Reception-room in the Palace.*

*BLASCO and FERDINAND.*

*BLASCO.*

**H**AVE you not been in Sicily before?

*FERDINAND.*

Never.

*Bl.* And, sir, what think you of Palermo?  
Have you as fine cities in Spain?

*Fer.* Your city,  
Approached by sea or from the roofs surveyed,  
Smiles back upon the gazer like a queen  
That hears her praise. Nearer to speak I'll grudge not,  
When I may nearer know: but since we came

There's been no hour a stranger might dare shew  
His face in the streets.

*Bl.* The time is now unquiet.

*Fer.* Rather I'd say government given over 10  
To murderous bandits, who range up and down  
Unchecked : to whom the king's commissioners  
Were just the daintiest pricking. If I may brag  
Of home, our cities are more orderly.

*Bl.* 'Tis a hot-blooded race, sir, full of stirrings,  
Subject to fermentation, and like good wine  
Ever the better for it.

*Fer.* But can you tell me  
The real cause of these disturbances ?

*Bl.* Nothing is easier, sir. Your viceroy, Hugo,  
This is the point, is plunged in disesteem. 20  
He has lost the fear and won the hate of the people.  
Already, ere ye came, the news ye bring  
Of the king being dead, was buzzed. Since at his death  
His viceroy's office falls to ground, our townsmen  
Seize on this interval, wherein they hold  
He hath no jurisdiction, to discredit him,  
Kill him maybe, if nothing else will hinder  
His reappointment. They but make the most  
Of their occasion : that is all.

*Fer.* But how  
Can a mere handful of such ruffians hold 30

The city, when the loyal troops are his?

*Bl.* 'Tis known to the people that their cause hath  
found

An ear in Spain : and here among the barons  
Are many who wish well to the revolt.  
Should Hugo push to extremes he might discover  
Most potent enemies. Remember, sir,  
'Twas a street scuffle in this very town,  
That drave the French from Sicily.

*Fer.* The thought  
Brings me no comfort.

*Bl.* Wherefore 'tis his policy  
To meet the present rage by such concessions 40  
As may be popular, and to give forth  
The king is ill, not dead. 'Tis for this reason  
No mass is sung nor mourning liveries worn :  
To-night's festivity, such as it is,  
Hath only this pretence.

*Fer.* Are the two ladies  
His daughters both?

*Bl.* The taller and the fairer,  
The lady Constance, is his only daughter.  
Your fine duke Philip, who comes now from court  
With such a mightiness, was once her lover.

*Fer.* That doth not single her.

*Bl.* But then it did. 50

She was his first. 'Twas when duke Philip's father  
Was viceroy here ; Hugo was then chief justice,  
And Manuel, who succeeded him, was only  
Young Philip's tutor ;—he succeeds moreover  
Now to his pupil's leavings, and will marry  
The long-forgotten Constance.

*Fer.* 'Twas the other  
I asked of, in white satin, she who sat  
On Philip's right at supper ; who is she ?

*Bl.* That, sir, is Margaret.

*Fer.* And who is Margaret ?

*Bl.* Sister to Manuel.

*Fer.* She far outshines 60  
Her future sister.

*Bl.* They that can see have thought it :  
And, sir, 'twill tax your better wit to add  
A tittle to her full accustomed homage.  
Your broken heart were but a pinch of pepper  
Sprinkled on porridge. Now for full two years  
Her reign hath made a melancholy madness  
The fashion 'mongst our youth.

*Fer.* I should much like  
To be presented.

*Bl.* O, sir, at your will.  
Judge for yourself. See, here they come. (*Aside.*) A  
moth !

*Fer. (aside).* A very civil fellow.

[*They retire to back.*]

*Enter R. Hugo, Philip, Manuel, Margaret,  
Constance and Livio.*

HUGO.

I am sorry, your grace,  
We make so small a party. For our poor  
Reception, and for all shortcomings else,  
Accuse the occasion.

PHILIP.

I think, your excellence,  
I cannot play the guest. This house was once  
So long my home, that here I look to find  
As little ceremony as I fear I have shewn.

*Hu.* So should it be. Make it your home again.

*Ph.* I shall forget I have ever been away.

*MANUEL.*

Five years.

*Pb.*      Ay, but five years of wandering,  
Such as can but endear one's home the more.      80  
My memory still would serve me to walk blindfold  
From any point of the city to these doors.

*Man.* What is your memory for our studies, Philip?

*Ph.* Too slippery for my profit. Yet the pleasure

Lives very brightly ;—nay, I could but name  
One deprivation I have more regretted.

*MARGARET.*

But now

My brother has a new philosophy.

*Pb.* Ah ! If you share the secret, and I be thought  
Worthy of initiation, may I hear it ?

*Mar.* And welcome. Manuel, in his deep research  
For the first cause and harmony of things, 91  
Hit upon both together—they are one :

'Tis love. And now, since I profess it not,  
And since 'twas learnt of you . . .

*Man. (to Mar.).* Hush, sister, hush !

*Pb.* I am very proud of such a pupil. (*Aside.*)

Since

He has learned my love so readily, it may be  
That he may catch my jealousy—

*Hu.* Come, duke,

Sit here by me. There's more to talk of. Livio,  
Fetch us the papers.

*Philip crosses to L. and sits by Hugo.*

*Man. (crossing to R.).* They must grant us, Con-  
stance,

A moment now. All day I have been away, 100  
And yesterday I saw you not at all.

Can you forgive a lover so remiss?

CONSTANCE.

I fear I half deserve your fear.

*Man.*

The time

Can be but short, but it shall make amends.

[*They talk together.*

*Bl. (coming forward with Fer.).* Fair lady Margaret,  
Count Ferdinand of Vergas; I present him  
At his desire.

*Fer.* Your ladyship's true servant.

*Mar.* I am much honoured.

*Fer.*

Lady, 'tis worth the pains

To cross from Spain to see you.

*Mar.*

From that I guess

That you are a better sailor than the duke. 110

*Fer.* Nay, you judge wrong.

*Mar.*

Have you then ate no dinner?

*Fer.* Now if I had not, I'd blame your stormy town  
Before the sea for that: since we left ship  
We are cabined in this house; to pass the door  
Were to leap overboard in a whole gale.

*Mar.* I fear this is no country for you, sir,  
If noises in the street keep you indoors.

LIVIO.

Take warning, count; Sicily's fairest rose

Blooms on an angry plant.

*Mar.*

But we can boast

Of warriors that for fragrance shame the rose. 120

(*To Liv.*) Is't musk to-day?

*Liv. (to Fer.).*

I told you.

*Enter Messenger R., crosses to Hugo L.*

### MESSENGER.

This paper, sire, is posted thro' the town.

*Hu.* Eh, eh! what have we here?

[*Reads.*

*Citizens of Palermo, King Pedro is dead. God rest his soul! The office of Viceroy being vacant, the Parliament of townsmen, assembled in the church of San Lorenzo, have this day elected Manuel to be your viceroy, in place of Hugo. Death to Hugo! Long live the king!*

Why, Manuel, what's this parliament?

*Man.*

I know

130

No more than doth your excellence. But 'tis plain

That they are orderers who put on a dress

Of regular authority; they use

The senatorial voice, and over all

They have now usurped my name to have it thought

That I have set their hatch.

[*Shouts without of "Death to Hugo! The Despatches!"*]

*Ph.*

Here comes the parliament.

*Hu.* Now this is what I feared. Manuel, I pray you,  
Go to the balcony, you have their ear ;  
Use then your credit.

*Man.* What, sire, shall I say ?

*Hu.* Well, you should know. 140

*Liv. (to Man.).* Look, if they ask to hear  
The last despatches, gull them with some paper ;  
Which while you show, you make as if therefrom  
You read the king's not dead.

*Ph. (to Liv.).* Nay, Livio :  
The word is wanted for a troop of horse.  
My father never would have brooked this insult  
From such a mob.

*Liv.* Our soldiers are not idle.  
They laid hands yesterday upon the chief  
And head of all, one John Palicio.  
We have certain information that the rebels  
Cannot be kept together but by him. 150  
Hark ! they are quiet now.

*Hu. (to Man. returning).* What is your charm  
To win such meek obedience ?

*Man.* They're gone, your excellence ;  
But not from aught I said : for ere I spoke  
Some rumour reached them, and the skirt of the  
throng,  
That far beyond my hearing stood apart

In scattered groups, broke hastily away :  
Then the next ranks shed off, and then the next  
Loosened and followed them : till the voice came  
To the very midst and huddle, where they pressed  
With upturned faces ; then all heads went down,  
And with a cry they fled. 161

*Hu.* Whither?

*Man.* I think

To the prison, my lord.

*Enter a Soldier.*

*Hu.* What now? give me thy matter.

**SOLDIER.**

The prisoner Palicio is escaped.  
He killed his guards, and fled beyond pursuit.

*Ph. (to Liv.).* Why, is not this the man you spoke of?

*Liv.* Ay,

That is the man.

*Hu.* Let the patrol be doubled for the night,  
And give not o'er the search. Alive or dead,  
A hundred florins to whoever finds him.

Blasco, go see to it : he must not escape. 169

*Bl. (aside).* But if he be escaped, who's viceroy  
then? *[Exit with soldier.]*

*Hu.* This same Palicio, duke, is the chief rebel :  
While he was caged, I could despise the rest.

But he's a dangerous fellow ; bred in the hills,  
He is yet of noble blood and high descent :  
A proud and lofty temper, that hath taken  
A graft of wildness, and shot forth afresh  
In base luxuriance. Tho' yet unbearded,  
Bandits and exiles own him ; and the people,  
Who hold such men in honour, can be drawn  
But by his name to any enterprise. 180  
'Tis he that with his bread-tax cry hath stirred  
The commons to rebel, and be he 'scaped  
Clear, as 'tis thought, there will be more ado.  
I'll not so much as vouch, duke, for your safety,  
If you should sleep in the palace.

*Man.* Let the duke

Come to my house. What say you ?

*Hu.* What say you, Philip ?

They would not seek you there.

*Ph.* If 'tis your wish.

I would not bring you trouble. (*To Fer.*) Ferdinand,  
These papers must be copied : take them straight  
Into your chamber. [*Exit Ferdinand.*]

*Hu.* 'Tis but truth, your grace, 190

We may be driven hence. The people's cry  
Is *Sack and fire the palace.*

*Mar.* See if Livio

Have not gone pale ! Now, Livio, if you think

'Tis safer at our house, for pity's sake  
Spare your complexion and come back with us.

*Liv.* No doubt that sleep were sweeter, and all  
things else

Beneath thy roof, lady : and came there danger,  
That my sword might protect thee . . .

*Mar.* The heavens shield us,  
When we be left to that.

*Liv.* Didst thou not treat  
All men with like contempt, I were much wronged :  
But there's none thou wilt praise. 201

*Mar.* Now, if I needed  
A man to look at, I would pass my time  
Searching for this Palicio. As for you,  
When you can lead the people, and cut your way  
Thro' guards and prison walls, and get a price  
Set on your head . . . I'll marry you.

*Man.* Come, sister,  
This goes too far.

*Mar.* Why, no. Be generous.  
If I be wrong, what makes you ill at ease  
When this man's free? Palicio is in prison,  
And all goes cheerfully; you sit to feast, 210  
You have no care, a joke will raise a laugh.  
Palicio is escaped—hey! at that news  
What blackness reigns! Forgive me, friends; I see

This man's your master, and I like him for it.  
Bravery I love, and there's no cause so poor  
It cannot justify.

*Hu.* If we should take him,  
I'll send him to you stuffed.

*Mar.* Is that a speech  
One should forgive?

*Man.* Enough. We take our leave.  
We pass by a private way, duke.

*Pb.* I come with you. 219  
Good-night.

*All.* Good-night.

[*Exeunt Philip, Manuel, and Margaret.*]

*Hu.* (*to Con.*). And you to bed.

*Con.* I pray there's nought to fear?

*Hu.* Nay, nay. Good-night, child; sleep you sound.

*Con.* Dear father,

Heaven keep you safe. Good-night.

*Hu.* Fear not for me.

[*Exit Constance.*]

Hark, Livio.

I have learned somewhat from Philip: the Spanish  
court

Is open to my enemies. My best hope

If things go worse will be to sail for Spain

And face them boldly there. 'Tis an extremity

'Twere best to avoid : but since my hands are tied  
 I may be forced ; and am so far resolved,  
 That if Palicio now should raise the town, 230  
 And come to attack the palace, I shall fly.  
 I have had a way cut thro' the chapel wall,  
 Whence by a covered passage I can reach  
 The harbour, where I keep a ship prepared.  
 Thee I must leave. But let this news be spread,  
 That Philip is with Manuel ; it may serve  
 To draw the people thither—his being here  
 Would have impeded my escape. And first  
 We'll go the rounds, and see that at all points  
 The watch is strong and wakeful. Come with me.

[*Exeunt.*



## S C E N E . 2

*Hall in Manuel's house. Enter PALICIO in woman's clothes, bleeding, a dagger in his hand.*

*PALICIO.*

No one, no sound. Can I hide here I am safe.  
 I have given the curs the slip, if I can hide. 242  
 Safe . . . But this wound, the blood runs like a river :  
 Unless they track me by it I am clear—so far.

A paltry stab. I'll bind it round and tie it  
To stop the blood—so, so. Now, where to hide?  
For here is no protection; 'tis the house  
Of the chief justiciary . . . a doubtful 'scape  
From prison here. Yet when I saw the wall  
'Twas home; then, oh, my God! this flip-flap gear  
Shackling my knees—Over! ha, ha! the fools 251  
Will never guess that leap. But I must hide:  
Slip out ere morn: or if not that, be bold,  
Give myself up to Manuel. Is that hope?  
Manuel the just. 'Twere best reserve that hope  
Till others fail. Hark!—steps. Where can I get?  
Behind this curtain—so. [Hides.

*Enter Manuel, Philip, Margaret, and Servant.*

MANUEL (*to servt.*).

Giuseppe, show the duke my room.  
(*To Ph.*) Taking us unawares o'erlook, I pray,  
The want of ceremony. You will find all comfort  
For sleep or wakefulness.

PHILIP.

This is the flower 260  
Of hospitality. Now, for old sakes,  
I'd beg some meaner shift, to prove me mindful  
Of ancient benefits.

*MARGARET.*

O, be content :

My brother's luxury will not o'erwhelm you  
With obligation.

*Man.* Rest you well. Good-night !

*Mar. and Ph.* Good-night !

[*Exit Philip with servant.*]

*Man.* Margaret !

*Mar.* My brother !

*Man.* You did ill to-night.

*Mar.* Forgive me. I said in jest you had learned  
your love

From Philip. I was sorry.

*Man.* Nay, what's that? 269

Yet 'twas ill said, and may have wounded Philip ;  
Though he must wish us to assume there's nothing  
'Twixt him and Constance : and now he's our guest  
We must not let our courtesy be tainted  
By his own lightness ; nay, the tales told of him  
Are nought to us. He's of a generous nature,  
And not forbidding to what faults beset  
His age and rank. But we make no man better  
By lower estimation ; an open kindliness  
And trust may help him ; let us use such toward him.

*Mar.* I will. But then what was't I said ?

*Man.* Ah ! Why,

Your praise of John Palicio. See you not 281  
'Twill injure me with Hugo? Our relations  
Are tried by public matters : 'tis in the scope  
Of private intercourse to ease the strain,  
Or force the rupture.

*Mar.* Brother, I am very sorry.

I thought . . .

*Man.* I do not blame your thought. I grant  
These Spaniards are bad masters. First they wrecked  
This island to possess it ; then the prize,  
Which kindness might have much enriched, is stripped  
Even to the bone by cruelty and rapine. 290  
Their viceroy too, this Hugo—a man who governs  
But to be governor, and even at that  
Fails like a fool. To see the folk misruled  
More grieves me than to see the folk misled.  
And if they have much cause to rise, there's none  
Hath more to lead them, than the native outlaw,  
Whom you so praised.

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Mar.* Then you forgive me, brother ?

*Man.* Well, well, good-night !

*Mar.* Good-night ! [*Exit.*

*Man.* Giuseppe, prepare  
The little room at the end of the corridor ;

I will sleep there. I shall not want thee more. 300

[*Exit servant.*

It matters not what happens, day by day  
 The rupture grows. 'Tis plain Hugo and I  
 Are foes at heart—and what a pitiful trick  
 To put the question of my marriage by,  
 Withholding his consent just for the thought,  
 That while my happiness hangs on his nod,  
 I must be closer bound to serve his interest,  
 Now, when his credit totters. Doth he not know  
 That honourable minds, thro' very fear  
 Of their self-interest, are thrust away 310  
 Beyond their counter-judgment? Nay, 'tis clear  
 He falls, he falls; and were't not now for Constance,  
 I'd gladly see him fall.

*Palicio comes forward.*

A woman here!

Why, who art thou?

*Pal.* Hush, hush! I am no woman.

[*Lays his dagger on the table.*

Draw not your sword. See here my dagger.

*Man.* Ha!

And bloodied freshly.

*Pal.* Let me bar the door. [*Goes to door.*

*Man.* Why, can it be?—

*Pal.* I am Palicio.

*Man.* Thou here !

*Pal.* You see.

*Man.* From prison ?

*Pal.* Escaped, thank God !

I skirmished with my guards, and being pursued  
Came thro' your orange garden. Here none will seek  
me. 320

Hide me !

*Man.* Thee, madman, here ?

*Pal.* Ay, call me madman.

I am mad, and praise God for it . . if to hate tyrants  
Be madness, I'm past cure : or if 'tis madness  
To escape from prison . . .

*Man.* Nay, neither. I blamed thee not  
In these ; but that thou thinkest to overbear  
The troops of Spain with thy small brigand crew :  
To escape from justice flying to my house,—  
The chief justiciary.

*Pal.* What will you do ?

*Man.* Return thee straight to prison.

*Pal.* First, I beseech you,  
Help me to bind my wound.

*Man.* Art thou much hurt ? 330

*Pal.* A thrust in the arm, a petty prick, which yet  
Bleeds uncontrolledly.

*Man.* Undo it. It spurts.

Hold here thy hand, while with thy handkerchief  
I bind thy arm.

*Pal.* Look you, 'tis lower down.

*Man.* Peace, man! 'Twill stay the blood to bind  
thee here.

Hast thou no other hurt?

*Pal.* Nay, none but this.

And see, 'tis staunch'd already. I must thank you,  
Tho' here your help should end. Call in the hirelings;  
They'll not be far. I will go back with them.

And yet 'twere pity; for 'tis certain death: 340  
I have killed three of them. Manuel, I pray you—  
I pray you, Manuel, crush not all my hopes,  
My just cause. Give me a sword and a man's dress,  
And let me forth to try my fortune!

*Man.* Nay.

*Pal.* Then if I take my dagger and venture out . .  
[*Takes it.*

I'll yet escape. Deny me not this chance.

See, I'll not ask your leave, but only go. [*Going.*

*Man.* Giovanni, stay. Thou hast done me a great  
wrong

In flying here. Why didst thou choose my house?

*Pal.* 'Twas as I fled for life: the hue-and-cry 350  
Came gathering faster round me: being still clear,

And seeing your wall, it seemed my safety lay  
In that leap, could I make it.

*Man.*                   Thou'rt the last,

And only offspring of a noble stock.

The blood that I have staunchèd in thy veins,  
Sprang from the heart of Sicily, and flows  
Redder than mine, tho' mine too once was mixed,  
And not unworthily, with thine, and now  
From my great grandsire's marriage both our bloods  
Are even as one, and thy blood on my hands      360  
Is mine, and mine within my veins is thine.  
I cannot send thee to thy death, Giovanni ;  
I may not shelter thee from justice : See,  
Thou hast done me a grievous wrong.

*Pal.* Yet hide me awhile.

This house may be my prison.

*Man.* Thou hast this hope :

The king being dead . . .

*Pal.* Is't true that Pedro is dead?

*Man.* Ay, true enough.

*Pal.* Then are you free. I am safe.

[Puts dagger in his bosom.

*Man.* I say this is thy hope. The king being dead,  
Such offices as hold under the crown 370  
Need confirmation. Now I do not say  
Allegiance lapses ; but, if I be quick

To guess the new king's will, that he will change  
Our viceroy—which I doubt not,—I may be bold  
Now to withhold my duties from a servant  
Discredited, contending that they hang  
Upon my judgment, for my deeds to give  
After-account. See, 'tis a subtle point  
I strain for thee, rather than hurt the claim  
Of kinship. Thou shalt be my prisoner 380  
For these few days. By chance I have a room  
Fit for thy lodging : there I'll shew thee now,  
And thence thou must not stir. I'll bring thee food,  
Look to thy wants, and try to cure thy wound.  
Thou on thy part must lie as still as one  
That hushes for his life. What, man ; thou'rt faint  
For loss of blood, and strain ? Cannot you stand ?  
Stand up, or I must carry you. Indeed,  
Carry him I must . . see, now, where be my keys ?  
[*Going, carrying Palicio.*





# A C T · I I



## S C E N E · I

*Hall in Manuel's house. MARGARET and  
CONSTANCE.*

*MARGARET.*

SWEET, happy Constance, tell me why thou  
sighest. 390

What can'st thou lack?

*CONSTANCE.*

I am not very happy.

*Mar.* Not happy, thou? Woe for the world!

I thought

Love was God's perfect recipe, to drowse  
All mortal stings. Yet sainted marriage hath  
One threat—the loss of liberty: is't that?  
It well may fright. To have been a girl with me  
So long, and make at last the outrageous stroke,  
And live as do our aunts! Were't not my brother,  
I'd kill the man.

*Con.* Margaret!

*Mar.* Well mayst thou sigh :  
I can sigh for thee.

*Con.* I should love to hear thee. 400  
Thou owest me sighs, for mine were thoughts of thee.

*Mar.* Because I love not? Hast thou forgot already  
Life may be tolerable for a woman  
Without thy joy?

*Con.* You treat poor Livio  
Unkindly, Margaret.

*Mar.* Now, if that's the grief,  
We have threshed it out before.

*Con.* I shall not spare you,  
Till you are kinder.

*Mar.* Yet if I were kinder,  
And he should build a hope upon that kindness,  
Until it proved unkindler than unkindness?

*Con.* He loves you well.

*Mar.* No better than the others ;  
Than Ventimiglia loves, or Chiaramonte, 411  
Good Michael Rosso, or the impudent Blasco,  
Or my new courtier Ferdinand.

*Con.* He loves  
With all his heart. Life is as tedious to him  
As to the dark and dusty wheel, which jerks  
Behind the dial-face, until he see you ;  
When for his joy you give him but disdain.

*Mar.* Thou didst not tell him thou wouldst speak  
for him?

*Con.* Why not?

*Mar.* Now I, Constance, have something fresh :  
A mystery.

*Con.* A mystery?

*Mar.* Yes, a mystery. 420

Guess what it is.

*Con.* How should I guess?

*Mar.* Indeed,

Guessing would never wind it.

*Con.* Then, prithee, tell me.

*Mar.* I died to tell thee ere thou camest, and now  
I grudge it sadly. Yet, for the fresh mount  
'Twill give thy thoughts, I'll tell. 'Twas yesternight,  
Just on the stroke of one . . .

*Con.* 'Tis not a ghost?

*Mar.* If after all 'twere but a ghost!

*Con.* Come, tell me.

*Mar.* Thou wilt not breathe a word?

*Con.* No, not a word.

*Mar.* Thou know'st the casement of my bedroom  
looks

Across the court. There as I stood last night, 430  
Watching the moon awhile, ere I shut out  
The sleepless splendour from my dreams, I heard

A heavy step pass down the gallery.  
'Tis Manuel, I thought, who goes to lie  
In the little chamber at the back,—for Philip  
Had his ;—but, for some strangeness in the step  
Pricked my attention, and to content my thought,  
I lent my ear to the sound, until it reached  
The door at the end : there, standing by the window  
I saw him plain : 'twas he, but in his arms 440  
A woman, fainting as I thought, or dead.  
Her arms hung loose, and o'er his shoulder thrown  
Her head fell back.

*Con.* A woman ! art thou sure ?

*Mar.* He could not carry a ghost. Besides, this  
morning

I watched him : he took thither meat and drink,  
And locked the door, and strictly bade the servants  
They should not enter.

*Con.* Hast thou questioned him ?

*Mar.* I have not so much as let him speak with me.  
He might forbid me : and, O my curiosity,  
I must know more.

*Con.* What dost thou think to learn ? 450

*Mar.* I have neither guess nor hope ; I lay awake  
An hour, and thought of fifty things, not one  
Of any likelihood. In all romance  
No lady in distress ere came at midnight

To the house of the chief justice. I could wish  
This beauteous maiden were a young princess  
Fled o'er the seas disguised.

*Con.* Then thou couldst see  
What she was like.

*Mar.* Why, no,—how could I see?  
I only saw that she was dark.

*Con.* Thou saidst  
That she was beautiful.

*Mar.* Of course she is young 460  
And beautiful. Why,—you are not jealous, Constance?

*Con.* Not jealous, no.

*Mar.* And the only pity of it  
Is that she'll prove in the end a poor relation  
Fall'n to our care, or some more hapless girl  
Left on the doorstep dying.

*Con.* In such case,  
What were the need of secrecy?

*Mar.* I wish  
I had never told thee aught. Why shouldst thou fancy  
Impossibilities?

*Con.* What is impossible?

*Mar.* I fear now that the sight of thy old love,  
Philip the false, hath turned thy happier trust. 470  
Thou'rt changed.

*Con.* Nay, nay: I am not: and yet 'tis true

His coming is my trouble.

[Weeps.

*Mar.*

Forgive me, sweetest.

*Con.* Margaret, you know I have none at all but you  
To unfold my heart to : only you can tell  
What I must feel at his return : you know  
How far I loved, how much I was deceived.  
His oaths of faith you heard from me, and shared  
The joy of my delusion : and at last,  
When he deserted me, you made your heart  
The prison of my sorrows : you exhorted,— 480  
O, you advised me well,—Be sure, you said,  
Love that so breaks cannot be trusted more.  
You bade me cast it off like an ill dream.  
You found what life he led : how he profaned  
His honourable passion in the play  
Of errant gallantries. All that sad time  
I leaned on you, and 'twas your friendship gave  
The occasions whence my love with Manuel sprung.  
You led me still, you gave me confidence ;  
Your comfort turned to joy, Manuel was mine. 490  
When suddenly on some mysterious cause  
He holds aloof : my joy is bid await.  
O, Margaret, if you understood love's joy,  
How closely 'tis inwoven with fear to lose,  
You would not wonder that I tremble, seeing  
This shadow blot my sunshine, that my fear

Discolours every circumstance. To me  
The common course of things on which men count  
Is the only miracle, all chances else  
As they are feared are likely. O, do not blame me.  
Philip is like an evil spirit beside me 501  
That stands to smile on what I dread to think.

*Mar.* Philip being false can give no cause to doubt  
Of Manuel's faith.

*Con.* I doubt him not : and yet  
If I speak of my brother you only laugh,  
But if you speak of yours . . .

*Mar.* Round, round again.  
Betwixt our brothers grant some difference.  
Thy Livio is a boy of slender parts,  
Led by his passions. Manuel is a man  
Austere and stern ; he is above suspicion. 510

*Con.* I do not doubt his truth, but find such sternness  
Unkind to love. My brother's love for you  
Is simple : Manuel's love hath some reserve ;  
A veil, behind which, since I have never seen,  
I have dreamed or feared a terror lay : ofttimes  
When I have been with him, a pleasant hour  
Has ended suddenly, as if his spirit  
Was angered, and withdrew : then in his eyes  
Is nothing left but barren contemplation,  
To which I am an object as another ; 520

Until he sighs, as conscious of the change.  
The disappointment of our marriage brings  
Scarce a regret to him : I heard him speak  
Late to my father of it, as 'twere a thing  
He held indifferently. There is some secret  
Which I would know : maybe this is a clue.

*Mar.* What is the clue?

*Con.* This lady.

*Mar.* O, thou'rt sick.  
But I can cure thee, wilt thou do my bidding.

*Con.* What would you bid?

*Mar.* Give rein to jealousy,  
Ay, spur it on to falling. Fear the worst, 530  
Believe the worst. Thou shalt suspect my brother ;  
He trifles, loves this lady : choose your tale :  
Thou wilt not doubt again.

*Con.* I do not doubt him.  
Nay, I will bid him tell me all.

*Mar.* And so  
Betray thy doubt to him. Be wiser, madam !  
Look to thy cure : indulge thy jealousy :  
To which end I encourage it. Indeed,  
I am come to think there's cause, and thy suspicion  
Hath much enhanced my mystery. Go thou home :  
There make thyself unhappy. I meanwhile 540  
Will root this out, and since I am housekeeper

I can go where I will.

*Con.* I pray thee, Margaret . . .

*Mar.* I must be jealous where my brother is wronged.

Thou art the accuser, and the evidence

Tells now for thee : 'tis my part to acquit us.

Hinder me not.

*Con.* When wilt thou know ?

*Mar.* Maybe

'Tis as thou fearest.

*Con.* Wilt thou mock me so ?

*Mar.* I bid thee go. Be sure I'll come to thee,

Or send thee word.

*Con.* But when ?

*Mar.* I make no promise.

I cannot pity thee, and till thou goest

550

I can do nothing.

*Con.* Promise me to send.

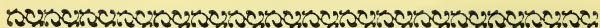
*Mar.* I have promised that. Farewell !

*Con.* To-day ?

*Mar.* To-day.

Trust me, I go at once.

[*Exeunt.*



## S C E N E . 2

*Room in the Palace. Enter BLASCO.*

*BLASCO.*

I have sucked this Ferdinand. Duke Philip bears  
Secret despatches sealed, not to be broken  
Save on emergency; from which I gather  
That if emergency arise, this Philip  
Will be our viceroy. Palicio being escaped  
Must make the emergency.—Then, where am I?  
Packed off to Spain with Hugo's broken service, 560  
To answer his impeachment. 'Tis high time  
I cast by these old friends, such as they are,  
And turn my face to the rising sun, this Philip.  
I see the way too. Manuel's love for Constance  
Hath roused again his former love for her  
To a burning jealousy; if I feed that  
I win his ear, and make my foe his foe.  
As for Palicio, should he hold back  
I have a way with him, and can contrive  
He shall seize Hugo, or himself be seized, 570  
As may suit best. The mischief set on foot,  
Philip must break his seals; and I come in  
With him as friendly to the people's rights,

And trusted servant of the crown. By heav'n,  
I shall deserve their credit. See, here he comes.

*Enter Philip.*

Good morrow to your grace.

*PHILIP.*

Good morrow, Blasco.

*Bl.* I served thy father well.

*Pb.* I know it, Blasco.

What of it now?

*Bl.* I do not urge my service  
Looking for recompense; I do not ask  
So much as that your grace remember me 580  
At court, to mention my forgotten name  
In the new king's ear; as, When I was in Sicily  
I saw old Blasco; nay, 'twas for good-will  
I served, and now 'tis that I want a master  
Which bids me speak. If but your grace could find me  
Employment worth my wits, I would serve well.

*Pb.* I'll think of it.

*Bl.* Let your grace know my life  
Spent in this court should make my loyalty  
More than a counsellor. In this rebellion  
I know where Hugo fails, where Manuel leans; 590  
Could blow upon the flame or snuff it out,  
Could bring you to the leaders.

*Ph.* Honest Blasco,  
Thou know'st the world.

*Bl.* I know that one who comes  
To make peace in a quarrel that he knows not,  
Needs other knowledge than he is like to get  
From either party. The strings of policy  
Are coiled in private chambers; if your grace  
Would pull at these . . .

*Ph.* True. If thou serve me thus  
I'll take instruction.

*Bl.* Let your grace now prove me  
In any question.

*Ph.* This, then. We in Spain 600  
Supposed that your revolt stood on two legs,  
Over-taxation and the hate of Hugo;  
And had its claim for justice countenanced  
By Manuel's voice: but coming here, I find  
That he and Hugo's daughter are betrothed.  
Now here's a private matter, which, I take it,  
Involves the public. Say, doth Manuel play  
His policy on Hugo, or hath Hugo  
Trumped up a match with Manuel to support  
His failing credit?

*Bl.* They are not betrothed, your grace.  
What passes between lovers is unknown: 611  
But this is sure, Hugo withholds consent,

And doth so to win Manuel to his side.

*Ph.* Doth not that win him?

*Bl.* Nay.

*Ph.* Then I conclude

He loves not.

*Bl.* Nay, indeed; it gives me pain  
To witness his indifference; for the lady  
Deserves the best.

*Ph.* Stay, count. Remember  
In what has passed that word may well blame me.

*Bl.* I hearken not to idle tales. Your grace  
May be punctilious; but in Manuel's instance 620  
There's no excuse.

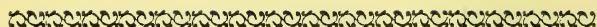
*Ph.* I care not what men say.  
And now it hurts me more to hear thee blame  
Another for the fault I stumbled in,  
Than if 'twas said of me. I need thy knowledge.  
Look, thou canst serve me; and I let none serve  
For nothing. Take my purse (*gives it*); thou mayst  
have need  
To spend so much for me.

*Bl.* I thank your grace.  
I shun no obligation, and I am poor.

*Ph.* True, all men are so. Come now to my chamber,  
Where we may talk in private.

*Bl. (aside).* 'Tis well begun. 630

[*Exeunt.*]



## S C E N E . 3

*A room in Manuel's house. PALICIO reclining on a long chair half-dressed. Daylight nearly excluded: one candle burns.*

## PALICIO.

I seem to have lived a life in these few days ;  
 To have died, and waked in no less strange a place,  
 Than where I think departed spirits will fly  
 In doom of death and unendurable silence  
 After their day of doing. Oh ! 'tis strange  
 What just the shedding a few drops of blood  
 Will bring about—to loosen a handkerchief,  
 And on her undiscoverable journey  
 The soul sets forth. Nay, but to bleed so far  
 As I have done, breeds fancies much akin 640  
 To death ; else would my spirit more revolt  
 'Gainst this enforcèd quiet and idleness :  
 This blocking of my life just on the stir  
 And hurry of hope, when all my operations  
 Pressed to success. I am surely very weak,  
 That I can lie and fret not, when I hear  
 The distant cries, passing from street to street,

Which tell how prompt and ripe my people were  
For this their lost occasion. (*Knocking heard.*) Some  
one knocks.

Nay, the key turns. 'Tis Manuel.

*MARGARET (at door).*

May I come in? 650

*Pal. (aside).* Ah! who is this? Who's there?

[*Covering himself.*

*Mar. (entering).* 'Tis only I,

Manuël's sister. I have come to see  
If I can do you any service, lady.

*Pal.* He did not send you?

*Mar.* Nay, but I may hope

I shall not seem to intrude, thus waiting on you.

*Pal. (aside).* What's to be done?

*Mar.* The room is dark. I fear you are ill.

*Pal.* I am hurt and must not stir.

*Mar.* Then lying here

In pain you must want help and company.

'Tis well I came. May I draw back the curtains?

*Pal.* Nay, there was reason, madam, why your  
brother 660

Shut door and window: I have enemies.

*Mar.* Alas, alas!

I can shew equal care. First to relock the door.

(*Aside, going to door.*) She is a lady.

*Pal. (aside).* 'Tis the famous Margaret.

*Mar.* Now let me light these candles.

[*Stage brightens.*]

*Pal. (aside).* Surely in God's paradise, that rest of souls,

His angels and pure spirits look and speak

And move like this. O wonder! Wherefore comes she?

And how to keep her but a moment longer

From the discovery? and how to tell her? 670

*Mar.* Now while I sit. [*Finds gown on the chair.*]

... Why, oh! 'tis drenched with blood,  
Your gown. Are you so hurt?

*Pal.* A sword-thrust, lady.

*Mar.* A sword-thrust. Ah!

*Pal.* Thou camest unadvised,  
Lady: I wore the gown; if that deceived thee.

Yet 'twas but a disguise to save my life.

I am Palicio.

*Mar.* Sir!

*Pal.* Escaped from prison  
And my pursuers hither. Thy brother's kindness  
Hides me from death awhile.

*Mar.* I pray thy pardon.  
'Twas not mere idle curiosity

That made my fault ; but made I'll mend it, sir, 680  
As soon as may be. [Going.

*Pal.* (*springing up*). Stay, nay, put down that key.  
I bid thee stay. Thou hast forced my secret. Hear  
The whole, and when thou hast heard I shall not fear  
The unlocking of thy lips.

*Mar.* Why, sir, the thing  
My brother means to hide is hidden to me.

*Pal.* 'Tis not alone my life . . .

*Mar.* Ah ! see the blood is trickling down thy hand !

*Pal.* Pest ! it hath started freshly.

*Mar.* Cannot I help thee ?

*Pal.* Ay, 'tis the bandage on this arm.

*Mar.* To tie it ?

*Pal.* My moving hath displaced it.

*Mar.* See, alas ! 690

The ill I have done. Sit, I will bind it for thee.

*Pal.* Myself I cannot.

*Mar.* Nay. Tell thou me how.

*Pal.* Here, round this pad. As tightly as thou wilt.

Nay, tighter yet.

*Mar.* Shall I not harm thee ?

*Pal.* Tighter.

*Mar.* I cannot pull it tighter.

*Pal.* Knot it so.

'Twill do : the blood hath ceased.

*Mar.* Oh, I am glad.

Do not thou stir : see, now, to wash thine arm,  
I'll bring thee water. [*Goes for it.*]

*Pal. (aside).* By heaven, where have I lived,  
Like a wild beast beneath the open skies,  
In dens and caves, and never known the taste 700  
Of this soft ravishment? The rich of the earth  
Are right : their bars and bolts are wisely wrought,  
Having such treasure in their closed chambers.

*Mar.* Here 'tis. Reach forth thine arm.

*Pal.* Nay, give 't to me.  
Stain not thy hands.

*Mar.* I pray thee.

*Pal.* As thou wilt.

*Mar.* How did it happen?

*Pal.* Wouldst thou hear it?

*Mar.* Tell me.

*Pal.* I had been two days in prison . . .

*Mar.* Tell me, first,  
How could they catch thee?

*Pal.* Treachery : I was taken  
By Hugo's soldiers as I knelt at mass.  
Three stole behind me, seized me by the arms, 710  
And dragged me forth. I knew I was betrayed ;  
I had entered but that morning in the town ;  
I was not known to them, nor did the hirelings

Look on my face. They led me straight to prison,  
Thrust me in a cell so dank and dark and small,  
That to be built alive into the grave  
Were not more horrible.

*Mar.* Hugo would have killed thee.

*Pal.* Or let me starve; or else some gentle mercy;  
Gouged my live eyeballs out, or lopped my hands.

*Mar.* How couldst thou 'scape?

*Pal.* Now thou wilt see our people  
Have their account. The second night my gaoler 721  
Brought in a woman with a deed to sign.  
I knew my hope, and to her feigned reproach  
Answered in anger back: but when she bade  
I took the deed, and felt beneath the paper  
A dagger's edge. That was my key to heaven,  
Could I strike silently. To make occasion,  
I thrust her from me with an oath: she fell,  
As well she knew, against the foe, who stooping,  
Stooped to his death and fell without a groan. 730  
Then quick she doffed her gown for my disguise,  
Telling me in few words how this was planned  
By friends who had seen me taken: they had not means  
For present rescue, but discovering soon  
Who had betrayed me, used his cursed name  
With the governour of the prison, to admit  
Her, his pretended wife, that she might claim

Settlement of some debt before I died.  
So was it paid. Then we went forth together,  
I in her woman's garments, following her, 740  
Who wore the habit of the soldier slain :  
And she went clear : but I, for some suspicion  
Was questioned at the gate. Of those two men,  
One I slew straight : the other, as I struck,  
Thrust thro' my arm, yet not so hurtfully  
But that he fell for it too. But thence alarm  
Was given : I fled pursued, and gat me clear,  
Leaping your garden wall.

*Mar.* Who was the woman ?

*Pal.* One of our people.

*Mar.* May her name be told ?

*Pal.* I never heard it.

*Mar.* Yet she knew thee well. 750  
I had been proud to have done her deed. I think  
There are not many men as brave as she.

*Pal.* O, lady, there are many, women and men,  
Sworn to risk life in our good cause.

*Mar.* Alas,  
That such fine courage should be so misled !

*Pal.* Misled ? how, if I lead it ?

*Mar.* I had forgot.  
Pardon me, sir. It was my brother's word.

*Pal.* Ay, 'tis his word. And yet I honour Manuel.

Were 't not for him there scarce would be a man  
Of all our people who would reverence 760  
Justice and order, and those other names  
Of social welfare. 'Tis to him alone  
We have looked to give us these. But if he stand  
Where he can take our tyrants by the arm  
And show them baits of righteousness, and lead them  
Where they should go, shall we who lie beneath  
Forbear to sting the laggard heel of justice,  
Or think it crime to obstruct the path of wrong?  
I blame not him that from his higher place  
He finds offence in outcry and disorder : 770  
To such as without loss or shame outride  
The storms of shifting fortune this is easy.

*Mar.* What dost thou but exasperate ill-will?

*Pal.* Already our bread has been untaxed two days.

*Mar.* And may be two days more.

*Pal.* I have better hope,

Or had: for if I had once provoked the Spaniard  
To set his troops against us, all the nobles,  
Who now retired hold neutral parliament,  
Would then have joined the people, and compelled  
The justice of our claim by force of arms. 780

*Mar.* All, say'st thou?

*Pal.* All save one or two, who are bought  
With Hugo's money.

*Mar.* Say'st thou bought?

*Pal.* O lady,

Unto their great dishonour they are bought,  
With sweated pence wrung from the labourer,  
Ere he can buy a loaf to feed his children  
Out of the corn his hands have sown and reaped.  
Is not this shame?

*Mar.* 'Tis shame.

*Pal.* And shall Palicio  
See this thing done, because he hath not office,  
Or those few paltry florins, which might turn  
The scale for poor Sicilians?

*Mar.* Ah, indeed, 790  
I knew, I felt that thou wert right; and now  
I see it: I never blamed thee.

*Pal.* No, nor Manuel  
Blames me at heart, tho' he forbid my means.  
Think, had I kept my old estate, and he  
Had fallen as I, should I not do as he,  
And he as I am doing?

*Mar.* Oh, I think  
'Tis nobler to be poor. To share the suffering  
Of them we pity ranks above redress.  
I am come to envy thee.

*Pal.* And certain it is,  
They who have least to lose will venture most. 800

*Mar.* Yet those that have can give. What's the  
best hope  
Of this rebellion?

*Pal.* We would make thy brother  
Viceroy in place of Hugo.

*Mar.* Will that be?

*Pal.* Here I know nothing, save that nought is  
done.

*Mar.* Is there no leader then but thee?

*Pal.* The people  
Are limbs without a head.

*Mar.* When will thy wound  
Be healed?

*Pal.* Thy brother says that any surgeon  
Could mend it quickly, but that his own skill,  
Which knows the injury, was never practised  
To find out and to bind the wounded vessel, 810  
Which, being unhelped of art, may run to death.

*Mar.* To death! And hath he sent no surgeon?

*Pal.* Nay,  
That were the greater risk for him and me.

*Mar.* Not so, if he could cure thee. I shall bring  
one. [As going.

*Pal.* It cannot be.

*Mar.* Thou mayst believe there's none  
In all Palermo but myself could do it :

Yet can I do it.

*Pal.* Speak with Manuel first.

*Mar.* Oh! I shall tell him all. He will consent.

'Tis well I came. No surgeon for thee! Ah!

I go.

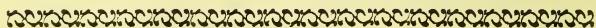
*Pal.* Thou wilt return?

*Mar.* Be sure, be sure. 820

And with the leech. [Exit.

*Pal.* She is gone.

[Scene shuts across.



## S C E N E · 4

*In Manuel's house. MARGARET and MANUEL  
meeting.*

*MARGARET.*

Brother, what wilt thou say? Wilt thou forgive me?  
Hear me confess.

*MANUEL.*

What now, my mischief-maker?

*Mar.* I have seen Palicio.

*Man.* Hey! 'twas thy evil genius

Led thee that way.

*Mar.* I thinking him a woman,

Offered some service : whereupon he told me  
Who he was, all his story, and of his wound.

*Man.* I am sorry ; I should have warned thee, for  
the knowledge

Makes thee so far accomplice ; and I know not  
How 'twill be taken when 'tis known.

*Mar.* O, brother, 830

Thou hast done nobly.

*Man.* I will tell to thee

My motives.

*Mar.* Nay, I need no motives.

*Man.* Hear them.

Palicio's life is forfeit, for he has killed  
Three of his guards : but to the dangerous deed  
He had provocation, such as I should hold  
Clears him of crime : wherefore I take upon me  
To force a loan of Justice while she sleeps,  
For fear a thief should rob her : to this, moreover,  
The claim of kinship binds me,—nay, be patient,  
And hear me out.—Already our disorders 840  
Have been reported at the Spanish court ;  
The enquiry set on foot will much endamage  
Hugo's good name : I doubt not we shall have  
Another viceroy, and the revolution  
Will justify the movers.

*Mar.* Oh ! all that,

Be as it may, will never cure his wound.

He needs a surgeon : we must find a surgeon.

*Man.* No : he must lie concealed till I procure  
His pardon. His discovery now were death.

*Mar.* But if I bring one secretly ?

*Man.* How secretly ? 850  
Better cry down the streets the man is here :  
That might escape attention.

*Mar.* I know a man.  
Have I not sometimes shewn thee certain sonnets  
Writ in Sicilian speech ?

*Man.* Eh ! Michael Rosso ?

*Mar.* 'Tis he. I think he'd love to do my bidding  
In a more dangerous matter. Give me leave,  
I'll bring him here to-night.

*Man.* I had thought of him,  
But shrank from taxing his good-will. And yet—  
(*Aside.*) For his own sake 'twere kind . . . and Mar-  
garet asks it . . .

Secrets, they say, discover sympathies.— 860  
(*Aloud.*) Ay, 'tis well thought of.

*Mar.* I can answer for him.

*Man.* I see. Yet there's no cause why he should  
know.

Escort him blindfold hither ; let Palicio  
Have his face covered. Let him ask no questions :

And when 'tis done convey him blindfold back.

'Twere best he should not know.

*Mar.* O, brother, I thank thee.

*Man.* Why, girl, thou'rt crazed.

*Mar.* May I not go at once?

*Man.* Nay, wait till dusk; and see, take here my seal,

Since thou must go alone: 'twill be thy freedom

From any questionings of any people. 870

Use all precautions, and impose on Rosso

Sacreddest secrecy: 'tis thou and he

Must carry it thro'. Be careful.

*Mar.* I will put on

Some common clothing, and disguise my face.

I thank thee. [*Exit.*

*Man.* The girl's in love. Now, bravo Rosso!

I wish thee well. There's not a purer spirit

Fleshed in all Sicily; nay, nor a man

I'd sooner call brother. Why, 'twas my choice,

Long urged in vain. That chanceth in an hour

Which comes not in nine years. 'Tis very true, 880

Fancy resents all judgment, and another's

Will often kill it quite. Now, when I looked

Rather for anything than my own wish,—heigh-ho!

'Tis I that stand in the way. I must discourage it.

*Enter Philip (with some papers).*

Ah, Philip.

*PHILIP.*

Let me give you back the papers.

I have read them.

*Man.* Well?

*Ph.* The viceroy's guilt is plain.

Your purpose cannot be to press this count.

*Man.* If the complaints, which I have already made,  
Be quashed at court, I shall.

*Ph.* 'Tis peculation

So gross, 'twould ruin Hugo to expose it. 890

Wished you to break with him,—yet his disgrace

Cannot be nothing to you : I should marvel

You had no associations, no affections,

Shocked at the thought.

*Man.* To interests manifold

As manifest, Justice is blind. If Spain

Remove not Hugo on the charges laid,

I have shewn thee what's to follow. Would you  
avert it,

Press his dismissal. I must to the palace.

Guard thou the papers for me till I am back. [*Exit.*

*Ph.* These papers are conviction. Blasco is right :  
He loves not. That is clear ; for he would ruin 901

Her father. Then again my rivalry

Avowed,—ay, if he had an ear, avowed,—

He doth not see. So cold, how could he win her?  
Or wish to win her? She is mine.—And yet I would  
'Twere any man but Manuel. Ah! who comes?  
'Tis she. Now may I prove her.

*Enter Constance with Servant.*

CONSTANCE (*to servt.*).

If she be not within, prithee enquire  
Where she is gone. I will await thee here. 909

[*Exit servt.*

I have been most foolish. (*Seeing Philip.*) Philip!

Ph. Yes, 'tis I.

Constance.

Con. What wouldst thou?

Ph. (*kneeling*). I entreat a favour,  
Which is to me the one boon in the world.

Con. Rise, sir, what is't?

Ph. That I may speak, nor leave  
Love's wound unhealed.

Con. 'Twere well to seal forgiveness,  
Companion of forgetfulness. Say, therefore,  
The few words that are due.

Ph. Tho' I repent,  
Repentance cannot own forgetfulness.  
It pleads forgiveness in the name of love.

Con. How in that name?

*Ph.* Constance, I love thee still.

*Con.*

Sir !

*Ph.*

Oh ! 'tis true . . . 920

Reproach me not, Constance : my evil life

I have quite renounced. I used it but to learn

The wisdom of that other. I come back

From folly and idleness and evil days.

Whate'er hath been, Constance, I have not left thee :

There hath been nothing near thee, nothing like  
thee,

Nothing but thee : and I return to find thee

More beautiful than ever . . .

*Con.*

Pray you, sir,

Remember.

*Ph.* Let me speak.

*Con.*

When thou didst ask to speak,

I looked for that one word, which thou in honour

Wert, to amend thy silence, bound to speak. 931

'Twas in thy power to salve thy breach of faith

With full and free renouncement. Thine earlier ill

I had then forgiven : for if thou art not changed,

Philip, I am : then I was ignorant—

Maybe we both were—both mistook ; but thou

Didst add an injury, and to-day thou addest

Another worse. Knowing me now betrothed,

How canst thou offer to renew thy love ?

*Ph.* O, Constance, Manuel doth not, cannot, love  
thee 940

As I.

*Con.* I pray he doth not.

*Ph.* Hear me, Constance!

*Con.* Nay, sir; no more. [*Exit.*

*Ph.* My passion hath aroused

Passion in her; and that must work for me.

Is it likely such a temper would sit down

And eat cold fare at Manuel's feast of reason?

She will be mine. Ay, tho' she said betrothed—

Once 'twas to me. So now to see her father;

He's but a market where I rule with ease.

The papers! By heav'n, I had left them lying! [*Stoops.*

Ha!

Blood! blood upon the floor! I have knelt in blood.—

Here were an omen, were I superstitious.— 951

And scarcely dry. This city hath fallen accurst.

There is nothing spoke of . . . Ah! but what if this

Should be the track they seek? Palicio

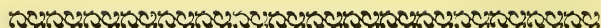
Took shelter here! Impossible. Even Blasco

Thought not so ill of Manuel. Yet the other

Under the wall, and this within the house . . .

They tally. Peace! I will go search the garden.

[*Exit.*



## S C E N E · 5

*Room in Manuel's house. PALICIO as before (sitting).*

*PALICIO.*

To stand true to a cause because 'tis noble,  
Tho' it be thankless ; to command a people 960  
Against a tyranny, and teach their arms  
To enforce the reasonable rights of life,  
Beneath the crushing bond of wealth and power ;—  
To be an outcast, but to leave a name  
Untarnished and beloved, remembered long ;—  
That was my choice, my hope. Can I now waver ?  
Shall I—having so well begun—  
Step up into a throne above the throng,  
And smiling on them from the hated height,  
Take life at ease ? Nay, when 'tis reasoned so, 970  
'Tis hideous.—But, oh ! thou treacherous enemy,  
Thou selfish and unanswerable passion,  
That bluntest resolution, and criest down  
The voice of virtue ! Margaret, Margaret !  
Would I had never seen thee, or believed  
I could not win thee. If I now could fly,  
I might go free.

*Squarcialupu, who has appeared at the window, gradually thrusting his head between the curtains, and peering round, enters.*

*SQUARCIALUPU.*

*Sq.* Captain!

*Pal.* Ha! Squarcialupu!

Why, what! how com'st thou here? what dost thou?

*Sq.* Hush!

*Pal.* Begone, I pray.

*Sq.* Nay, now I have found thee, captain.

Thine arm is it only?

*Pal.* A prick in the arm.

*Sq.* So, so! 980

Then thou canst come.

*Pal.* Tell me, how didst thou learn

That I was here?

*Sq.* We guessed it from thy track.

*Pal.* O, God! I'm tracked?

*Sq.* Thy blood is on the wall.

I undertook to tell thee. In the dusk

I scaled this window at the back of the house:

Had my old luck, captain. Make haste and fly.

*Pal.* Stay, stay! I cannot. Is it known to any  
I am hiding here?

*Sq.* What use to stay for that?

Come ere they know it.

*Pal.* I cannot.

*Sq.* I can help thee. 990

*Pal.* Nay, 'tis not that, altho' I am bled to death.

'Tis honour holds me.

*Sq.* Honour will not help

Manuel nor thee, if they should search his house.

But if thou fliest . . .

*Pal.* I may not.

*Sq.* That's no word

Where life's at stake. What shall I tell thy men?

*Pal.* Where are they?

*Sq.* At the news of thy escape

They gathered on the hills, and wait thee there.

I met a man in the town an hour ago,

Who said he had seen thee riding on the road

To Monreale. All the folk's astir. 1000

*Pal.* I cannot come.

*Sq.* Give me not such a word.

Who would believe I had seen thee, if I said

Palicio lieth safe in Manuel's house,

And saith he cannot come?

*Pal.* Begone, I bid thee,  
Lest thou be found here.

*Sq.* Nay, I'll not be gone.

'Tis but some twenty feet : I'll lift thee down.

The street is watched.

*Pal.* Hark, Squarcialupu, tell me;  
Is't true I'm tracked?

*Sq.* 'Tis certain.

*Pal.* Then I think  
If Manuel knew of this . . . Hark, I will come.  
Go thou and tell my men that I will come. 1010  
To-morrow morning let them look to find me  
At Monreale. If I come not then  
Let none look for me more. But if I come  
All shall be well. Go thou and tell them this.

*Sq.* Come, captain, while thou mayst.

*Pal.* I bid thee go.  
Obey me at once.

*Sq.* (*whistles at window and is answered*). I have thy  
promise.

To-morrow we shall see thee. [*Exit.*

*Pal.* But for this cursed wound  
I had fled. To cure it must I risk my soul?  
Fool that I was, had I escaped with him 1019  
I might have found a surgeon—now when she comes  
I will say nothing. Nothing . . . yet, that's no hope;  
For seeing her I must love her: and if I fail  
To win her wholly, I must lose my soul.  
She is here. (*Aside.*) Ah! what is this?

*Enter Margaret, with Rosso blindfold.*

MARGARET (*to Rosso*).

You now are in the room. Stand in your place.  
While I make ready. (*To Pal.*) Let me wrap this cloth  
About thy face. Lie ever still, and speak not.  
(*To Rosso.*) Your eyes, sir, are at liberty.

ROSSO (*unbandaging*).

Coming hither,  
I thought 'twould make a pretty poem to tell  
Of one, whose cruel mistress ne'er allowed 1030  
The meanest favour, till he dreamed one night  
That he was blind, and she, in pity of him,  
Led him forth by the hand where he would go,  
But left him suddenly; whereat he awoke,  
And wished no more to see . . .

Mar. Now, sir Apollo, come. Here lies your patient.  
Give him your aid, and tell your poem after.

Ros. Well, let us see. Ay, here is all I need.  
Set them thus on the table, and here the light,  
So. (*arranging*). 'Tis the right arm. (*unbinding*.) Ah!  
when was this done? 1040

Mar. Have you forgot, sir? questions are forbidden.

Ros. See, thou must hold his arm for me. Press here  
Thy fingers; firmly,—so. Thou dost not faint  
At sight of blood?

Mar. Nay, nay. And yet I know not.  
If there be much, I faint.

*Ros. (operating).* I had forgotten  
I might not question ;—'tis a surgeon's habit.—  
First,—for where all are eager with their tale,—  
'Tis only courteous to invite the telling :—  
But chiefly—that it stablishes his judgment—  
Built on appearances,—and banishes 1050  
Conjecture from experience ;—as 'twould now  
For me,—should this man say,—'twas yesterday  
The wound was made ;—and he that dealt it me  
Stood on my left,—and thro' my arm outstretched,—  
In attitude of striking at another,—  
Thrust with—a sword.—Stir not, 'tis nearly done.—  
But I withdrew my arm ere he his weapon.—  
Loose not thy grasp : loose not !

*Mar.* Sir, my attention  
Was taken by your story. Never speak :  
'Twill mar your work. 1060

*Ros.* 'Tis a small thing. 'Tis done.  
'Twas an unlucky lunge that lanced thee there.  
(*To Mar.*) What thinkest thou of my story ?

*Mar.* 'Twas but guessing.

*Ros.* Nay, inference. 'Twere guess to say, the skill  
Which staunched the running blood, but could no more,  
Might be thy brother's : that this sunburnt arm,  
Fine skin, and youthful fibre, were the body  
Of John Palicio.

*Pal. (discovering).* I am betrayed!

*Ros.* Not so:

Then had I held my tongue.

*Pal.* True.—What's thy name?

*Ros.* My name is Rosso. Sling thine arm across:  
There must it rest until the wound be healed. 1070

*Mar.* You have guessed the secret, sir, which we  
withheld

In your respect. This is my brother's house;  
This is Palicio. Guard now what you have learned  
As closely, I pray, as if we had freely told it.

*Ros.* Not to thee, lady, though in this and all  
I am thy servant; yet not now to thee  
I speak, but to Giovànn Palicio;  
To whom I say he need not ask of me  
Promise or oath. The good I am proud to have done  
I shall not spoil by blabbing.

*Pal.* Thank thee, Rosso. 1080

*Ros.* Noble and brave Palicio, mayst thou prosper.  
[*Bandaging his own eyes.*]

*Pal.* Thank thee, I thank thee, Rosso. So now my  
arm

Is mended. By heaven! this surgery hath a trick  
Worth knowing, could one learn it easily.

*Ros. (blindfold).* Come, lady, and lead me forth.

*Mar.* Why, what is this?

You know your way : there's nothing now to hide.

*Ros.* Didst thou not bargain with me to lead me  
back ?

*Mar.* But there's no need.

*Ros.* Yet will I claim my fee.

Where is thy hand ?

*Mar.* Sir, you but trifle.

*Ros.* And thou

Refusest me in a trifle ? Then I will dare (*unbandaging*)  
To raise my terms. If I may kiss thy hand 1091  
I'll be content.

*Mar.* 'Tis I, sir, should kiss yours.

'Tis that hath earned the homage : and I'll be  
kind.

That hath done well ; and thus I kiss it. (*Kisses Rosso's  
hand.*) Now,

Go, go in peace : thou'rt paid. [*Making him go out.*  
[*Exit Rosso.*

*Pal.* (*sitting*). Why didst thou that ?

*Mar.* He loves me.

*Pal.* Wouldst thou be as kind to me,  
If I should love thee ?

*Mar.* But he sends me sonnets.

*Pal.* I could write sonnets.

*Mar.* Ah, but his are writ  
In pure Sicilian.

*Pal.* 'Tis my proper tongue.

*Mar.* I have kept my promise, sir, and now must  
leave. 1100

Your wound is healed.

*Pal.* I fear I scarce can thank thee,  
If 'tis thy word to go. Or, if thou stayest  
But to cure wounds,—I have another wound  
I shewed thee not, which hath a deeper seat:  
This hand may cure it.

*Mar.* Nay, what mean you, sir?

*Pal.* Margaret, I love thee. There, thou hast it all.  
Thou hast stolen my soul. I thought—my pride, my  
hope—

O, I thought wrong—'tis nothing. All I have done,  
Or would do, I cast aside : I love thee only.

*Mar.* Giovanni. 1010

*Pal.* O, 'tis true, there's nothing noble,  
Beautiful, sacred, dear, familiar to me,  
I hold now at a straw's worth : body and soul  
I am thine, Margaret, I am thine. O, answer me !

*Mar.* Giovanni, 'tis so strange. 'Tis best I go.

*Pal.* Thou didst kiss Rosso's hand.

*Mar.* For love of thee.

Didst thou not guess?

*Pal.* O, then, my dearest, kiss me  
Now for myself. Can it be true thou lovest me ?

*Mar.* Alas! 'tis learned too quickly.

*Pal.* Can I think it,

Spite of my savage life, my outlawry,  
My poverty?

*Mar.* O, what are these?

*Pal.* Indeed, 1120

My blood is noble.

*Mar.* These are not the checks  
Or lures of love. Nay, what is noble blood?  
What were't to be a lion, and to fly  
The hunter like a hare? And if man shew  
Less fearless fierce and hungry for the right  
Than doth a beast for food, what is his title  
To be God's image worth? That best nobility  
Hath no more claim.

*Pal.* But canst thou share my life?

*Mar.* I am restless for it.

*Pal.* Leave thy rank? thy wealth?

*Mar.* I have lived too long that counterfeit of life.  
I'll strive like thee: something I'll do, like thee,  
To lessen misery. Nay, if man's curse 1132  
Hang in necessity, I have the heart  
To combat that, and find if in some part  
Fate be not vulnerable.

*Pal.* O joy, my dearest:  
I wronged thee ages by a moment's thought

That thou wouldst shrink . . . Then is our marriage  
fixed?

*Mar.* There's none can hinder it.

*Pal.* O, blessed joy!

Yet how can I be sure, love, that thou knowest,  
Finding the word so easy, what a mountain 1140  
There lies to lift? Pledging to me and mine  
Thy heart this hour, a hundred thousand stings  
Will plague thee from this moment, to drive thee back.

*Mar.* Try me, Giovanni.

*Pal.* Wilt thou aid me, love,  
To fly to-night? By morning I may meet  
My men at San Martino: all my schemes  
May yet be saved.

*Mar.* Ah! wilt thou go, Giovanni?  
Thou'rt yet too weak.

*Pal.* My presence, not my strength,  
Is needed.

*Mar.* Alas! I fear.

*Pal.* What, Margaret, dost thou fear?

*Mar.* Only for thee. Yet go; I can be with thee  
By noon. My brother has a little house 1151  
At Monreale, where I am used to stay  
When the wish takes me. There I'll go to-morrow,  
And thence can visit thee. Thou didst not mean  
I should not come? I shall not hinder thee.

*Pal.* Nay, nay.

*Mar.* I'll let thee from the house to-night,  
And give thee money which will aid thee well.  
My brother need know nothing. I can make  
The journey thither in an hour, and choose  
My time to beg his grace.

*Pal.* What do I owe thee! 1160  
Freedom, and life, and love,—thy love . . O, Margaret,  
What I shall do will pay thee.

*Mar.* I must leave :  
For Manuel else will question of my stay.

*Pal.* My treasure lost so soon!

*Mar.* I go to save  
What we have won. Farewell.

*Pal.* Say at what hour  
I may go hence ; and how.

*Mar.* At dead of night :  
'Tis safest then.

*Pal.* And wilt thou come thyself?

*Mar.* When the church bell with double stroke hath  
toll'd  
The death-knell of to-morrow's second hour,  
While its last jar yet shelters in the ear, 1170  
Listen : and at thy door when thou shalt catch  
A small and wakeful noise, such as is made  
By the sharp teeth of an unventurous mouse,

Scraping his scanty feast when all is still,  
Come forth. Thou'lt meet my hand, and at the gate  
I'll give thee what I have. Tied in thy bundle  
Will be a letter shewing thee the place  
Where thou must send me tidings. Now, farewell.

*Pal.* Yet not farewell.

*Mar.* To-night I shall not see thee :  
Nor must thou speak. So, till to-morrow's sun 1180  
Lasts our farewell.

*Pal.* Then with to-morrow, Margaret,  
My life begins.

*Mar.* O, 'tis the greater joy  
For me than thee.

*Pal.* Ay, for the giver ever  
Hath the best share. And thus I kiss thee, love.  
Farewell.

*Mar.* Be ready.

*Pal.* Trust me.

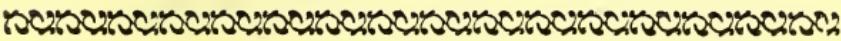
*Mar.* And take thy dagger.  
Farewell.

[*Going.*





A C T . I I I



S C E N E . I

*Hall in Manuel's house. MANUEL and  
MARGARET.*

*MANUEL.*

NAY, 'twas ill done. The open window shews  
He made a breakneck leap into the street.  
I searched the room, in case he might have left  
Some explanation written : there was none. 1190  
I am vexed. 'Tis a most graceless breach of trust.

*MARGARET.*

What promise made he ?

*Man.* None was asked. The knowledge  
Of duty were enough to bind a man  
Far less obliged. And then 'tis thankless, Margaret.  
Twice have we saved his life : first I, then thou :  
And while we sleep he flies. I blame myself,  
I should have pledged his word.

*Mar.*

Hadst thou so done,

He would have stayed.

*Man.* I know not. Now he is gone . .  
Go set his room as if he had never been.  
We must forget the matter. I have summons 1200  
From Hugo, and must leave.

*Mar.* And when I have done  
Thy bidding, may I go to Monreale?

*Man.* You wish it?

*Mar.* Yes.

*Man.* What calls you there?

*Mar.* A visit.  
I'll take Lucia, and can ride Rosamund.

*Man.* Nay, nay, I would not have it. Thou wilt  
meet  
With Rosso's people, maybe Rosso himself;  
And he might misinterpret . . and I think  
So soon after your game of blindman's buff,  
That since thou canst not love him . . .

*Mar.* Manuel, I promise—

*Man.* I want no promises; but if thou goest 1210  
Remember . . .

*Mar.* Why, I'll promise . . .

*Man.* Nay, I bid.  
Only be wise. Wilt thou be back to-night?

*Mar.* To-morrow, may I stay so long?

*Man.* Ay, stay.

Have good care of thyself. Farewell.

[*Exit.*

*Mar.*

Farewell.

(*Calling.*) Lucia, Lucia ; come, Lucia, come !

*Enter Lucia.*

*LUCIA.*

My lady.

*Mar.* To horse, Lucia ! we start at once.

Order the horses.

*Lu.* Holy Mary, defend us !

It cannot be thou meanest . . .

*Mar.*

What is this, now ?

Last night didst thou not promise ?

*Lu.*

If I did,

'Twas madness : think of the risk.

*Mar.*

I take the risk. 1220

*Lu.* Consider.

*Mar.*

I have considered.

*Lu.*

O, dear mistress,

I fear all will not end well ; think again.

Think what thou leavest.

*Mar.*

I think I shall leave thee.

*Lu.* But when shall we return ?

*Mar.*

Maybe to-morrow.

Order the horses. I shall go without thee.

Quick, quick, begone !

*Luc.* Well, well. Thou hast found a man :  
I being a woman must help thee, tho' 'tis madness.

*Mar.* Go, girl : I know it. Thou'lt be true, Lucia :  
Only be quick.

*Luc.* Well, well : may heaven forgive us. [*Exit.*

*Mar.* Forgive, she saith. Forgive me rather, oh  
heaven !

1230

The sourness of my spirit hitherto :

Yet now forgive me not if I dare tamper

With this intrinsic passion. O joy, my joy !

This beauteous world is mine :

All Sicily is mine :

This morning mine. I saw the sun, my slave,

Poising on high his shorn and naked orb

For my delight. He there had stayed for me,

Had he not read it in my heart's delight

I bade him on. The birds at dawn sang to me, 1240

Crying 'Is life not sweet? O is't not sweet?'

I looked upon the sea ; there was not one,

Of all his multitudinous waves, not one,

That with its watery drift at raking speed

Told not my special joy. O happy lovers

In all the world, praise God with me : his angels

Envy us, seeing we are his favourites.

What else could grant such joy ? Now on my journey

Must I set forth, to be a brigand's wife . . .

That's but the outward of it, and looks strange :  
For, oh, the heart of it is a fire of passion 1251  
To lick up trifling life. Away, such dainty stuff :  
Let me stand forth myself.—Yet ere I go  
I must send Constance word. To whom to trust  
My letter ? Ah, Philip . .

*Enter Philip.*

PHILIP.

Good morning, Margaret.

*Mar.* Good morning, duke : thou goest to the palace ?

*Pb.* Ay.

*Mar.* May I ask thee, then, to bear this letter  
To Constance ? I'd not trust it willingly  
Where it might wander.

*Pb.* 'Twill pass from my hands  
To hers.

*Mar.* Pray tell her, for my health I go 1260  
To Monreale, or would have come myself.

*Pb.* I'll tell her so. I pray the change restore thee,—  
And soon. Indeed thou look'st not well. Farewell.

*Mar.* Farewell. (*Aside.*) Look I then ill ? I never felt  
So light and keen in spirit. [*Exit.*

*Pb. (solus).* This fits in, too. She is sent to Monreale,  
Lest she should make discovery. 'Tis thus  
I join the threads. Palicio climbed the wall,

Came hither thro' the garden : here he stayed  
 And bound his wound. So far the track. There has been  
 At least no care to hide it ; and now he lies 1271  
 In the room across the courtyard : wherefore else  
 Drawn curtains, and the lamp, which yesterday  
 Burnt, as I saw, in the afternoon ? All credit  
 To the king's commissioner. Yet must I dissemble,  
 And not appear in the matter. 'Tis incredible  
 Of Manuel. What will he allege ? He is gone  
 To the palace now : thither must I, and face him.

[*Exit.*



## S C E N E . 2

*On the hills above Monreale. Brigands fantastically dressed and armed are seated about on the rocks, with drinking-cups and remains of feast. PALICIO, in a black suit, his right arm in a sling. Much talking and singing, or the scene may open with the following song—*

### SONG.

*I would not change the hills that I range*

*For a house in the city street :*

1280

*Nor the price on my head for a tax on my bread.*

*Liberty, lads, is sweet.*

*(Palicio getting up on a rock waves them to silence.)*

*SQUARCIALUPU.*

Long live Lord Palicio!

*All.* Huzzah! Huzzah!

*PALICIO.*

Thank you, my men. Now silence; I must tell you  
The feast is o'er, our meeting at an end.

We have laid our plans: but their success depends  
On zealous preparation. Ye must to work.

*A brigand.* We have another song yet, captain.

*Pal.* See ye the sun is on this side of the city.

*Brigands.* The song, the song! 1290

*Pal.* What is this song ye call for?

*A brigand.* May't please your honour,

If Squarcia sing we'll be content.

*Sq.* I know

What they would have.

*Pal.* Sing then: and cut it short.

*Sq.* Nay, that lies with the chorus. Whohath the lute?

*SONG.*

*If you'd hear me sing,*

*Why give me a skin of wine.*

*Creatures have their several ways,*

*Edod! and I have mine,*

CHOR. *And I have mine.*

(*ad lib.*)

*Edod! and I have mine.*

1300

*If you'd see me fight,  
Why let me taste good cheer.  
Was not I as good as my word?  
Edod! am I not here?*

CHOR. *Am I not here?* (ad lib.)

(*Palicio gets up as before.*)

*Sq.* Enough, enough! silence! Now were ye not  
A set of loons . . . make silence for the captain.

*Pal.* Hark, men: I bid you leave, each silently  
And separately to his allotted task.

Gather your companies at tryst to-night; 1310  
Acquaint them of our plans. Once, ere ye go,  
Look on those tyrannous towers, and swear revenge.  
Revenge on them that grind the people down!  
That tax our bread and wine! To-morrow night  
Hugo shall need no candles.

*Brigands.* Revenge, revenge. Huzzah! Death to  
Hugo!

Burn him!

*Pal.* Not him, the palace: 'tis to burn the palace.  
Him we must take alive.

*Brigands.* Not kill him, no.  
Treat him as he would us.

*Pal.* If ye love colour, 1320  
His gold is ruddier than his coward blood.

*Brigands.* Ay, ay, his gold—a ransom. Bleed his bags.

*Pal.* Above all, none forget good Manuel's kindness,  
And what I have told you. If any meet with him  
And hurt a hair of his head, 'tis . . .

*Brigands.* Death.

*Pal.* 'Tis death.

Swear all, 'tis death.

*All.* We swear.

*Pal.* Now to your work.

*Brigands.* Huzzah!

*Pal.* Secretly, then. Farewell! To-morrow night  
I'll meet you all. God grant us a good meeting.  
Farewell.

[*Exit.*

*Brigands.* Huzzah!

1330

*During following scene the brigands going, carrying off  
things to cave.*

*Sq.* Come, help clear off this gear to the cave.

*A brigand.* Any wine in yon skin, good Squarcia?

*Sq.* Ay, for the chewing.

*Brig.* Thank ye. I'm off. Good-day, lads. [*Exit.*

*Sq.* Did I not well, I say?

*A brigand.* But how didst thou find him?—tell us.

*Sq.* Trust me. Not that 'twas a thing within the

bounds of mortal cleverness if a man should want luck. But I'd buy the dog that would have run as straight for him, as 'twere denoted by scent or instinct. To climb the very wall, and in at the window, and there to see him just face to face: on a fine couch in a pleasant chamber enough, with his arm bandaged . . .

1344

*Brig.* Is his arm broke?

*Sq.* Ay, and where the nerve runs to the heart: the lady told me a thousand times that 'twere mortal to move it; and the surgeon who bound it said that his balance hung by a thread.

*Brig.* The lady was with him, then. Didst thou see her?

1351

*Sq.* It's not all I see I'm bound to tell. But if she was not there, how should she be here? And had I not persuaded her, would she have let him come, think you? And that a matter of disputation, an hour and more.

*Brig.* How could she stay him?

*Sq.* Let alone wounds and surgeons, shall a lady have nothing to say? And she's hard hit, I take it. A fine piece, and brings money with her.

1360

*Brig.* And what may spoil his fighting.

*Sq.* Wilt thou grudge the captain what he has fairly won? Or must thou be served first?

*Brig.* Serve me soon, and serve me well. Yet I like not the lady. [*Exit.*

*Sq.* Nay, nor the coin neither, I'll go bound. How should he? Nay . . . Wouldn't old Beedo now have liked to have been here?

*A brigand.* Well, he would.

*Another.* Why came he not? 1370

*Sq.* A bad reason, man, but a good excuse.

*Brig.* How mean you?

*Sq.* As if thou hadst never been on the wrong side of four walls! tell not me. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Palicio and Margaret.*

*Pal.* Now thou know'st all.

*MARGARET.*

But is that all, Giovanni?

*Pal.* Saw'st thou them well from where thou wert?

*Mar.* Ay, tell me :

The man in the blue jacket, who is he?

*Pal.* That's Squarcialupu : he's my first lieutenant. Did they not greet me?

*Mar.* I could count eighteen.

Are there no more?

*Pal.* The least of these can muster 1380  
Twenty as brave.

*Mar.* That's not six hundred men.

*Pal.* But with them I can raise the town.

*Mar.* 'Tis pity

The barons stand aloof.

*Pal.* They hold together

On certain claims that touch their own estate.

But in their hate of Hugo they will join us

At first report of our success; and that

I'll make flame forth.

*Mar.* Alas! what canst thou do,

Having so little means?

*Pal.* To-morrow night

We shall surround the palace and capture Hugo. 1389

*Mar.* One regiment could drive all thy men away.

*Pal.* He dare not give the word.

*Mar.* How know'st thou that?

*Pal.* I have sprung a cranny in his council-board,

Thro' which crumbs fall to me.

*Mar.* Nay, but you force him . .

The viceroy to yield up his power to a rebel!

Hugo, his person to your hated hands!

*Pal.* Well, he may fly; and then my word is, *Sack  
And fire the palace.*

*Mar.* Giovanni, if he fight,

Thou wilt be killed or taken.

*Pal.* And what of that?

*Mar.* What, askest thou! ask what! Methinks the world

Holds but one treasure—thee: and thou dost wrong  
Creation, staking all her store at once 1401

On such a sleight of fortune. It shall not be.

Nay, for my sake it shall not. Dost thou love me?

*Pal.* Love thee? O, Margaret, when I look on thee,  
And see the dazzling wealth, with which I hardly  
Shall scrape to heaven, may God forgive me, love,  
But I would be for ever pinched in hell,  
Rather than miss thee.

*Mar.* To me art thou as precious:  
Therefore be wise. Where is the list of names?

*Pal.* 'Tis here.

*Mar.* What read I here? These are thy captains,  
Palicio: these thy rivals, Margaret! 1411

Why, 'mongst these names—nay, tho' I here see  
names

Renowned for outrage—there is not one name  
Of such respect, that I can think it possible  
Its leadership can bid thee cast away  
Thy life, my life, our love.

*Pal.* They are all brave men.

*Mar.* They are ignorant, desperate, and reckless  
men.

*Pal.* 'Tis by such recklessness I come at right.

*Mar.* 'Tis recklessness throughout. See, thou art wounded

And weak ; a price upon thy head : think of it,—  
And trust the people's rights to Manuel ; 1421  
Leave them to the barons : we've a better task :  
Sail o'er to Rome, there reassume thy rank ;  
Let us be married, and await the day  
That Manuel finds thy pardon.

*Pal.* Tempt me not, Margaret.

*Mar.* Else are we lost.

*Pal.* Nay, fear not : there's a traitor  
In the enemy's camp ; from whom I'll have such tidings  
As will ensure success.

*Mar.* Who is it ?

*Pal.* Blasco.

*Mar.* Blasco !

*Pal.* He hath your money ; and for that price  
Will tell how Hugo may be best surprised. 1430  
That is my venture, Margaret . . . If it fail . . .

*Mar.* Thou wilt be slain.

*Pal.* Nay, I may still escape.

*Mar.* And then thou'lt come ?

*Pal.* I will.

*Mar.* Promise but that :  
That if this venture fail, and thou escape,  
Thou wilt not risk again.

*Pal.* Ay, if I fail.

*Mar.* Promise.

*Pal.* I promise.

*Mar.* Thou wilt lose nothing, for my brother alone  
Can do much more than thou with these base men,  
Who stain the cause. One favour more.

*Pal.* What is it?

*Mar.* 'Tis that this evening, love, be spent together.

*Pal.* I mean it should. To-night our fellows meet  
In various rendezvous, as you may see 1442  
Upon the paper. There are ten in all  
They will not need my presence till to-morrow,  
When the bands join at sundown. O, Margaret:  
I knew that thou wouldst come.

*Mar.* I think, Giovanni,  
Thou shouldst have met me first thyself: thy men  
Are rough.

*Pal.* Was any rude?

*Mar.* Nay, 'twas well meant,  
But sounded strangely.

*Pal.* Say but who it was.

*Mar.* No, 'tis forgiven. 1450

*Pal.* (*going*). Kiss me.

*Mar.* Ah, now, Giovanni,  
Where wilt thou go?

*Pal.* But for one hour, my dearest,

I must be absent. Then shall I be yours  
For all the day.

*Mar.* Farewell. And prithee send  
Lucia. I will await thee.

*Pal.* Farewell. [Exit.

*Mar.* I have his promise,  
If this scheme fail. 'Tis mine to make it fail.  
O, 'tis too dangerous : to trust so far  
That dollar-ballasted Iscariot,  
The weather-trimming Blasco.—The paper! the list!  
I'll have their names. Where can I write them? Ah!  
My prayer-book. I will send them straight to Hugo.  
Poor Constance! Burn the palace! Ay, and thee,  
For aught they care. Now, who comes first? Bendettu  
Jacupu . . and your place?—within the cloister 1463  
Of Santo Spirito. Next, Squarcialupu . . .  
Why, that's the ruffian who would like a dozen  
Wives such as I. He'll find one were too many.  
Go you to prison, sir, and cool your thoughts.  
You burn the palace!—Messer Vincentiu  
Lazaru . . at his peltry shed at Baido.  
Now there's two pages of them : the little prayers  
Will hardly shrive them . . . here's one I cannot read.  
B-o-n-o-Bononio, now I have him. 1472  
Why who could trust such men? Set them in power  
But for a day . . . say this next villain here,

Fardello . . he's a murderer—ay, for him  
I write his death, maybe : but for the rest  
I'll take such care that Manuel's voice shall ease  
Their accusation. Now I have them all.  
Lucia ! Ho, Lucia !

*Enter Lucia.*

See, take this book :

Return straight to Palermo : find some friend, 1480  
Whom thou canst trust : commit it to her hands ;  
Tell her to give it secretly to Livio,  
Bidding him read what is writ down in the margins ;  
And say 'twas given to her by one she knew not,  
And with that message. All our happiness  
Is staked on this. Begone. Haste for thy life.

*LUCIA.*

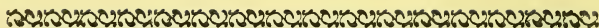
Alas ! what's this ?

*Mar.*                Why, have I frightened thee ?  
Be brave : I tell thee on this single thread  
My life is hanging.

*Lu.*                Trust me, lady, I'd risk  
Ten lives for that.

*Mar.*                Hide it. I trust thee. Go. 1490  
I have played a bold stroke here : but if it prosper,  
For Constance, and Giovanni, and myself,  
'Tis not ill done.

[*Exeunt.*



## S C E N E . 3

*A room in the Palace. Enter HUGO and CONSTANCE.*

*HUGO.*

Thou hast a daughter's duty, I a father's :  
'Tis mine to seek thy good, thine to obey.

*CONSTANCE.*

I pray thee, father, hear me.

*Hu.*

I have heard thee.

Thou tellest me nought but what I know. The duke  
Hath been with me : his purpose to renew  
His suit hath my support. 'Tis very honourable—  
It shall be welcome. Though thy words to him 1500  
Betrayed reluctance, that makes yet no reason  
To shun him. He will presently be here :  
Stay and receive him.

*Con.*

O, if I do not dream,  
Heaven help me now !

*Hu.*

Constance, I pray, be sober.  
I am sorry for thee : but what seems thy grief  
Will be thy comfort, when thou learn'st the cause  
Which presses me to urge it.

*Con.*

What lies behind ?

What misery? Say!

*Hu.* Manuel, whom late we trusted,  
Hath turned against me. He hath joined the rebels.

*Con.* Who dares to slander him? 1510

*Hu.* Fact makes no room  
For slander. The devil himself could not invent  
A tale to blacken him. First to the court  
He hath writ of me in secret, in the sense  
That I have stirred the king's men to rebellion  
By my misrule; and all the while at home  
He feeds the mischief, and most treacherously  
Favours the rebels, so to magnify  
The blame on me he charges.

*Con.* The crime's too great.  
If this be all I breathe again. The time 1519  
When thou wilt prove this 'twill away like smoke.  
Not till 'tis proved question our marriage, father.

*Hu.* The question now with him is not of marriage,  
But of his head.

*Con.* Shame, shame! if these be words,  
What is their sense?

*Hu.* To-morrow, or to-day,  
I shall have proof.

*Con.* I knew 'twas all unproven.  
Who brought this lie, and propped it with the promise  
To make it true?

*Hu.* Go, girl, I hear the duke.  
He must not see thee thus.

*Con.* So far is well.  
I gladly go.—Dear father !

*Hu.* Go take thy grief  
Where thou canst comfort it. This Manuel 1530  
Hath not deceived thee more than me, and me  
Would have more grossly wronged.

*Con.* Alas ! alas ! [*Exit.*

*Hu.* The proof will be to search his house, and so  
Both knaves are caught at once. Now to that end  
Lest he get wind of it I have bid him hither,  
And shall detain him till 'tis done.

*Enter Philip.*

Your grace,  
I have stayed for you.

*PHILIP.*

'Tis well. I bring conviction.  
Palicio lies in Manuel's house. His room  
Is locked and darkened : save for that, and orders  
That none shall enter, there is no precaution. 1540

*Hu.* The abominable Pharisee !

*Ph.* Now Margaret hath been hurried from the house  
On plea of health : I bear a letter from her  
To Constance.

*Hu.* Give't me.

*Pb.* Pardon, your excellence ;  
I promised I would see it in Constance's hands.

*Hu.* My hands are hers : a daughter cannot read  
Letters her father may not. Nay, the more  
Such right's resented, more's the need to use it.—  
And from a traitor's house !

*Pb. (giving).* Your privilege, sir,  
Invades my honour. 1550

*Hu.* Tut, tut, tut, 'tis mine : [*Takes it.*  
Be not so squeamish. [*Reads.*

*I can write all's well.*

*Yet, as thou lovest Manuel, breathe no word  
Of aught I saw. I go from home to-day ;  
Will see thee when returned.*—Why, this is nothing.

*Pb.* Taken alone'twere nothing ; but there's nothing  
Could better fit our knowledge ; nay it adds  
To what we know. I see that Margaret flies  
From the discovery that she hath made herself ;  
And fears for Manuel. I grieve but for her.  
His enmity to you precludes all pity. 1560  
I have come to see his papers, which contain  
Charges against your excellence, prepared  
With such unfriendly skill, that to discredit them,  
Should ever they reach court, would cost far more  
Than any price or pains you now might spend

In their suppression.

*Hu.* O, the double-faced  
Pretentious Greek! But in this other matter  
We have him. I'll charge the deed to his face. He'll not  
Deny it. The embassy delayed last night  
May sail this evening, and with them aboard 1570  
Shall Manuel fare to the king with his accusers.  
We shall at least be rid of him. I will call him.

[*Rings a bell.*]

Thou hast done me a good service.

*Ph.* Shall I remain?

*Hu.* I beg you. The cursed villain!

*Enter Servant.*

I await

The chief justiciary. Shew him hither. [*Exit servt.*]

*Ph. (aside).* I shall not face him well. He must not  
guess

My part in this: say he be proved a traitor,  
And I abhor all such as undermine  
The fabric of the throne,—yet have I shared  
His guilt at heart, both in my wish to find it 1580  
And from my profit in it! 'Twould seem less foul  
To steal a man's fair earnings than to glean  
The waste of his crime. I'll stand and take what  
comes.

*Enter Manuel.*

*MANUEL.*

My service to your excellence.

*Hu.*

Ay, well.

'Tis of thy service I would speak. Attend me.  
Thou art an honest man; in all Palermo  
No name so fair as thine. There's none would dream  
That thou at any press wouldst blink the right  
In thine own interest: now for these three years  
Thou hast done justice honour, holding up 1590  
Her majesty for worship: we ourselves  
Have strained or waived opinion oftentimes  
In trust of thee. 'Twas not then at first hearing  
We took the tale which strong concurrent proofs  
Now make me charge thee with. Know that 'tis said  
That thou hast given a refuge in thy house  
To John Palicio. Deny 't, I pray thee.

*Man.* 'Tis true, your excellence.

*Hu.*

Then first I bid thee

Return him into custody.

*Man.*

Last night

He left me without warning. 1600

*Hu.*

Gone! Then, by heaven!

Thou'rt doubly guilty.

*Man.*

I admit my guilt

Upon the point of negligence : for the rest  
I beg your excellence will hear my plea.  
Palicio is my kinsman : he was driven  
Without his purpose, nor with my connivance,  
To shelter in my house. The claim of nature  
Withstood the challenge of my royal duty  
Suspended now in the interregnum . . .

*Hu.*

Enough!

Thou dost admit the act : 'tis downright treason.  
I'll hear no answer. Though thou wouldst deny  
My authority, thou shalt not doubt my power. 1611  
Thou art my prisoner. To-night the embassy  
Will sail for Spain. Thou goest with them to plead  
Thy cause before the king.

*Man.*

I shall be ready, sire.

*Hu.* Thou wilt be here detained until thy house  
Is searched: which done thou wilt go home, and there  
Resign thy keys. Knowing thy doings, sir,  
I treat thee as I find thee. We are enemies.

*Man.* I pray your excellence, for your daughter's  
sake . . . 1619

*Hu.* My daughter! could I wed her to a traitor,  
Would she herself consent?

*Enter LIVIO with the book, and BLASCO.*

*Man.*

Call me not traitor,

Ere I be proved one.

*Hu. (to Bl.).* Ho! call in the guard. [*Exit Blasco.*  
(*To Liv.*) What bring you, son? [*Talks with him.*

*Man. (to Ph.).* Philip, before I go;—  
Thou see'st my case. Fate would look black upon me,  
Left I no friend to speak for me: but thee  
I trust. Tell Constance what thou knowest; the rest  
Margaret can tell you. Add thereto assurance  
Both of my innocence and speedy acquittal.

*Re-enter Blasco with Guards.*

One word and I am gone. Beware of Blasco.  
He bears two faces. See he be not trusted 1630  
With aught of moment.

*Hu. (to officer of guard).* The chief justiciary is your  
prisoner  
On charge of treason. Guard him in the palace  
Till you hear more.

*Man. (to Ph.).* Stand my friend, and God aid thee.  
[*Exit guarded.*

*Ph. (aside).* And so I may. I am not yet stepped  
so far  
That I must push my purpose, where it wounds  
Such ample trust.

*Hu.* Philip, see here.

*Ph.* What, sire?

*Hu.* From some most friendly hand we have full  
tidings

Of all the rebels ; where they may be seized  
This very night.

*Ph.* (*to Liv.*). You bring it?

*Liv.* They are betrayed 1640

By some one of themselves.

*Hu.* 'Twill end the matter.

*Ph.* How came you by it?

*Liv.* A woman brought it me,

Who said 'twas thrust into her hands by one  
She knew not, who escaped. She hath since confessed  
That 'twas a maid of Manuel's.

*Bl.* Look you, tho',

How close this follows the discovery  
Of Manuel's treason. It must be that some,  
On whom he used constraint, smelling his fall  
Return to loyalty.

*Hu.* Most like. Now, Livio,

Seize them to-night. See thou observe in all 1650

The dispositions which I have shewn thee. Stay,

There's first a vacancy to fill : I make thee

Justiciary in Manuel's place : in thine

I will take Blasco for my secretary.

Meanwhile I lend him thee : thou wilt have need

Of his experience.

*Liv.* I thank thee, father.

*Bl.* And I, your excellence.

*Hu.* Now to your work.

And then to Manuel's house, and take possession  
Of all thy office gives thee.

[*Exeunt Livio and Blasco.*]

*Hu. (to Ph.).* Thy matter next :

I will fetch Constance.

*Ph.* Not now, I pray, not now ! 1660

*Hu.* Nay, wherefore wait ? This business shall be  
settled

In a few words. I'll bring her to thee straight.

[*Exit.*]

*Ph.* I pray you. Nay, he is gone. I must stand  
to it.

I play to win ; and now the stakes are mine ;  
Unless against myself for friendship's claim  
I should uphold my rival. And he's guilty.  
The papers were his own : them he confessed,  
And only deepened treason by the excuse  
Of kinship with the rebel. And then his servants  
Cognizant.—On the other hand his confidence 1670  
Staggering the evidence : his trust in me  
To comfort Constance. How should Margaret know  
More than the facts, or I deny the facts,  
Should I plead for him ? And yet against the facts

The man himself : his soul revealed to me ;  
And my persuasion of him. O, he has fallen  
To the popular side. Moreover, his acquittal  
Were Hugo's ruin. I cannot help him : nay,  
Not though I would ; and Fate, which thrusts him  
down,  
Is kind to me.

*Re-enter Hugo with Constance.*

*Hu.* Constance, see here the duke : 1680  
He hath asked your hand of me : and I most happy  
In such a match have granted it.

*Con.* I am here  
Fooled by a promise of evil, but not this.  
This is not Manuel's treason. First of that :  
Where's the pretended proof ?

*Hu.* He hath confessed it.

*Con.* This tale convicts itself. Treason is close,  
And doth not bare the breast. Though here the man  
Ye wrong were likelier to confess such crime  
Than once be guilty of it.

*Hu.* He both is guilty  
And hath confessed.

*Con.* To what hath he confessed ? 1690  
What deed that hatred thus can magnify ?

*Hu.* 'Twas he contrived Palicio's late escape ;

And being detected and charged by me therewith,  
He hath here this hour confessed it. Since which time  
One of his household hath been traced in league  
With the conspirators.

*Con.* I believe it not.

Would he speak for you, he were here to speak.

*Hu.* But if at least he hath gone out from the  
palace

Under strict guard, and sails to-night for Spain?

*Con.* He is gone? 1700

*Hu.* He is gone.

*Con.* Under constraint?

*Hu.* Most certain,

And charged with treason.

*Con.* (*turning to Ph.*). Now, Philip, I bid thee speak.

*Ph.* Ay, Constance, it is true, but . . .

*Con.* Ay? thou too.

Ay and but: falsest falsehood, seeking grace

In shame. I knew devilry lurked about

When I came hither. I'll go. I'll not believe.

I shall know truth at last. [*Going.*]

*Hu.* Nay, Constance, stay.

Philip will answer thee. Thou questionest him;

Hear him with patience. I shall leave thee with him.

Thou hast been a duteous daughter hitherto,

Recover my good grace ere I return. 1710

(*To Ph.*) 'Twas an omission, duke, I gave no order  
To seize the villain's servants. I'll go do it.

Use thy occasion. [*Exit.*]

*Ph.* Constance, I beg thy favour.

*Con.* I stay, your grace,—why should I go? My  
father

Hath bid me hear thee: and 'tis nought to me.  
Say what thou wouldst: speak on, nor be officious  
To suit thy meaning to me, for there's nothing  
I can believe or doubt.

*Ph.* O, Constance, think not  
That could I end thy sorrow by denial  
Of what thou hast heard, I would not. All is true.  
My kindest office is to unmask the ill 1721  
That this ill hath prevented, and to show thee  
A balance of good. There lies 'gainst Manuel  
Far more than we have charged and he confessed.  
He loves thee, thinkest thou?—He hath used his place  
To plot against thy father. I here have papers  
In which thyself mayst see what accusation  
He hath writ in secret. They are addressed to Spain,  
And would have been presented . . .

*Con.* 'Tis his writing.  
Whence was this filched? 1730

*Ph.* He gave them me himself.

*Con.* O, a most open foe. Did he enjoin thee

To bear them to my father?

*Ph.* Nor have I done so.

*Con.* Then this, duke, yet remains for thee to do.  
Take them at once. I know not what they mean:  
But if 'tis secret it may be betrayed.

Do it, I pray thee, do it. [*Exit.*

*Ph.* And I could wince  
At such reproach, had I dissembled further  
Than loyalty may deign, grappling with treason.  
Her anger springs but of that nobleness 1739  
Which makes her love worth winning; and in the end  
It shall be mine again. [*Exit.*



## S C E N E   ·   4

*On the hills above Monreale, as before. Enter  
PALICIO and MARGARET.*

*MARGARET.*

How fresh the morning air is. See how the mist  
Melts in the sun, and while we look is gone,  
Leisurely gathered on his sloping beams.  
And guarded by her angel towers the city  
Sleeps like an island in the solemn gray:  
'Tis beauteous.—

*PALICIO.*

I love the city : it holds the stir.  
To-night I shall be there, and to do something  
Worthy of thee.

*Mar.* Whate'er thou dost, Giovanni,  
I could not love thee more.

*Pal.* Beneath yon roofs 1750  
There's many a heart that quicker beats and leaps  
To hear my name.

*Mar.* Thinkest thou still of them ?  
They love thee not.

*Pal.* Not ?

*Mar.* Nay ; the thousandth part  
Of my love dealt among them were enough  
To make each man a hero. Now they are brave  
Only to cheer thee on : and I that love thee,  
And love but thee, shall lose thee.

*Pal.* Have better faith,  
All will be well.

*Mar.* Pray heaven it be.

*Pal.* O, Margaret,  
Speak not so sadly : I would have thee brave  
To cheer me on as they. Last night I dreamed 1760  
That thou hadst turned against me.

*Mar.* What, Giovanni ?

*Pal.* Thou didst deride me.

*Mar.* I deride thy dream.

*Pal.* I thought I failed, and lost thy love.

*Mar.* O, faithless,

That could not lose my love. If thou succeed  
Or fail, 'tis one. But tell me, giv'st thou heed  
To visions? Are they not a fickle fabric,  
Distorted fancies of the spirit, intruding  
By night in memory's darkened cell? Or holdst thou  
They come from heaven?

*Pal.* Ay. Talk not of them now.

Let me not think of it.—

*Mar.* See here the flowers 1770

I have plucked. Know'st thou, Giovanni, why they  
grow?

*Pal.* How meanest thou?

*Mar.* Why in one place one flower

Will grow, and not another.

*Pal.* Canst thou tell?

*Mar.* The spirits of good men, allowed to wander  
After their death about the mortal sites  
Where once they dwelt, there where they love to rest  
Shed virtue on the soil, as doth a ray  
Of sunlight: but the immortal qualities  
By which their races differ, as they once  
Differed in blood alive, with various power 1780  
Favour the various vegetable germs

With kindred specialty. This herb, I think,  
Grows where the Greek hath been. Its beauty shows  
A subtle and full knowledge, and betrays  
A genius of contrivance. Seest thou how  
The fading emerald and azure blent  
On the white petals are immeshed about  
With delicate sprigs of green? 'Tis therefore called  
Love-in-a-mist.

*Pal.* Who is this thistle here?

*Mar.* O, he, with plumèd crest, springing all armed  
In steely lustre, and erect as Mars, 1791  
That is the Roman.

*Pal.* Find the Saracen.

*Mar.* This hot gladiolus, with waving swords  
And crying colour.

*Pal.* And this marigold?

*Mar.* That is the Norman : nay, his furious blood  
Blazes the secret. 'Tis said where'er he roamed  
This flower is common ; but 'tis in those climes  
Where he wrought best it wears the strongest hue,  
And so with us 'tis bravest.

*Pal.* And that's thy countryman !  
Dost thou know Greek?

*Mar.* My father ever spoke it ; 1800  
And Manuel made me study in it, because  
Their learning was the best.

*Pal.* And yet their books  
Were little thought of till great Frederick's time,—  
The infidel.

*Mar.* Was he an infidel?

*Pal.* He loved their heathen books and mocked the  
Pope :

And brought into his court a Scottish wizard,  
Who trafficked with the devil.—See, Margaret ;  
Their courts are all alike. Here is the letter  
Fat Blasco writes me. He betrays his master  
For those few coins thou gav'st me in thy bag. 1810  
[*Mar. takes letter.*

Gold goeth in at any gate but heaven's.

Ay, 'tis his writing, tho' it be not signed.

It tells how Hugo would escape by ship,

And how to intercept him.

*Enter hastily a Brigand.*

*BRIGAND.*

Captain, a word.

*Pal.* Speak, Roger.

*Brig.* 'Tis for thee, captain, alone.

*Pal.* I am alone, this lady is as I.

What is't?

*Brig.* Thou biddest?

*Pal.* Speak, man, by heav'n !

*Brig.* Our men  
Are all betrayed. They were in dark of night  
Closely surrounded at their several trysts 1819  
By Hugo's soldiers; bound, and taken to prison.

*Pal.* O, Christ! my dream.

*Mar. (aside).* Now, well done, Livio!  
Done like a man.

*Pal.* Thou say'st all taken?

*Brig.* All.

*Mar. (aside).* I fear joy will betray me.

*Pal.* It cannot be  
They are all betrayed.

*Brig.* As many as had assembled  
At the ten trysts were taken.

*Pal.* Who hath done it?  
(*To Mar.*) Take courage, dearest.

*Mar.* Ay, ay.

*Pal.* Nay, thou'rt pale.

*Mar.* I thought that I should faint. (*To Pal. aside.*)  
O, fly, Giovanni!

Fly now with me! thou see'st this game is lost.

*Pal.* Be still awhile. (*To Brigand.*) And where wert  
thou?

*Brig.* In the city,  
From house to house.

*Pal.* What say they there?

*Brig.*

This tale 1830

I heard. 'Tis told that 'mongst our men was one  
Of Benedettu's band, who, being engirt,  
Stabbed himself to the heart. Some cried thereon  
That he was the betrayer. There are others  
Who dare the thought I would not breathe if thou  
Couldst think I thought it.

*Pal.*

Hold! I know, I see.

All hath been like to build it. Who is with thee?

*Brig.* Three, and the boy Federigo.*Pal.*

Go to the hut :

There I will join you.

[*Exit Brigand.*

Margaret, fare thee well

Now for some time. This most untoward treason  
Demands my care. Lucia is not far.

1841

*Mar.* What wilt thou do?*Pal.*

Whatever may be done :

Trust me.

*Mar.* O, while thou'rt safe, Giovanni, fly.

I claim thy promise. Remember it : thou wilt see  
If I deride thee. We will make this ill  
Our perfect good.

*Pal.* It cannot be. It cannot.*Mar.* What wilt thou do?*Pal.*

I know not. Thou remain.

I will go see these men, and send thee word.

Farewell.

[*Exit.*

*Mar.* O, I had betrayed myself but that my fear  
Took other pretext. Ah! well done, well done! 1851  
The ruffians caught—Giovanni safe, and mine;  
Giovanni mine. Ah, Messer Squarcialupu,  
And all your gang. Lucia, ho, Lucia! [*Calling.*  
Yet will I have them treated well. Ay, now,  
Manuel must know. No drop of their base blood  
Shall stain my hand. Lucia!

*Enter Lucia.*

*LUCIA.*

Here I am.

*Mar.* The men are caught, Lucia; all goes well.  
There's none to steal Giovanni from me now.  
We go to Rome. But first I must see Manuel. 1860

*Lu.* I pray he take all kindly.

*Mar.* I fear him not.

Giovanni promised, should this venture fail,  
To sail to Rome.

*Lu.* And I? shall I to Rome?

*Mar.* See, see! who is it, that gallops down the hill?  
Why, 'tis Giovanni!

*Lu.* Where, my lady, where?

*Mar.* See'st thou not by the firs?

*Lu.* I hear the hoofs,

But cannot see the rider.

*Mar.* There he goes :

Now on the road.

*Lu.* I see him.

*Mar.* Look, Lucia ;

That is his horse.

*Lu.* Maybe a messenger

He mounts for speed. He rides to Monreale. 1870

*Mar.* Now we shall see. Nay, nay : he turns to the left.  
He's for Palermo : and 'tis he, 'tis he,  
Giovanni.

*Enter the Brigand with a letter.*

*Brig.* A letter for the lady, from the captain.

[*Gives and stands aside.*

*Mar.* Give 't me. I faint. Lucia, take it, read it.  
Look ! Read it me. I cannot see. The letters dance.

*Lu.* (*reading*).

*Margaret, there's but one course. My men suspect me.*

*Of those who held this secret, I alone*

*Was absent. Manuel's shelter, my escape,*

*Thy presence here, all point alike at me.*

1880

*I could not say farewell ! When thou hast this*

*I am gone. I ride to join my men in prison.*

*Mar.* Ah ! ah ! I knew it, I knew it ! what have  
I done ?

[*Sinks down.*

*Lu.* Mistress, my dearest mistress !



# A C T · I V



## S C E N E · I

*The hall in Manuel's house: it is hung with black.*

*PHILIP and LIVIO; the latter dressed in black,  
at a desk.*

*PHILIP.*

**A**RGUE not with me, Livio: Manuel's death  
Lies at my door. This last catastrophe  
Followed on his disgrace, which I was main  
To bring about.

*LIVIO.*

But since his guilt was clear,  
Your deed was honourable.

*Ph.* I am not sure.

I was too hasty. How can I quit myself 1890  
In the ill I have done thy sister?

*Liv.* Her fever, duke,  
Cannot be laid to you.

*Ph.* 'Twas the three shocks  
Following so fast. Manuel's disgrace, and then  
My suit urged out of time, and last his death:  
'Twill be no wonder if her mind give way.

*Liv.* Please heaven it pass. I never thought she  
loved him

So well.

*Ph.* Nor I, be sure. Where is that Blasco?

*Liv.* He went to gather what the sailors know  
Of Manuel's end.

*Ph.* No hope but that he's drowned.

I go now to the palace. Should I meet 1900  
With Blasco, it may be I shall detain him. [*Going.*

*Liv.* Ah!

*Ph.* He has lied to me.

*Liv.* If there be better tidings  
Of Constance, send them hither.

*Ph.* Indeed I will.

Is there no news of Margaret?

*Liv.* Not a word. [*Exit Philip.*

She knows I am here, no doubt: but when she hears  
Of Manuel's death she must return.—I think  
That when her brother lived to do his worst,  
My suit had fairer chance.

*Enter Blasco.*

Well, count, what news?

*BLASCO.*

Excellent.—Manuel was drowned, drowned like a dog.  
I have seen the captain of the ship that 'scaped. 1910

He tells that, putting forth at night, they kept  
Their course till dawn, when in a fog they drave  
On the French fleet, some two-and-twenty sail.  
Of our five vessels three were taken : one,  
His own, escaped, and the other—that's the one  
On which sailed Manuel—by a tall ship,  
Which flew the admiral's pennon, was run down,  
And sunk in sight.

*Liv.* The news will please my father,  
As it doth thee. For me 'tis ruin : my hope  
I might please Margaret working for her brother 1920  
Is gone. Now will she hate me more than ever.

*Bl.* You never could have won her while he lived.

*Liv.* Well, take these papers. There are here the  
orders

For the execution of Palicio  
To-morrow, in the public square, at noon.  
See them in proper hands. They need a seal.

*Bl.* 'Twill be a pleasure. 'Twas the kindest freak,  
This self-surrender.

*Liv.* He was strangely dashed,  
Looking for Manuel, to find me here.

*Bl.* He'll find that friend no more.

*Liv.* Take them and go. 1930  
And for the present, count, avoid the duke :  
He is angry with thee.

[*Exit Blasco.*

I shall not leave this house  
Till I be sure Margaret means not to come.  
The unkindest tempers are broke down by grief:  
And since she cannot blame me, she may find  
Comfort in my compassion,—ay, and thank me  
For some consideration.—She will see  
I have put on black, and set the house in mourning,  
Have ordered mass, have had his room shut up . . .  
Is there now nothing more? Why, who is this? 1940

*Enter Margaret, throwing off a veil.*

MARGARET.

Livio! thou here! Where is my brother?

*Liv.*

Oh!

Margaret!

*Mar.* Where is my brother? I am come  
To speak with him. Where is he?

*Liv.*

Hast thou heard nothing?

*Mar.* Heard what? Where is he?

*Liv.*

O, if thou knowest not . .

*Mar.* What is it? speak. Why is the house in black?  
What means it? say.

*Liv.*

Nay, let it not be me

To tell thee.

*Mar.* Thinkest thou my fancy's horror  
Is gentler than thy bluntest tale? Speak quickly.

*Liv.* 'Twas on his own confession of connivance  
In John Palicio's shelter and escape, 1950  
My father put him from his place, and sent him  
To answer to this charge before the king.  
He sailed two nights ago. The ship . . .

*Mar.* Go on, sir!

*Liv.* Our ships fell in with the enemy, and all  
But two were captured, one on which he sailed,  
And one which brought the news.

*Mar.* And Manuel's ship?

*Liv.* 'Tis said the ship on which he sailed was sunk.

*Mar.* (*falling on a chair*). Sunk, say you, and he? . . .

*Liv.* My sister at the tidings straight fell ill,  
And her mind wanders. Bear a braver heart. 1960

*Mar.* O, fatal day. 'Tis I, 'tis I have done it.—  
And did none see him?

*Liv.* Margaret, dearest Margaret,  
Take courage. I have shared thy sorrow, Margaret:  
Cannot I comfort thee? O, sweetest Margaret,  
Thou dost not know my love.

*Mar.* (*standing, and showing the dagger*). Away! away!

*Liv.* Nay, wherefore treat me thus?

*Mar.* Is this an hour  
To force thy love upon me?

*Liv.* Margaret,  
Hast thou no pity?

*Mar.* Think if I have pity  
To spend on thee.

*Liv.* If thou wouldst slay me, Margaret,  
Thou need'st no dagger.

*Mar.* Sir, stand back, I say : 1970  
And first tell plainly what thou knowest. One ship  
Of three escaped ?

*Liv.* The hindmost 'twas, that fled . .

*Mar.* And brought the tidings ?

*Liv.* Ay.

*Mar.* And was none saved  
Out of the ship which sunk ?

*Liv.* I know not.

*Mar.* Know'st not ?  
There's hope, thank God. And thou !—Why, if in  
thy heart  
Lurked the least feeling, 'twould have shewn this side,  
Not leapt to the worst . . . Come, sir, I'll keep this  
sorrow :

'Tis not with thee I'd share my fear for Manuel . . .  
Nor any other ; tho' my need compels me,  
If thou'rt the man sits in his place.

*Liv.* I am. 1980

*Mar.* He would have aided me.

*Liv.* But I will aid thee  
More than a brother. Thou canst ask no favour

I will not grant.

*Mar.* Sir, I shall ask no favour :  
Nor aught but what it is thy part to grant,  
Unless it be promise of secrecy.

*Liv.* O, but one secret with thee ! there's no jewel  
In all the world I would esteem as that.

*Mar.* Where's Giovanni Palicio, sir ?

*Liv.* Palicio !

*Mar.* Ay, he's my kinsman.

*Liv.* He is in the palace dungeon,  
Awaiting death.

*Mar.* He's my near kinsman, Livio, 1990  
And must not die : and, being condemned to die,  
I, as his kinswoman, desire a pass  
To visit him in prison when I choose. [*Livio writes.*  
My purpose with him is to extort a pledge  
That he will leave the country, on which condition  
I look for his release.

*Liv.* Here is the order.  
And use it as thou wilt.

*Mar.* (*taking*). I thank you for it.

*Liv.* If 'tis so near thee he go quit, what means  
Better than mine to work it ?

*Mar.* I have means.

*Liv.* With whom ?

*Mar.* I have the means.

*Liv.* Believe it not. 2000  
There's none could win this favour of my father.  
Hath not his cry been *Death to Hugo*?  
He's more than rebel. There's a private hate  
Which makes his sentence grateful.

*Mar.* I have means.

*Liv.* 'Twere easier wouldst thou trust me. See, 'tis  
done  
Without more words. Margaret, I'll risk this thing  
For thee. Palicio shall escape to Spain,  
To Naples, where thou wilt, if thou . . .

*Mar.* If what?

*Liv.* Margaret, accept my love.

*Mar.* O, Livio,  
I am too sad to be angry with thee now. 2010  
But know if ever thou wouldst merit love  
By generosity, thou must not beg  
A bargain. 'Do this and I'll love thee,' ay,  
That may be said, but not 'I'll do this thing  
If thou wilt love me': and thou, Livio,  
A chief justiciary!

*Re-enter Blasco.*

*Liv.* Hush, I pray thee!

*Bl.* The lady Margaret! We are very happy  
In this return.

*Mar.* (*aside to Blasco*). What hadst thou of Palicio?

*Bl.* Ha! Sayst thou? . .

*Mar. (aside).* Meet me at the palace, count.  
I have thy letter. (*To Liv.*) I see there is no place  
here 2020

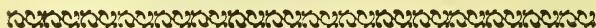
In my house for me. I have still a hope, and in it  
Shall fortify my comfort . . . If aught is heard  
I shall be with thy sister. Thou and Blasco  
May serve me if ye will. [*Exit.*

*Liv.* What said she to you?

*Bl.* Art not thou too accustomed to her wit?  
I bring ill news. Thy sister still is worse,  
And calls for thee, and Rosso thinks 'tis well  
That thou shouldst go.

*Liv.* Bide thou here in my place . . .

*Bl.* Nay, I must go with thee. [*Exeunt.*



## S C E N E . 2

*A public place. MANUEL disguised as a friar  
meeting ROSSO.*

*MANUEL.*

'Tis doctor Rosso.

*ROSSO.*

At your service, father. 2030

*Man.* May I speak with thee?

*Ros.* With pleasure.

*Man.* Stand we aside.

Hast thou forgotten me?

*Ros.* Nay, for I think

I have never seen thee . . . or I ask thy pardon.

*Man.* Now thou shouldst know me well.

*Ros.* Thy voice I think

I do remember.

*Man.* (*discovering*). Do you know me now?

*Ros.* Manuel! Thank God!

*Man.* Is it a good disguise?

*Ros.* Metamorphosis . . if indeed 'tis thou,

In such a husk. Then thou'rt not drowned!

*Man.* Indeed,

There was a time when I had some fear to be;

But how came you to know it?

*Ros.* Of the ships 2040

One returned home with news that thine was sunk.

Was not that true?

*Man.* Ay, ay,

*Ros.* How didst thou 'scape?

*Man.* I took my only chance, leapt overboard  
And swam to the enemy. By heavenly fortune  
The ship that ran us down was Raymond's, he  
Who served so long with us. I had left my foes

To find old friends : and when the fight was o'er,  
I told him in what hapless case I stood,  
And promising to hold myself no less  
His prisoner, and surrender to his master 2050  
At Naples if need were, I bade him land me  
By night at Cefaledi ; there arrived,  
By the good sailor friars I was clad  
In the disguise you see, and came in speed  
To look to matters here.

*Ros.*                                There is great need.

*Man.* Ay, my affairs with Constance ?

*Ros.*    I grieve to tell

Constance is lying ill.

*Man.*                                She is in your hands ?

*Ros.* Ay.

*Man.* Doth she doubt of me ?

*Ros.*    At your committal

A fever must have seized her. Then your death,  
Which should have been concealed, was urged upon  
her, 2060

In countenance of duke Philip's suit . . .

*Man.*    How ? Philip !

*Ros.* Did you not guess ?

*Man.*    Is't possible ?

*Ros.*    At that

Her mind gave way : 'tis question of her life.

*Man.* I bring the medicine to work her cure.  
Is't not enough?

*Ros.* I trust so.

*Man.* And I think it.  
How blind I have been! I trusted Philip, and he  
Was playing against me. Time will right me, Rosso,  
In this as in the other. Patience. And what  
Of your affairs . .

*Ros.* How mine?

*Man.* Your love affairs.

*Ros.* My love affairs?

*Man.* Ay,—Margaret.

*Ros.* Margaret? 2070

*Man.* Can I be wrong? Her head was turned the day  
She brought you to Palicio.

*Ros.* O, Manuel,  
This makes it sure.

*Man.* Yes, and I'm glad of it.

*Ros.* Nay, nay: pray hear me. On the very day  
Palicio left your house, she went, 'twas said,  
To Monreale: there she hath not been seen.  
Was't to Palicio?

*Man.* Now, please God, thou'rt wrong.  
Say, where is he?

*Ros.* Stranger than all, he has made  
Surrender of himself to Livio,

Our new justiciary, and awaits his death                    2080  
In Hugo's dungeon.

*Man.*                    How! And Margaret?

*Ros.* She hath now this morn returned, full of  
distraction

As well might be, but firm beyond her wont.  
She is in the palace, where she nurses Constance  
With the cool skill of one that hath his stake  
Ventured elsewhere . . .

*Mar.*                    Good God! Now if thou'rt right,  
Rosso, this matter needs me more than the other.  
Thank heaven I am here. Constance is in thy hands :  
Thou hast her cure. Yet use it with discretion,  
Knowing my hazard. I shall visit at once                    2090  
The archbishop; he will stand my friend, and give me  
Commission in the habit of a priest  
To see Palicio. Nay, there's not a moment  
To lose. Thou mayst contrive that Constance too  
Should send for me; maybe I thus might see her.  
Farewell. I go, yet must I take a name;  
Let it be Thomas, father Thomas. To-night  
Can I rest at thy house?

*Ros.*                    I pray you will.

*Man.* An hour hence couldst thou meet me there?

*Ros.*                    I will.

God speed you.

*Man.* O, Rosso, Rosso, I fear thou'rt right . . .

[*Exit.*

*Ros.* Ay, ay. I'm right. Alas for Manuel. 2101

'Tis almost pity he is escaped from death.

I would tell Constance, but her throbbing brain

Hath no interpreter, and in her ear

All words are meaningless, or mean alike

Something insane, which in her eager dreaming

Steals the world's place. I have no power to tell.

[*Exit.*

~~~~~

## S C E N E   ·   3

*Room in the Palace. HUGO and PHILIP meeting.*

*HUGO.*

No cheer. Thy questioning looks may not be  
answer'd

With any brightness, duke : and yet take heart.

The fever of our climate is in the onset 2110

Oft overmasked as this. 'Twill clear and pass.

'Twere quite incredible she should so sicken

Of mere affection. The compacted body

Hath its machinery for health and action,

Its appetites for food and rest, too firm

To be unfixed by fancy. Like a river  
Our life flows on, whose surface storms may vex,  
But never move the current from its bed.

*PHILIP.*

I heartily repent my part in this.  
I wronged poor Manuel.

*Hu.* Now thou wrong'st me. 2120  
Him being dead thou canst not wrong. 'Tis plain  
The objection falls. If once there was a motive  
That might have stayed thee . . .

*Ph.* Nay, upbraid me not.

*Hu.* How, I upbraid thee?

*Ph.* That I pressed my suit.

*Hu.* Rather for slackness in it.

*Ph.* If she recover  
'Tis all I pray for.

*Hu.* Not so. This will pass.  
'Twill be forgotten. All will be forgotten.  
Look but on Margaret, doth her brother's death  
Craze her?

*Ph.* Indeed, I think she is nigh distracted;  
And if she bear up better there's a reason : 2130  
She hath a comforter. Nay, I may tell you  
I saw your doctor here take her aside,  
And when he spoke, her face of woe lit up.

She loves him. 'Twas a match that Manuel wished.

*Hu.* Nay, nay! what! Rosso, the apothecary!

*Enter Livio and Blasco.*

Ah, Livio; Constance calls thy name, 'tis hoped  
That she may know thee.

*LIVIO.*

Is she better, sire?

*Hu.* Nay: but she asked for thee, and Rosso said  
Thou shouldst be sent for. Come within.

*Ph.* May I

Far as the door?

*Hu.* Ay, come.

*BLASCO (aside to Liv.).*

Tell Margaret, 2140

Who hath some matter for me, that I am here.

*[Exeunt Hugo and Livio.]*

*Ph.* Count, thou hast lied to me. If that suffice  
To raise thy temper, meet me when thou wilt:  
If not, and Constance die, I'll use thee worse. *[Exit.]*

*Bl.* Ay, ay. No doubt there may be danger for me  
Even from that quarter: but I have a foe  
That threatens me more. How came she by the letter?  
Only Palicio and his messenger  
Could know 'twas mine.

*Enter Margaret.*

*MARGARET.*

'Tis business with thee, count :  
Therefore few words. I have thy treasonous letter  
And other proofs, which I shall bring against thee  
Unless thou do my bidding.

*Bl.* What is that, 2152  
My lady Peremptory? speak thy will.

*Mar.* Attend. Palicio is condemned to die  
At noon to-morrow. I require that thou  
Contrive that he escape, ay, and go clear  
Three hours before that time.

*Bl.* Impossible.

*Mar.* 'Tis not so, count. For Livio had promised me  
The very thing; but since his price exceeds  
What I need pay to thee . . .

*Bl.* My price, how mean you? 2160

*Mar.* I will give back thy letter to thy hands,  
And promise secrecy in every matter  
I had against thee.

*Bl.* Give me now the letter,  
And I will do it.

*Mar.* Nay. Thou'lt do it first.

*Bl.* Then say that if at nine to-morrow morn  
I have a friendly guard—

*Mar.* Keep to that hour :

'Twill do. I shall be there to see it done.

I'll bring the letter with me. I can provide  
His further safety. If thou fail, the enquiry,  
Which I can set on foot, delays his death,  
Till I find other means.

2170

*Bl.* But still I see not

My own security.

*Mar.* Thou hast my promise :

And thy security is only this,

To keep to thine. I go. Remember, nine. [*Exit.*

*Bl.* Wheu! wheu! Who hath the secret now?

Indeed,

I see this dainty lady hath a lover

We little dreamed of. Therefore was he housed

With Manuel. O, Giovann Palicio :

Thus Livio's rival. And thou blab of me

To mistress Margaret, dost thou? well, well, well!

I'll see thee die for that. Die now thou must. 2181

I have, sir, but to tell this tale in the ear

Of the chief justiciary, and I am saved.

*Re-enter Livio.*

Livio, thou hast a rival.

*Liv.* I know.

*Bl.* Thou knowest?

*Liv.* My father saith Margaret will marry Rosso.

*Bl.* Rosso! Rosso be hanged! 'Tis John Palicio.

*Liv.* Palicio!

*Bl.* Yes, Palicio.

*Liv.* Nay.

*Bl.* I'll tell thee.

Hark.—Was he not concealed in Manuel's house?

*Liv.* Well?

*Bl.* And escaping from his house by night,  
The next day where was Margaret?

*Liv.* Ah!

*Bl.* And then 2190

'Twas she betrayed the rebels.

*Liv.* Eh!

*Bl.* We traced

The little book to her servant.

*Liv.* That's against it.

*Bl.* Nay: it explains why all the names were there,  
Only not his.

*Liv.* But then . . nay, why should he  
Surrender?

*Bl.* That's but madness any way.

But now she comes demanding his deliverance.

*Liv.* Ay, she doth. O, the villain! he shall die.

*Bl.* He shall; but hark, I have promised Margaret  
To set Palicio free at nine to-morrow.

Say that we go together. Margaret comes 2200  
To see her lover freed. Her we will take  
And keep confined until his execution ;  
Which for our purpose may be hurried on.  
Or if . . .

*Liv.* Stay ; why this promise ? In the course  
Of justice he must die.

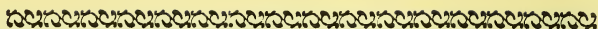
*Bl.* Not so. My promise  
To set him free was made for two good reasons.  
First hearing thou hadst offered her the like :  
Next for the knowledge that on my refusal  
She could find other means. Beside all which  
She bargains to restore me certain letters 2210  
I sent her years ago, which I confess  
I am now ashamed of : (*aside.*)—Any lie will serve  
To smooth this idiot.—These she brings with her,  
And I can take them from her. My object gained  
I hand her o'er to thee. For all her scorns  
Repay her as thou wilt.

*Liv.* I fear her.

*Bl.* Nay,

I can secure thee. Come.

[*Exeunt.*



## S C E N E   ·   4

*Dungeon of the Palace. PALICIO discovered.*

*A door at back of prison is L. of centre.*

PALICIO.

I cannot think of death. Imagination  
Is barren on that point, and hath no picture ;—  
To be so near should better prick the fancy.— 2220  
I see a grave—but stand beside the grave . . .  
Nothing.—And yet I am so near.—I judge  
From this how dizzily deep rides the division  
'Twixt this world and the next; tho' in Time's face  
'Tis thin, ay, more invisibly sharp than is  
The axe's edge, which makes it.—Is our life's stuff  
So different? All the joys and hopes of earth  
Wrought of too coarse a fibre to invest  
An inkling of that other unseen world,  
Which hath this only entrance? Wherefore my mind  
Wanders in wasteful contemplation back 2231  
O'er what I have done, pitifully seeking  
To wear renewed the robe of those proud deeds,  
To dream again her disappointed dreams ;  
And over all is Margaret, ever Margaret ;  
Floating before these vain soul-treacherous eyes,—  
My tempter and tormentor.

*Enter Gaoler.*

**GAOLER.**

A priest sent from the archbishop. Shall he enter ?

*Pal.* Yea : bid him enter. But I pray thee now,  
Thou execrable minion of that devil 2240  
Who sucks our people's blood, come not thyself :  
Each time I see thee I must wish to kill thee.  
Thou art my soul's last peril. Keep away.

*Gaoler.* Whate'er I be, I can be civil, sir. [*Exit.*

*Pal.* Ay, I was wrong. Now must I ask his pardon.  
I am not yet fit to die. Yet is't not written  
"If hand or foot offend thee, cut it off ;  
If thine eye, pluck it out" ? I have done all this ;  
Yet lurks there something in the accusing balance  
Which my soul sickens at. What if I have lost  
My world and soul ? This good priest comes in time.

*Enter Manuel disguised as priest.*

Father, if thou be come to shrive my soul, 2252  
I need thee sorely.

**MANUEL.**

I am here for that.

*Pal.* There's comfort in thy face. I have much to  
tell.

Thou know'st me, who I am ?

*Man.*

Ay, son.

*Pal.*

I pray

What said the archbishop of me?

*Man.*

Pause not now

To ask and weigh man's judgment, who so soon  
Must answer to the Judge of all.

*Pal.*

Nay, nay.

If thou bring hither such a thought of me,  
What can I tell thee? How shall I begin? 2260

*Man.* If there be any one thing on your mind,  
More than another, which now brings you shame,  
Begin with that.

*Pal.*

Ay : such a thing there is.

*Man.* What is't?*Pal.*

'Tis the story of the mischief,  
Which makes me need thee ; which hath sent me here.  
For I was single-hearted, single-eyed,  
As thou or any of the saints, who hold  
Their place in heaven secure, three days ago,—  
But three days : If thou then hadst come to me  
I should have said, My sins are all forgiven ; 2270  
I only beg of thee the heavenly bread  
To be my passport to my home prepared.  
My earthly sword hath won a heavenly crown.  
I have not left undone aught, save where God's will  
Forbade accomplishment, and if I have done

Aught unpermitted 'twas in zeal's excess.  
My errors are the saints'—three days ago . .  
And now my boast is gone, my soul is stained.  
Hark, while I tell. Satan, who saw me thus  
Pure-hearted and elect, an envied prey, 2280  
Used all his skill to take me : Ay, he came  
And showed me, in the room where I lay sick,  
Wounded, and weak and faint, a beauteous woman,  
And all love's world. He said, *Take this* ; but I  
Was ready awhile, and answered, *Not for me.*  
*I thread the narrow way ; I climb at heaven.*  
*If I touch this, I perish.* But he said,  
*Not so, 'tis thy due prize. Take it, Palicio !*  
'Twas the old tale—"Thou shalt not surely die."  
I took it. God deserted me that hour : 2290  
My friends suspected me : all things went ill :  
And now . . .

*Man.* Stay. First, this woman, who misled you,  
Is she your wife ?

*Pal.* Nay, 'tis but now three days . . .

*Man.* You say she is not your wife. Is then your sin  
To have leapt the bounds which hold unmarried  
lovers ?

*Pal.* O, father, thou couldst never ask such thing  
If thou didst know who 'twas. Nay, thou mayst know :  
'Twas Manuel's sister,—Margaret of Palermo.

*Man.* (*partly discovering*). See, I am Manuel. \* \* \*

\* \* \* Ay, and so far is well.

Now say, did Margaret contrive thy flight? 2300

*Pal.* . . . (*assents*).

*Man.* And after followed thee to Monreale?

And met thee on the hills?

*Pal.* . . . (*assents*).

*Man.* Then tell me now

Why hast thou left her?

*Pal.* Nay. Question me not.

*Man.* Why hast thou left her?

*Pal.* Why come to me thus?

I needed but a priest to comfort me,  
And show me on death's road: thou drag'st me back  
To torture me. Thou canst not understand.

*Man.* Thou ow'st to me more than to any priest,  
Who for thy sake might hear, to tell me true.  
Why hast thou left her?

*Pal.* If thou wert a priest, 2310

Then wouldst thou see how well the stalking fiend  
Snared for my soul. I planned for yesternight  
To storm the palace: and I had promised Margaret  
To make no further venture if that failed,  
But sail with her to Rome and there be married,  
Using thy interest to reclaim my rank.  
But on the day I gave that word, my men

Were all betrayed, taken, and led to prison.

I was with Margaret, as well they knew :

My love for her, my shelter at thy house, 2320

My flight permitted, set them on the thought

That I had been corrupted, was the traitor.

*Fly with me*, then cried Margaret. Ay, the fiend too

Said, *Fly : go safe*. I foiled him. I came here.

That was my only answer.

*Man.*

And didst thou not

Betray them ?

*Pal.* I ! Palicio ! when did I

Betray ?

*Man.* Stay, while in turn I shew to thee

Another tale made of the self-same matter.—

A price set on thy head, pursued by justice,

Bleeding to death, thou camest to my house 2330

Asking for shelter, begging but for life.

I gave it at my risk,—how great that risk

I'll shew thee soon ;—there at my house my sister

Secretly tended thee, and won thy cure.

Thou in return didst, all unknown to me,

Obtain her love, and use it to break trust,

Flying by stealth at night : and then, being fled,

Didst scruple not to use thy flight, to work

The very thing for which thy life was owed.

Further, when that went wrong, merely for fear 2340

Men should think ill of thee, thou didst desert  
Her, to whose love was due that thou wert free ;  
Wronging her then again, as me before . . .

*Pal.* Manuel, forbear ; thee I confess I wronged :  
For the rest thy taunts are vain.

*Man.*

Wait : there is more.—

Thy refuge being discovered, I was charged  
With treason, and in course shipped hence for Spain.  
My ship was sunk, and I, but for God's mercy,  
Drowned. My disgrace and rumoured death so  
wrought

On Constance, that she lies in life's last hope. 2350  
To all of us thou hast done unmeasured ill :  
What is thy plea ?

*Pal.* Though God himself should curse me,  
My purpose hath been good.

*Man.*

Ay, that I'll grant :

Thou'rt for the right, but being too hot upon it  
Mistakest right. Thou art numbered with the mad-  
men

Who, thinking the whole world's unhappiness  
Hangs on one string, tread all else underfoot  
So they may reach to cut it.—And where's the good ?  
Thyself, too, in what plight, that after all  
This sacrifice of others' rights, thou rushest 2360  
To die to save thine honour from a stain,

That needs no washing !

*Pal.* Enough : there let it end :  
I die to-morrow.


*Man.* Nay, thou must escape :  
Retrieve all that thou canst. I now shall go  
To Margaret, whom before I feared to meet.  
She will be working for thee. If she fail,  
The archbishop yet hath power to stay thy death  
Till I can serve thee. If thy love for her,  
And hers for thee abide, you must be married.  
Nay, all she urged was good.

*Pal.* O, 'tis impossible. 2370  
Work not for my escape : 'tis best I die.

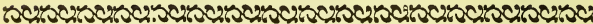
*Man.* Nay, nay. Thou that canst fight, fight with  
thyself.  
The brave despair that fear not : that's the shock  
The strongest suffer. Thou wast ill of late ;  
Wert thou now strong, shame would not crush thy  
spirit. [Going.

*Pal.* Manuel, go not !

*Man.* Yes, I must go. Remember  
My name is Father Thomas. None must guess  
Who hath been with thee.—Farewell. Fight with  
thyself,  
Palicio, with thyself. Thou shalt be saved. [Exit.



# A C T · V



## S C E N E · I

*The same. PALICIO as before.*

*PALICIO.*

**T**HREE hours have fully passed since first I  
marked 2380

Yon grated hole grow rosy, and exchange  
Moonlight for dawn. Now soon will Margaret come :  
And I must go forth to the world disgraced,  
To fly my country or hide : ay, at the cue  
Of the chief justiciary, led by a woman.  
Hast thou the heart, Giovann Palicio,  
To call this freedom. Nay, since thy right hand  
Was raised 'gainst wrong in vain, and thou thyself  
Art charged with wrong, and must admit the wrong,  
Were't not now best to end, and shroud thy fortune  
In veils of death ? Thou that hast led the people, 2391  
Hast thou a knee for favours ? Will thy tongue  
Confess I wronged thee, Manuel, I come forth  
To be thy prisoner : and I wronged thee, Margaret :

I will come forth to be thy pensioner?  
Shame : rather would I die.

*Enter Margaret.*

*MARGARET.*

'Tis I, Giovanni : all is well : thou'rt safe,  
Manuel has told me all. Thou dost repent.  
All is prepared. Ask not my pardon : give me  
One kiss—I have forgiven thee. Be not sad. 2400  
'Twas like thee as I love thee, nobly done :  
And being so cruel to thyself 'twas easy  
Thou shouldst forget what I too now forget,  
Recovering thee. I saw thee ride away,  
And guessed before the letter. O, Giovanni,  
Thank God, thou'rt safe. Look, I have brought the  
money  
To serve thee on thy journey till the day  
We meet again ; and more. Thy ship will sail  
But to Messina : there thou wilt disembark.  
Nay, take the money ; thou wilt need it, love, 2410  
'Tis Manuel's gift, not mine.

*Pal. (taking).* I have no heart,  
Margaret, for what is done on my behalf.  
I thank him, but . . .

*Mar.* Alas, alas ! Giovanni :  
I looked to find thee glad of heart and happy.

Our troubles all are over. Manuel lives,  
Whom we thought drowned: Constance, who lay in  
death,  
Hath risen from her bed : and even our marriage  
Is furthered by my brother. How can it be  
Thou art so dismal, and thy kiss as cold  
As is this prison ?

*Pal.* I would not leave this prison. 2420

*Mar.* Thou wouldst not leave it ?

*Pal.* No : dankness and darkness  
Are now my friends. I have failed. How can I wish  
To step in the light of heaven ?

*Mar.* O, then I see  
This death-delivering dungeon hath o'ercome thee.  
——There's news. This morn the ships arrived from  
Spain.

They must bring tidings of the king's accession.  
We shall learn all to-day. When he's proclaimed,  
There's nought that thou couldst do if thou wert free.  
What thou hast done may have determined much.

*Pal.* When shall I hear of it ?

*Mar.* Love, thou must sail 2430  
Quickly and secretly : and canst not hear  
Until thou come to land. But then if I  
Should meet thee there with Manuel, oh, what joy,  
Could I be first to tell thee.

*Pal.* Dost thou think  
That Manuel hath forgiven me for the wrong  
I did him, stealing from his house by night?

*Mar.* That was my theft, Giovanni; and he forgives :

Cry not thou forfeit.—See, I bring thy dagger.

*Pal.* But, Margaret, I wronged thee too. I fled  
From thee; canst thou forgive me?

*Mar.* Ask not me 2440  
If I have forgiven. Hearken, I will tell thee,—  
This dagger is the dagger which the woman,  
Whose name thou didst not know, brought thee in  
prison :

By help of this thou madest thy first escape.  
'Tis I that bring it now. These two days past,  
These days of misery, I have held and worn it  
But for one purpose; that if thou shouldst die,  
I might have something which had once been thine  
To end my life with.

*Pal.* Thou !

*Mar.* Ay. I had promised  
This caseless blade my empty heart for sheath. 2450

*Pal.* Margaret !

*Mar.* Now take it. I have better hope.

[*Palicio takes dagger, and puts it in his breast.*  
Thou shouldst be armed.

*Pal.* And thou hast thought of death?

*Mar.* Only if thou hadst died.

*Pal.* O, Margaret,  
Margaret, I am not worthy of thy love.  
Thou seest I am not. Look how poor a heart  
I bring to take thee : 'tis too base. I thought  
I loved thee overmuch. Now, fool, I see  
I love too little.

*Mar.* 'Tis this hateful prison  
Hath chilled thy spirits. When again thou'rt free  
Thou'lt be Giovanni.

*Pal.* Canst thou love me so? 2460

*Mar.* O, what hath come to thee? Did I not love  
The hour I bound thy wound : the day I brought  
Rosso to heal thee, and led thee by the hand,  
Threading the blindest midnight silently,  
To set thee free? Dost thou forget?

*Pal.* But then,  
Then I was brave, a leader of the people  
Against their tyrant : thou didst hold of me  
As of a hero : now I have failed, I am shamed.

*Mar.* O no, Giovanni ; thou mistakest sadly  
My love for thee.

*Pal.* I am no more myself. 2470

*Mar.* Then dare I prove to thee how much I love  
thee,

How little thy renown. Remember, thou didst scheme  
To burn the palace.

*Pal.*                      *Ay.*

*Mar.*                      Didst thou not promise  
Me, trembling for thy life, that if that failed,  
Thou wouldst to Rome with me?

*Pal.*                      My scheme miscarried :  
I broke my promise.

*Mar.*                      The cause of that miscarriage  
Was the betrayal?

*Pal.*                      How should I forget?

*Mar.* Now wilt thou say I love but thy success?  
'Twas I betrayed thy men.

*Pal.*                      Ha! thou was't! was't thou?  
(*Leaping up from Margaret, who staggers against the wall.*)  
From me, sorceress, thou viper, go from me! 2480  
Traitor, was't thou? Thou wast my secret curse!  
Sent by the devil, wast thou, to destroy me,  
To kill my soul? And bringest now thy money

[*Strews it about.*

To buy thy happiness : and of thy love  
Pratest, and sayst, *Come forth with me!* With thee?  
Rather all deaths, a thousand deaths of shame,—  
The axe, the gallows. O, my faithful men,  
My brave men! and for them!—Ah! I will love  
My executioner more than thee. Love thee!



*Pal.* Thank God, thank God.  
Now thou dost breathe and speak. O, I was cruel ;  
I was too angry.—Margaret, forgive me. 2510  
Kiss me, forgive. [*Noise at door.*]

*Mar.* Hark, at the door they come ;  
'Tis now thy time to fly.

*Pal.* How can I leave thee ?  
I cannot thus.

*Enter Blasco with sword drawn, Livio and two soldiers.*

*Mar.* Go for thy life, Giovanni :  
Fly, fly : think not of me !

**BLASCO.**

Stay, not so fast,  
You pretty pair of loving turtle-doves,  
Cooing your sweet farewells in such a cote ;  
We shall not separate you yet so far.

*Mar.* Ah me !

*Pal.* What means this insult ?

*Bl.* Forward, fellows.  
Take ye the lady to the cell I shewed,  
And bind her arms.

*Pal.* Who dares ?

*Bl.* Fool, stand aside ! 2520  
Seest thou my sword ?

*Pal.* Ho! villain, die!

*Bl.* God! I am  
slain. [*Falls.*

*Pal.* And thou,  
Thinking to find me here  
unarmed, go thou!

*Soldier.* Ah!

[*Dies . . the rest fly.*

*Pal.* Two are es-  
caped.

*Palicio springs on Blasco suddenly, and stabs him with dagger in his left. Seizing Blasco's sword in his right, which he has disengaged from the sling, he kills another with that; and when the rest fly is left standing with a bloody weapon in each hand.*

*Mar.* And one was Livio.

*Pal.* What means this damnable design?

*Mar.*

Giovanni,

I see, I know. Fly now—take thou the sword.

Give me the dagger. Follow. I know the way.

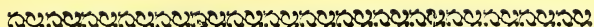
There will be none to stay thee. If there be, 2528

Serve them as Blasco. Come, come; follow quickly.

[*Exit.*

*Pal.* (*following*). Margaret, Margaret.

[*Exit.*



## S C E N E . 2

*Room in the Palace. MANUEL, disguised as priest,  
meeting ROSSO.*

ROSSO.

In good time, Manuel : welcome. All is well.

MANUEL.

Thank God. And doth she know ?

*Ros.*

Ay, thou shalt hear.

'Twas Margaret's doing : all night long she sat  
By Constance' bed, and there with gentlest presence  
And soft accustomed voice most gradually  
She soothed and won the wandering spirit back.  
But, oh, the sweetest skill !—she, as she saw  
Constance take note of her, made no discovery,  
But spoke of thee and all things else, as if  
There never had been change : and that so well, 2540  
That Constance, who lay gazing on the wall,  
And questioning of her error, whence it grew,  
Soon laid it on herself, and by and by  
Told Margaret of her dream, and asked how long  
She had lain so sick in bed ; nor ever learned

How real had her woe been, till she knew  
That all was over.

*Man.* I thank God,—and thee,  
Rosso, thee too. Margaret has had some cause  
To blame herself,—to have helped in the repair  
Will ease her heart of much. May I see Constance?

*Ros.* At once. But come prepared to find her  
weak. 2551

*Enter Philip.*

*PHILIP.*

Father, a word.

*Man.* I pray you excuse me now.

*Ph.* 'Tis that I know thy errand that I ask.  
I would speak through thee to the lady Constance.

*Man.* What would you say?

*Ph.* Let me be private with thee.

*Man.* (to *Ros.*) Doctor, I'll follow. (*Aside.*) Now  
to act my best. [*Exit Rosso.*

*Ph.* Thou seest in me the man who wrought this ill.  
I'd have thee use thine office with the lady,  
To win her grace, that I may make confession  
Of that which burdens me.

*Man.* How! what is this? 2560  
What should I say?

*Ph.* I'll tell thee: and thou must know  
First, that I once was Manuel's friend and pupil,—

My pride, alas! self-wrested to my shame—  
And in those early days loved her, whom he  
Should at this time have married. Five years spent  
In graceless life meanwhile had far removed  
My heart from my first love, nor had my thought  
Once ventured back to think or wish her mine :  
But, as it happened,—and being at the time  
Stung by the sharp remorse of idle hours,— 2570  
Chance sent me hither, and her presence soon  
Awaked those memories that I had thought were dead.  
Then vainly felt I worthier than I was,  
Seeing my better part desired to win  
What I too surely had deserved to lose.  
Constance denied me :—but now hear my crime.  
I won her father's ear ; and then, being lodged  
In Manuel's house, I lit on a discovery  
Of some suspicion, and contrived thereby—  
Betraying him who was my friend and host— 2500  
His absence and disgrace : whence by ill fate  
His death and all this lady's trouble sprung.

*Man.* 'Tis a sad tale you tell.

*Ph.* I was misled  
To think he loved the lady less than I.  
Yet urge I no excuse, nor look for pardon :  
But if 'twould not add sorrow to her sorrow,  
I would discharge this burden from my soul.

*Man.* Do so : for you shall find pity and pardon.

*Ph.* Nay, nay : that could not be.

*Man.*

Though hard it seem,

Ay, and may force awhile some generous tears ;

She cannot yet fail in the foremost duty 2591

Of all that sin. I shall prepare her well.

*Ph.* I thank thee, father. [Exit Manuel.

There is in these men

A quiet strength, which shames our self-esteem.

*Enter Ferdinand and Hugo with despatches.*

HUGO.

Philip, we have the news. Frederick is crowned.

See, here's for thee. (*Gives a despatch.*) It bears the  
new king's seal.

*Ph.* Well, 'twill help nought. (*Opens.*)

*Hu.*

I pray there may be nothing

That meddles with my place.

*Ph.*

Read here, your excellence. [*Reads.*

*By reason of advices late received,*

*The king's commands are that the sealed despatch 2600*

*Writ for emergency be now held valid,*

*And put in force by you.*

*Hu.*

Where's the despatch? .

FERDINAND.

'Tis in my keeping.

*Hu.* (*to Philip*). Know'st thou its contents?

*Ph.* Nay, sir; not I.

*Hu.* Pray let us see it, straight.

*Ph.* Adjourn we to my secretary's chamber:

A moment will discover it. [*Exeunt.*

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### S C E N E . 3

*Reception-room at the Palace. As first scene of first act.*

*CONSTANCE, ROSSO, and MANUEL disguised.*

*CONSTANCE.*

Nay, I can walk. I am very well. See, Manuel,  
There's no one here: thou mayst be Manuel  
Yet awhile. Is not this, love, a recovery  
To make the memories of sickness glad? 2610  
The days seem years since I stood here. But now  
Must I see Philip?

*MANUEL.*

Be kind to him, Constance.  
The self-condemned need more than full forgiveness  
Ere they forgive themselves.

*Con.* I am too happy  
To be unkind. And where is Margaret?

I long to rally her about her lover.

Sweet Margaret caught : Margaret who mocked us all.

Hath she not chosen a madcap brother for us ?

*Man.* Well, I had wished for Rosso, love ; but  
women

Favour strange fellows.

ROSSO.

She was difficult 2620

To win, and now at least she has met her match.

*Man.* I pray all may go well. Indeed I have hope  
That Hugo is by this possessed of orders  
Which will resolve all trouble.

*Con.* Hush, father Thomas ;  
See, here they come.

*Enter Hugo, Philip, Livio, and Ferdinand.*

HUGO.

My dearest daughter, 'tis a happy day.  
Thy health and safety—Ay, I am glad to see  
Thy face of happiness, and I can add  
Now to thy joy. King Frederick is crowned,  
And I shall rule in Sicily.

*Man. (aside).* How is this ? 2630

*Con.* Then for this happy news grant me, dear  
father,

One favour. Philip here will join in asking.

*PHILIP.*

Ere it be asked, I wish before all here  
To say some words. Good father, hast thou won  
The lady's ear for me?

*Man.* I have, your grace.

*Pb.* May I speak, Constance?

*Con.* Philip, you may speak.

*Pb.* Once I asked this, and thou didst bid me  
then

Speak and end all. Hear while I speak my last.  
I have wronged thee, Constance.

*Con.* That is now forgiven.

*Hu.* O, well done, Constance.

*Pb.* And I wronged Manuel. 2640  
I violated friendship, and the bond  
Of hospitality.

*Con.* All that I know,  
And all forgive.

*Hu.* Forgive him, and forget it.  
So should it be.

*Pb.* Yet if thou sayest that,  
Thou dost not know that 'twas my treachery  
Procured his exile, whence ensued his death.

*Con.* All this I know, and I forgive it all.

*Hu.* (*aside*). This is too soft. Doth her mind wander still?

*Ph.* Thou understandest? Knowest thou that did he live

To-day he were the ruler of his country? 2650

*Con.* Nay; now, sir, this is new. How came you by it?

*Ph.* In a despatch I hold, his full appointment  
Is writ and sealed.

*Con.* He will be very glad  
To hear of this.

*Ph.* What sayst thou, then?

*Hu.* (*aside*). O misery!

*Con.* I know you call him dead; but still to me  
He makes his visitations. I have seen him  
This morning in my chamber. Nay, I say,  
I see him now.

*Hu.* What saith she? (*To Livio.*) Alas, alas!  
Thy sister's mind is gone. This was the reason  
Of her strange cheerfulness.

*Ph.* May God forgive us 2660  
Our fatal mischief.

*Con.* Give me the despatch:  
I'll shew it him, sirs, else he might not believe me:  
But if I take it . . .

*Ph.* (*to Hu.*). What, sir, shall I do?

*Ros.* Humour her fancy, I will lead her out.

*Hu.* Ferdinand, give it to her. Alas, alas!

*Con.* (*taking*). I thank thee, sir. (*To Man.*) Now,  
father, here's a matter

To make us laugh within.

[*Exeunt Rosso, Constance, and Manuel.*]

*Hu.* Philip, she is mad.

*Ph.* I see it, and I the cause.

*Hu.* A laughing idiot. O, cruel heavens,  
Ye had no stroke more fearful. Would to God 2670  
That Manuel yet were living, tho' I hate him,  
Rather than this.

[*Shouting without of "Palicio," etc.*]

What noise is that?

*LIVIO.*

The rebels, sir, again.

*Enter an Officer.*

*OFFICER.*

The city, sire, is risen ; and the people,  
With John Palicio at their head, demand  
The king's despatches.

*Hu.* John Palicio!  
Is he escaped again? Send Blasco hither.  
Livio, where is he?

*Liv.* Sir, I do not know.

*Hu.* 'Tis this accursed rebellion hath done all :  
I have been too merciful. I tell thee, Philip, 2679  
That was the cause of all, of Constance's madness,  
Of Manuel's death. By heaven, the sword shall fall.  
I will have blood for blood, and wail for wail.  
None of these villains whom I hold in prison  
Shall see the sunset. Send me Blasco hither.  
Call out the troops.

*Ph.* Pray you remember, sire,  
Pardon to all is urged in the despatch.

*Hu.* Send pardon to the devil. Oppose me not !  
I'll teach these rebels I am master now.

[*Cries heard without.*]

*Enter Manuel (as himself, with paper in hand) and Con-  
stance. Margaret, Lucia, and Rosso following.*

Manuel! why, Manuel!

*Ph.* O, Manuel,  
My friend, I am saved.

*Con.* My father, 2690  
Let me present to you my ghostly father;  
And at your will my loving living husband.

*Hu.* Why, what! How's this? Is't thou? Is this  
a trick?

*Man.* Ay: but a trick of fortune. Let my escape,

Which makes you wonder, be explained hereafter.

But now, since here I hold my title, sire,

I'll fill my place at once. Philip, I pray thee

Go to the window, and make known to all

These latest tidings. Send the people home.

[*Philip goes to window.*]

Meanwhile, sir ; if before thou hadst some warrant

For anger shewn against me, now I ask 2701

Thy pardon ; and for wrongs against me done

Assure thee, that if freely thou make over

Thy daughter for my wife, there is in my love

Means for full reconciliation. May I say

Constance is mine ?

*Hu.* I see that she is thine.

*Man.* I pray thou never shalt regret this day.

*Ph. (returning from window).* There is John Palicio,  
with half the town

At their old cries. I can make nothing of him.

*Man.* Bid him surrender as my prisoner. 2710

I will receive him here.

*Hu.* Thou must not think

He comes at asking thus.

*Man.* He will obey.

But I will shew myself. [*Goes to window.*]

*Hu.* How comes he out of prison ?

MARGARET.

That I can tell.

Your secretary Blasco promised me,  
Who desired nothing more than the release  
Of John Palicio, that he would contrive  
To free him, if on my part I returned  
A certain letter to his hands, wherein, [Shewing.  
As you may read, he had betrayed your person 2720  
To John Palicio for a price. Then I,  
As holder of this written ransom, came  
To see my kinsman freed; when in the dungeon  
False Blasco, with two villains and another,  
Who was your son, appeared before us armed :  
And thinking there to find Palicio  
Defenceless, would have slain him, and forced me  
To give them back this writing : but Palicio  
Sprang up, slew Blasco, and escaped.

Ph.

His death

Was due from me.

Hu.

Give me the letter, pray.

2730

Say, Livio, is this true?

Liv.

I never knew

Of this betrayal, sir; I trusted Blasco.

Mar. He counts for nothing, since he ran away.

Enter Palicio.

Hu. Is this the man?

*Man.* Thou art my prisoner.

*PALICIO.*

I make submission to your excellence.

[*Offering (Blasco's) sword.*

*Man.* Dost thou surrender of thy own free-will  
To me, as legal viceroy of this island,  
Under King Frederick, and now abjuring  
Thy late rebellion, wilt thou trust henceforth  
The people's welfare to my lawful hands? 2740

*Pal.* I do, and all will trust thee as do I.

*Man.* That is thy pardon. (*Takes sword.*) For the  
king's good will  
Is grace to all. Yet there will be for thee  
Question in Blasco's death. But now I need  
Elsewhere thy presence. (*Returning sword.*) Go forth  
to the people,  
And make it known that I am their governour :  
And that for all disorder ere this day  
There will be pardon, but from this day none.  
Bid them disperse.

*Pal.* Those hundred men of mine,  
Who lie in prison : is their pardon granted? 2750

*Mar.* 'Tis I should plead for them. 'Twas I betrayed them.

*Hu.* Thou didst betray them?

*Mar.* Ay, sir.

*Hu.* 'Tis nought but wonder.

*Man. (to Pal.).* This is a day of grace. None will  
resent

Our stretching mercy. I shall grant their pardon,  
But not without some cautions; for among them—

Hear me, Palicio, thou who so dost cry  
Against the taxes—many among thy men  
Are a most burdensome and fruitless tax.

They go free but to work, and with such measures  
As will ensure it. [*Palicio is going.*]

Now, sir, ere thou goest, 2760

Is there none here to whom a word is due?

*Pal.* O, Manuel, I dare not, nay,—I pray thee,  
Be not too generous towards me: since my heart  
Has fallen so far, let me have trial yet  
That I may win what I but falsely stole,  
And now would leave in thy security,  
Till I may bring some right to claim it. Yet  
I lack the worth to ask. But there's one thing  
Which I will ask (*goes to Margaret*), forgiveness; and  
for that

I kneel.

*Mar.* I will not hide it from thee, sir, 2770  
That in the mutual interchange of pardons,  
Which is our friendly game, I have had some pain

Standing out in the cold, merely for lack  
Of such a suit as thine. I have looked and longed  
To find a debtor ; and I will take thee.  
Rise, sir. I must present thee to a kinsman.

[*Leads Palicio to Hugo.*

(*To Hugo.*) Do you remember, sir, a cruel saying  
Spoken to me against this gentleman ?  
Since that I have been his friend, ay, and yours too,  
For I betrayed his people to your hands, 2780  
When they were setting forth to burn the palace ;  
And so prevented Blasco's treachery ;  
From which him too I saved, and for that deed  
He takes me now in marriage.

*Hu.*

All thou sayst

Margaret, with much of what hath happed to-day  
Needs explanation. I must see so far  
That Livio by his conduct is cut off :  
But if you tell me now that you will marry  
This man . . .

*Man.*

Palicio is of noble blood,  
My lord. Yourself have given him oft such praise  
As by an enemy must be well deserved 2791  
Ere it be spoken. The king's pardon proves  
Justification : he is quit of treason.  
We shall restore his rank, the loss of which,  
Due to his grandsire in the civil wars,

Brings him no stain : nay, we shall further make him  
Chief secretary, where his ancient zeal  
For all the commons' rights may still be shewn.

*Con.* Margaret, we may be married the same day.

*Hu.* I see indeed this is a day of grace, 2800  
Of wondrous grace : and where I take so much  
I should be churlish did I not rejoice  
That I may rank behind no one of you  
In the free dispensation of my favour.  
And there's one act would set the balance even,  
Lay it even lower against me : it is this,  
For I will do it : John Palicio,  
I do forgive thee . . .

*Mar.* Now I thank thee, sire.

*Pal.* And I, my lord, who never thought to do it,  
Will forgive thee. DO YOU FORGIVE US ALL. 2810

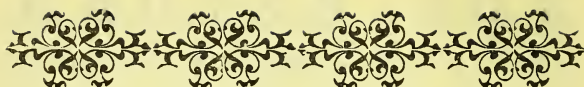


THE RETURN  
OF  
ULYSSES



A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS  
IN A MIXED MANNER





## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

*ATHENA.*

*ULYSSES.*

*PENELOPE.*

*TELEMACHUS.*

*EUMÆUS . . . swineherd to Ulysses.*

*EURYMACHUS*

*AMPHINOMUS*

*ANTINOUS*

*CTESIPPUS*

} *wooers of Penelope.*

*PHEMIUS . . . . . a bard.*

*LEIODES . . . . . a soothsayer.*

*CHORUS of WOOERS.*

*Neatherd and other servants to Telemachus and  
Eumæus.*

*Retainers of Wooers ; and Maids of Penelope.*

*The scene is laid in Ithaca. The first Act on the  
sea-shore. The second at Eumæus' hut.*

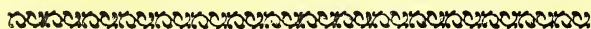
*The last three in the hall of Ulysses' house.*



# U L Y S S E S



## A C T · I



*Ithaca : the seashore. Thick mist thro' which Ulysses  
can scarcely be discerned asleep under a tree. In the  
foreground, Athena.*

### ATHENA.

**T**HIS day, the last of twenty fateful years,  
Fulfil the toil and wanderings of the Greeks,  
Who sailed with Agamemnon against Troy  
To win back Argive Helen ; for to-day  
Ulysses, last and most despaired of all,  
Is safe again in Ithaca : and in truth  
Have I, Athena, though the wisest power  
And mightiest in Olympus, striven long  
In heaven and earth to save him from the wrath  
Of great Poseidon ; but at length my will                    10  
Nears its accomplishment, for on this isle

Of Ithaca was he at break of morn  
Landed by good Phæacian mariners,  
Who ply the convoys of the dangerous sea ;  
Even as they promised him, their king and queen,  
Alcinous and Aretè, honouring him  
With loving gifts, tripods of bronze and iron,  
Raiment and bowls of gold : thro' blackest night,  
And the confusion of the baffling waters,  
With sail and oar urging their keel they bore him, 20  
Who all the while wrapt in sound slumber lay  
Deep likest death ; and in that trance they laid him  
Beneath yon olive tree, and, by his feet,  
The gifts they brought : there may ye see him lying,  
And there the gifts : and yet ye scarce may see,  
With so thick darkness have I drenched the air,  
Lest when he wake, the sight and sweet desire  
Of home supplant his cunning, and he rise  
Forthwith, and entering suddenly his house  
Fall by the treachery of the infatuate lords, 30  
Who prey there on his substance unrestrained,  
Sitting in idle suit to woo his wife,  
Who weeps his fate unknown ; and thus my will  
At last were crossed. So hither am I come  
Myself to break the sleep I sent, and warn him  
Against his foes. And now must I awake him ;  
But first will doff my helmet, and appear

In mortal semblance, as a delicate youth,  
 Some prince of the isle : so shall my javelin,  
 Long robe and shining sandals not betray 40  
 My godhead. He to me, disguised and strange,  
 Will answer nothing truly, nor believe  
 What truth I tell : 'tis thus I love to prove him,  
 And catch his ready mind at unawares.

Wake, merchant, wake, awake ; whoe'er thou beest,  
 That sleepest thus so nigh the public road :  
 Arouse thee, man, and guard thy store : Look to it !  
 Ay, if some passer-by have not already  
 Filched from thee a sad loan of bronze or iron.  
 For though we reverence Zeus, thou giv'st occasion  
 To make a thief even of an honest man. 51

*ULYSSES (awaking).*

Hail, friend, whom first my waking eyes behold  
 Here in this land : and since thou speakest friendly,  
 Prove now my friend, and show how best to save  
 These few things, ay, and save myself, being here  
 Without thee friendless. And, I prithee, tell me  
 What land is this ? What people dwell herein ?  
 Is it an island, or some mainland shore  
 That from its fertile plains shelves to the deep ?

*Atb.* What hast thou asked, man ? Couldst thou  
 hither come, 60

Not shipwrecked, as is plain, and yet not know  
Our famous isle? Not so am I deceived.  
Thyself tell rather who thou art and whence,  
Else learn'st thou nought of me: And speak but truth.  
Ill speeds entreaty on a lying tongue.

*Ul.* Indeed I speak but truth, friend, when I say  
I know not where I stand; as thou must grant  
At hearing how I came: for from wide Crete  
Have I fared over sea with these my goods—  
Where to my sons I left as much again, 70  
When thence I fled in fear, because I slew  
The noble and swift-footed prince of Crete,  
Orsilochus, son of Idomeneus;  
Who threatened to despoil me of the wealth  
I won at Troy, suffering for many years  
The woes of that long war; and all his grudge  
Was that I had not served the king his father,  
But kept my own retainers—for which thing  
He would have robbed me: but I smote him dead.—

*Ath.* Ah, king of ready wile, what tale is this 80  
Of Crete and of thy sons, which when I bid thee  
Speak truth, trips on thy tongue? Dost thou not know  
Thy goddess, great Athena? Was't not I  
Who stirred the hearts of those Phæacian men  
To bring thee hither? Wherefore in my ears  
Pourest thou fables?

*Ul.* 'Tis thy voice indeed,  
Which tho' my eyes were blinded, well I knew.  
Voice of Athena, dearest of the gods!  
Now with my soul I grasp thee, now I see,  
And worship thee, divine one, and thy knees 90  
Embrace : but in this darkness and disguise  
Not even a god had known thee ; blame me not.

*Ath.* Nor for thy false tale to a stranger spoken ?

*Ul.* Since thou who lackest cause hast more deceived.  
And I—where were I now without my guile,  
Without thy help ?

*Ath.* If I should help thee still,  
What wouldst thou ask ?

*Ul.* Answer me.—Say, what shore  
Is this I stand on, which is hidden from me  
By so thick mist : whether they promised true  
Who brought me hither, and it be indeed 100  
Ithaca, or whether, as I rather fear,  
Some other land, to which my fated curse  
Hales me, or ever I may see my own ?

*Ath.* 'Tis Ithaca.

*Ul.* I pray thee by my longing  
For that dear boon, goddess, deceive me not.

*Ath.* Thou dost not yet believe ; but if I show thee  
Thy very Ithaca, wilt thou believe ?  
Turn now and set thy back against the noise

Of the stilly-moaning surge and look inland.

*Ul.* Nought.

110

*Ath.* Look!

*Ul.* I see nought. 'Tis a thicker mist  
Than ever in my own cloud-gathering isle  
Clung to the frowning cliffs, when the warm south  
Beat up the vapours from the seas at morn.

*Ath.* Look.

*Ul.* Now it brightens somewhat, or mine eye  
Wearies with vainly poring on the dark.

*Ath.* Look.

*Ul.* Ay, the vapours lift, the highlands loom,  
The air obeys thee: thro' its thinning veils  
The figure of some mountain jags the sky;  
And those should be my hills: 'tis Neritos,  
'Tis Ithaca indeed.

*Ath.* 'Tis Ithaca.

120

*Ul.* O Blessed Light, that unto all men's eyes  
Shewest the lands and waters: that uprisest  
Day after day upon the windy seas  
And fertile plains, valleys and lovely hills,  
Rivers and shores, and heights and peopled towns;  
Now in all Greece is no tongue praiseth thee  
As mine, nor heart thanketh; nor any eye  
Rejoicest thou as mine.

*Ath.* Turn now to left.

There is the haven of Phorcys, here the tree,  
Thy well-remembered olive ; and to right 130  
The rock-roofed cave, where thou so oft hast done  
Sweet sacrifice unto the native Nymphs.

*Ul.* Soil of my dear-desirèd fatherland,  
For warrant that I dream not, take this kiss ;  
My home ! And ye, dear sisters of the spring,  
I raise my hands to you, whom nevermore  
I looked to greet ; but now, children of heaven,  
As once of old I praise you, and henceforth  
Will pay with loving vows, if your fair queen  
But grant me life, and comfort in my son. 140

*Ath.* Now thou believest.

*Ul.* See, there be the firs,  
Which eastward of my house bar the red dawn  
With black, and in their feathery tops at night  
Sigh to the moon. Ay, and my house I see  
Unchanged. 'Tis Ithaca.

*Ath.* Wilt thou not go  
Now to thy home, and with the sweet surprise  
Of thy desired return gladden thy wife,  
And greet thy son, a man, whom thou didst leave  
In cradle ? See, I here will guard thy goods.  
Thou wouldst be gone.

*Ul.* Goddess, if strong desire 150  
Could ever conquer me, now should I do

A thing for which no man might blame me, nay  
Even tho' he pitied me, if too great longing  
Should fool me to my ruin. But in my heart  
Are other thoughts. The wife of Agamemnon  
At his return welcomed the king with state,  
And to his chamber led, but in the bath  
Soon as he lay, giving him honied words,  
She slew him with a dagger, to the deed  
Being prompted by her guilty paramour, 160  
Ægisthus. Ten years numbered since that crime  
Double the equal motive of my fear :  
Nor can a woman, when her lord, tho' loved,  
Is long away, be trusted, that she should not  
In weariness at last forsake her faith.  
Wherefore I would not enter in my house,  
Nay, nor be known of any, till I hear  
Such tidings as bespeak my coming well.

*Ath.* O brave ! thy wary mind has gone before,  
The way I would have led it : thou art as ever 170  
Fore-reckoner with chance, to take thy stand  
Armed at all points.

*Ul.* This fear, goddess, I learnt  
Of blind Tiresias, when at Circe's bidding  
I sailed far south beyond the coasts of men,  
To dark Cimmerian cloud-land, and I saw  
The hapless king himself, who with thin voice

Poured forth his wrongs ; and many more I saw,  
Who suffered pain : the tearful shadows penned  
In mansions of austere Persephonè.

From that old prophet's tongue of warning weird 180  
Still for myself in the end I gathered hope,  
And treasured it, but from thy tongue fear ill.

*Ath.* Yet shouldst thou cherish all the words he  
spake.

*Ul.* I ask not now what shall be, but what is.  
Beneath yon roof what passes ? Thou canst give  
Present assurance. Tell me then. My wife—  
She is well ?

*Ath.* And beautiful.

*Ul.* Faithful ?

*Ath.* And brave.

*Ul.* My son Telemachus ?

*Ath.* He too is well.

*Ul.* Great are the gods in heaven ! I need no more.  
Thee, Goddess, will I worship while I live. 190

*Ath.* And much thou needest me yet. Hark while  
I tell.

Three years thy house hath been the hostelry  
Of dissolute and shameless men, the lords  
And princes of the isles and western shores ;  
Who woo thy wife, and feasting in thy halls  
Make waste of all thy substance day and night.

As men besiege a city, and their host  
Encamp about and let none out nor in,  
Waiting the day when hunger and sore need,  
Sharper than iron and crueler than fire, 200  
Shall bow the starvèd necks beneath the yoke :  
So sit they there : and 'mong them is an oath  
That none will leave till one be satisfied ;  
Whoe'er it be that in the end shall take  
Thy fair wife, and thy house and goods and lands ;  
Which false and covetous oath, since all have shared,  
Must be the death of all.

*Ul.* Now with thine aid  
Shall they be scattered, were their cursed swarm  
Thick as the rooks, which from his new-sown fields  
The husbandman a moment stays to scare, 210  
Raising both hands.

*Ath.* Not so may they escape.  
Better thou hadst not now returned, if one  
Of all these men avoid his destined death.

*Ul.* How say'st thou, goddess, shall these men be  
slain ?

*Ath.* How were Ulysses' foes then wont to die ?

*Ul.* It may not be.

*Ath.* Thou wert not used to fear.

*Ul.* Nay, but returned from exile and hard war,  
I would not usher battle in my home.

*Ath.* Think'st thou of peace? Hadst thou but  
hence been stayed

So long as shall suffice yon dying moon 220

To launch her young bark on the western sea,

Then had Penelope no more been thine.

*Ul.* Thou saidst that she was faithful.

*Ath.* She withstands

The urgency of the wooers day by day ;

But 'gainst herself, to save thy house from loss,

Deeming thee dead indeed, now falls to yield.

*Ul.* Vengeance upon them! Grant me but thine aid,  
And though they count by hundreds they shall die.

*Ath.* If one escape, his joy will be for thine.

*Ul.* All shall be slain, though 'twere a task too  
heavy 230

For great Alcides. But my son in this

Should stand with me. May I not see him first?

Shall he not know me, and, in that embrace

I yearn for, knit his willing strength with mine?

*Ath.* Telemachus hath lately at my bidding  
Sailed hence to Lacedæmon, there to inquire  
What might be learnt of thee.

*Ul.* Was this well done,

Or kindly of thee, who couldst have told him all :

To send him far, upon a useless errand,

Out of my sight, the eve of my return? 240

*Ath.* I sent him for his safety, there to win  
Opinion too of such as knew him not,  
And rouse remembrance of thee in the world.  
To-day is he returned : I have brought his ship  
North of the island, as was need, to shun  
The wooers' galley sent to take him ; there  
Is he disbarked alone. Thou mayst be first  
To meet him.

*Ul.* Lead me thither.

*Ath.* Ah ! thou forgettest.  
If any one but he should see thy face ?—

*Ul.* Contrive then that I meet with him alone. 250

*Ath.* How if my plot were better, so that all  
Might see thee, yet none know thee but thy son ?

*Ul.* What manner of disguise is in thy thought ?

*Ath.* Disfigurement, which thou mayst shrink to  
bear.

*Ul.* Ay, if my son behold me ill transformed.

*Ath.* Yet he alone shall see thee as thou art.

*Ul.* Then tell me, goddess, what thou wouldst :  
thou knowest

Playing another's part I am most myself. 258

*Ath.* But I will make thee now least like thyself.

*Ul.* How ! shall I stoop then to be less than man ?

*Ath.* Nay, but of men the vilest, though a man.  
For that thou mayst be hidden, lo ! I will change

Thy outward seeming to the piteous aspect  
Of age and beggary. Thy supple skin  
I'll wrinkle on thy joints, thy thick brown hair  
Rob from thy head, and dim thy radiant eyes,  
And o'er thy shoulders bowed cast sorry rags,  
To make thee loathed of men. In such disguise  
Mayst thou in safety seek thy herdsman's hut,  
Eumæus : he is faithful, and with kindness 270  
Will serve thee as a stranger in distress,  
No less than he will welcome thee revealed.  
Accept his food and shelter, and the while  
Learn from his lips what friends thou hast to look for,  
What foes to reckon with, what wrongs to avenge ;  
And humour as thou wilt his honest ears,  
Awaiting till I thither send thy son.

*Ul.* When wilt thou send him ?

*Ath.* He will come ere noon.

*Ul.* Then must he first behold me thus deformed ?

*Ath.* He cannot know thee. Thou betray thyself  
No whit ; I will be near and make occasion 281  
To shew thee to him, as thou art, alone.

*Ul.* I have had no hope, goddess, but in thine aid :  
Long as that tarried I despaired not then ;  
How should I, when thou comest, deny thee now ?

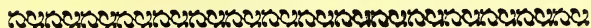
*Ath.* Then first unto the cave, therein to stow  
These goods ; and after by this olive trunk

Sit we awhile together : when thou hast heard  
My counsel, I will work this change upon thee,  
That one who saw thee now of kingly port,      290  
Hale and well-liking, ay, and bowed the head,  
Should, when he next saw, spurn thee with his foot ;  
Thus must it be. Come, let us to the cave.





## A C T · I I



*The hut of EUMÆUS. (Same background as Act I.)*

*Some swine seen thro' pens.*

*EUMÆUS (who is cutting a thong for his sandal).*

Let man serve God, but not for that require  
An answerable favour : there is none  
Outside himself : but yet within himself  
He hath his guerdon and may be content.  
Some three and thirty years of servitude  
Have taught me this ; dependence on the gods  
Wins independence of the gods and fate. 300  
I that was born a prince have lived a slave,—  
No fault of mine ;—and still if Zeus so willed  
That man might look for favour, I might hope  
Once more, ere I grow old, to make return  
Unto my royal home and kingly sire,  
—If yet he lives,—and rule myself the realm  
I was born heir to : be good king Eumæus,  
So should it be, Eumæus, king of men.  
Nay—I must play the king over these swine ; 309  
This homestead for my kingdom, this hut for palace,  
This bench my throne, these crowded pens and styes

My city ; and I will boast 'twere hard to find  
A commonwealth of men, whom equal justice  
Flattered in distribution to this pitch  
Of general content, such fat well-being  
As holds among my folk, their laws regardant  
Of them they govern and their good alone.  
Ay, so : a king of beasts, no king at all.  
Swineherd Eumæus ; who would call me king ?  
Fool, fool ! Serve God, Eumæus, and mend thy shoes.  
And why complain ? Had not Laertes too 321  
A son that feared the gods ? and where is he ?  
Would he not now be glad to be alive,  
Were't but to envy me who feed his swine,  
And guard his goods from robbers, and pretend  
The hope of his return ; which is less like  
For that Ulysses than for this Eumæus ;—  
There too I best him,—since 'tis easier  
For any living slave to climb a throne,  
Than for a king once dead to step again 330  
Upon the joyous threshold of his house,  
And take the loving kisses from the lips  
Of wife and child.—Hark to the hounds. What foe  
Invades my kingdom ? O a piteous sight.  
Off, dogs ;—why they will rend him—Mesaulius, ho !  
Cottus, call off the dogs ! Will they not leave him ?  
To kennel, curs !—Ye heavens ! Beggary

Is beggared in this miserable beggar.

*Enter Ulysses (disguised).*

How wast thou near, old man, to end thy days  
Beside my gate, and bring me shame and sorrow :  
And that no fault of mine, so suddenly 341  
Hast thou appeared. Come, come, sir ; step within.  
Surely 'tis food thou needest. On this table  
Are bread and wine, and I can bring thee meat :  
Sit and be satisfied.

ULYSSES.

Now may the gods,  
Since thou this day giv'st me so good a welcome,  
Grant thee thy dearest wish, whate'er it be.

*Eum.* Thou art my guest, old man : and if there came  
A meaner even than thou, I should not stint  
To offer of my best. Strangers and beggars 350  
Are sent from Zeus : and tho' a poor man's gift  
Be poor, a hearty welcome makes it rich.

*Ul.* I pray the gods reward thee.

*Eum.* Nay, there's the meat ;  
I'll fetch it thee. [*Exit.*]

*Ul.* Was ever sound on earth  
So musical as the remembered voice  
That welcomes home? By heaven, 'twas yesterday  
That I was here. No change at all : this bench,

This board :—the very hogs might be the same.  
O my good bread and wine ! And here's his loaf,  
The shape he ever made ; and cut the same, 360  
Scooped to the thumb. Hail, grape of Ithaca !  
Good day to thee ! (*Drinks.*)

*Eum.* (*re-entering*). See, here is meat in plenty :  
Fall to and spare not.

*Ul.* Thank thee, sir ; I thank thee.

*Eum.* Art thou of Ithaca, old man ?

*Ul.* Nay, sir ;

Indeed I am not.

*Eum.* When cam'st thou then among us ?

*Ul.* With this day's sun I first beheld your isle.

*Eum.* Eh ! hath a ship arrived so late in harbour ?  
Whence hails she ?

*Ul.* From Thesprotia coasting south ;  
But driven far out to sea in beating back  
Put in for water ; when the notion took me 370  
To leave her, and pursue my own starvation  
Without the risk of drowning.

*Eum.* And how then  
Cam'st thou aboard a vessel so ill-found ?

*Ul.* My tale were long, sir, should I once begin :  
And since I have seen no food since yestermorn,  
Believe I'd lend thee ear rather than mouth.

*Eum.* Ay, so, no fool, and I was but a churl

To bid thee talk and eat : eat, sir, in peace.

*Ul.* I pray thee while I eat tell of thyself,  
Whom here thou servest, and who rules this isle. 380

*Eum.* I am a servant, sir, that hath no master :  
These swine I tend are no man's : those I kill  
I kill for any one ; for on this isle  
We pay our service to a gap between

A grandsire and a grandchild. Dost thou take me ?

*Ul.* Yes, friend : thy master is away or dead.

*Eum.* Both as I think. The while, for lack of tidings,  
We make believe he lives. His ancient father,  
Decrepit and despairing, lies aloof,—  
We call him king no longer ;—and his son, 390  
The old man's grandchild, is away on quest  
Of any tidings to be gleaned from those  
Who years ago fought with his sire at Troy.  
His widow keeps his house, and hath in hand  
Some five or six score suitors. Judge from this  
What hope hath beggary in Ithaca.

*Ul.* In all my wanderings never have I found  
A kinder host. But since thou sayest thy master,  
Whose absence makes thee masterless, was one  
Who fought at Troy, I too was in that war ; 400  
If thou wouldst tell his name, I may know somewhat  
To cheer his wife and child.

*Eum.*

Try not that talk,

Old man. No more of him shall traveller hither  
Come bringing tidings that may win their ear.  
Lightly indeed for welcome's sake will vagrants  
Speak false, nor have they cause to wish for truth.  
Nay, and there's none strays to this isle, but goes  
Seeking my mistress, and there spins his lie ;  
While she with tender care asks of each thing,  
And from her sorrowing eyes the tears fall fast, 410  
Hearing the name she doth not dare to speak.  
And soon enough wouldst thou too coin thy tale,  
Couldst thou but win a blanket for thy back :  
The while for him vultures and wolves are like  
To have stripped his bones of flesh—ay, ay, he is dead—  
Or fish have preyed upon him, and his ribs  
Bleach on the sea-shore, sunk in drifting sand.  
Such fate is his, grievous to all who loved him,  
And most to me ; who ne'er shall find again  
So kind a lord, wherever I may go : 420  
Not even again if home to father and mother  
I should return, where I was bred and born.  
Nor are my tears for them, yearn as I do  
With these eyes to behold them, and my country ;  
But my desire is for Ulysses gone :  
Speaking whose name, stranger, tho' far from hearing  
I do obeisance (*towards Ul.*) ; for he loved me well ;  
And worshipful I call him, be he dead.

*Ul.* If 'tis Ulysses, friend, whom thou lamentest,  
I know he lives.

*Eum.* Try not that tale, I say. 430

*Ul.* Now, sir, tho' thou deny it and think I lie,  
Ulysses will return, and on that day  
Give me my due ; since I dare call on Zeus,  
First of the gods, and by this friendly table  
Swear, and his dear home whither I be come,  
This thing shall be, and with the running year  
He shall return.

*Eum.* Nay, 'tis not I shall pay  
Thy recompense. Content thee, man, and drink.  
Why wouldst thou force persuasion ? Tell me rather  
Thy own true story, who thou art and whence. 440

*Ul.* Would then that thou couldst give me food  
and wine,  
Ay, and the gods fair sunshine and no toil,  
The while my tale should last : for on this bench  
Would I take comfort of thee many a day.  
But of thy lord . . . .

*Eum.* Wilt thou not cease from that !

*Ul.* With my own ships I fought at Ilion ;  
And tho' I look not now, in age and rags,  
A master among men, nay, nor a foe  
Many would fear, yet mayst thou see on me  
The sign of what I have been, and I think 450

Still from the gratten one may guess the grain.

*Eum. (aside).* How age and misery will brag ! And  
this

To me, who really am a king.

*Ul.* 'Twas then

I knew Ulysses, and have since, like him  
And many a Greek, striven against destiny  
To gain my home :—at length our ship was cast  
On mountainous Thesprotia, where the king  
Pheidon was kind to me, and there I heard—  
Nor yet are many weeks passed since that day—  
Full tidings of Ulysses, and I saw  
What wealth his arm had gotten : he himself  
Was travelled to Dodona, but by this  
Should be returned.

460

*Eum.* Stranger, if all thy words,  
That grow in number, should outreach in tale  
The moments of his absence, they were vainly  
Poured in mine ears.

*Ul.* Nay, then, and if indeed  
Ulysses came himself, here of his friends  
He would not be received.

*Eum.* Ay, that may be :  
And time will change a man so from himself,  
That oft I wonder none have e'er contrived  
To make pretence to be Ulysses' self.

470

That were a game for thee, old man, if age  
Did not so far belie thee. Nay, nay, nay!  
Signs there would be: and if these eyes should see him,  
And seeing know not, I would serve them so  
That they should see no more.

*Ul.* Now when he comes . . .

*Eum.* Still harking back! I tell thee, friend, our  
thought

Is rather for his son Telemachus,  
And his return; who when he promised well  
To be his father's match, went wandering hence 480  
To Lacedæmon, seeking for his sire:  
An idle quest and perilous, for I say  
'Twould much increase the tender love of them  
That woo the mother, could they kill the son,  
And quarrel for the inheritance: and now  
They have sent a ship to take him in the straits,  
As he comes home: but may the gods protect him.  
Tho', till I see him safe, my heart is vexed.

*Ul.* Fear not; the gods will save him.

*Eum.* Thank thee, sir.

Hast ever been in Sparta?

*Ul.* Ask me nought, 490  
If thou wilt credit nought; or shall I say  
I have never lodged in Pitanè, nor drunk  
Out of Eurotas, nor on summer noons

Gazed on the steep sun-checquered precipices  
Of huge Taygetus ?

*Eum.* Thy pardon, sir.  
Hast eaten well ?

*Ul.* Ay, to content : but, friend,  
I shall not prey upon thee : an hour or two  
I'll rest me here ; then, if thou shew the road  
To good Ulysses' house, I'll e'en be gone.  
Food must be there in plenty : I make no doubt 500  
To beg a meal till I may serve for hire.

*Eum.* Why, man, what put this folly in thy head ?  
'Twere the short way to end thy days, to go  
Among that insolent and godless herd,  
To tempt their violence. Not such as thou  
Their servants are : they that attend on them  
Are young and gaily clad and fair of face :  
And though the polished tables lack not food,  
'Tis not for such as thou the hot feast smokes  
From morn till eve, and the red wine is poured. 510  
Bide here ; for here thou vexest none, nor me  
Nor any of my fellows. Bide awhile,  
And if Telemachus return, I warrant  
Thou shalt have no complaint. Hark, I hear feet :  
Some one now comes.

*Ul.* And 'tis a friend ; the dogs  
Bark not, but fawn around. (*Aside.*) If this be he !

I dare not rise and look.

*Enter Telemachus.*

*Eum.*                      Why he ! 'tis he !  
Telemachus, my son Telemachus,  
Art thou returned in safety ?

*Ul. (aside.)* Praised be the gods ! I see my son  
indeed !

*TELEMACHUS (to Eum.).*

   You see me, father.            520

*Eum.* Light of mine eyes, thou'rt come, Tele-  
machus ;  
All shall go forward with us once again.

*Ul. (aside.)* He calls him father, and I may not  
speak.

*Tel.* Hath aught been wrong ?

*Eum.*                      Nay, nought is changed for that.  
'Twas only lack of thee : and with the fear  
Some ill might hap to thee, what dost thou think  
Must old Eumæus feel ?

*Tel.* What couldst thou fear ?

*Eum.* Didst thou not know ? The wooers sent a ship  
To take thee, son. Thou didst not ? Well, some god  
Protected thee. Now let me look on thee.            531  
Come within. Sit thee down.

*Tel.* So will I gladly.  
Ere I would venture to the house, I came  
To talk with thee, and learn if aught has passed.  
My mother? . . .

*Eum.* All is well, prince, yet ; she bides  
Patient and brave, and weeps both day and night ;  
Weeps too for thee. Give me thy spear, my son.  
Now sit thee down. I say we have feared for thee.

*Tel. (to Ul.).* Nay, rise not, stranger ; there be  
other seats,  
And men to set them.—Pardon me that my joy 540  
O'erlooked thee. Thou hast guests, Eumæus?

*Eum.* Nay,  
None but this ancient father.

*Tel.* And who is he ?

*Eum.* To me is he a stranger as to thee.  
'Twas yesterday, he tells me, that his ship  
Thesprotian, as he says, driven from her course,  
Put in for water : when for some mistrust  
Or weariness of voyage he remained.  
He hath fed with me, but thou being now returned  
He looks to be a suppliant at the house.  
He is thy man.

*Tel.* Eumæus, thou must know 550  
I could not, whatsoe'er his claim, receive him  
Where I myself am threatened : and even my mother

Holds no sure mind, wavering from day to day  
Who shall be master. No : there is no place  
For suppliants at the house : but as thy guest  
I still may treat him well : here he shall have  
Raiment and all he needs, and I will give him  
A sword, and bid him fare where'er he will.  
But not to the house I bid him come, for fear  
Violence befall him and I be accursed. 560

*Ul.* Sir, since thy kindness makes me bold to speak,  
Thou hast my thanks ; nor can I hear thy wrongs,  
Nor see thy shame unmoved, for thou art noble.  
Hast thou provoked this, tell me, or are thy people  
Moved by some god to hate, or is't thy brethren  
Play thee false ?

*Tel.* Nay, there is neither grudge nor hate  
Betwixt me and my folk, nor do my brethren  
Stand faithlessly aloof. 'Tis all to say  
That Zeus hath made our house of single heirs :  
Arceisios gat one only son Laertes, 570  
And he one only son, Ulysses ; I,  
Ulysses' son, am too his only child :  
And he hath left his house the prey of foes.  
I cannot aid thee, stranger.

*Ul.* O would that I  
Were young as thou, and in my present mood ;  
That I were this Ulysses or his son :

Far rather would I die slain in my halls  
By my thick foes, than see this reckless wrong ;  
My good farms plundered, and my herds devoured,  
My red wine wasted, and my handmaidens 580  
Hither and thither haled about, at will  
Of such a rabble as fear not God nor man,  
Spoilers and robbers, who have set their hearts  
Vainly upon a purpose, which I say  
Shall never be accomplished.

*Athena appears at the door to Ulysses.*

*Tel.* I pray the gods  
It never be, and thank thee well, my friend,  
For thy good will.

*Eum.* How art thou moved, old man.

*Ul.* The heart unmoved by others' wrongs is dead :  
And yet maybe I am somewhat overwrought ;  
If I may go within . . .

*Eum.* Ay, go within, 590  
And rest thee ; thou hast need.

*Ul.* I thank thee, friend.  
I'll lay me down to sleep : here I but shackle  
Your private talk.

*Eum.* Be at thy ease, I pray.

*Tel.* Go, father ; rest thee well.

*Ul.* I thank thee, sir. [*Exit.*

*Eum.* How camest thou, son? Where didst thou land?

*Tel.* Is't true

The wooers sent a ship?

*Eum.* Didst thou not meet them?

*Tel.* Hark now, and hear in what strange manner warned

I knew their ambush, to avoid them.

*Eum.* Ah!

Thou knewest it, thou knewest!

*Tel.* Wilt thou think

I was at Sparta but three days ago? 600

There in my sleep the goddess, at whose word

I made this voyage, came and stood beside me,

Called me by name, and bade me quick return;

And for my safety warned me that a ship

'Twixt Ithaca and Samè lay in wait;

Which if I would avoid I must sail round,

Keeping the west of the isle; and for that voyage

She promised a fair wind. So the next morn

Was I at Pylos; whence as I set forth,

I found the wind, and sailing day and night, 610

With swift unbroken passage came to shore

Last evening north of the isle. Hither alone

I passed in the dark, and sent my ship about.

*Eum.* That was well done: I praise the gods for that.

I knew that they would save thee.

*Tel.*

But, Eumæus,

What of the ship? What knowest thou? What means it?

Were all agreed plotting my life together,  
Or whose deed is it?

*Eum.*

One rancorous spirit rules them,—

Save Lord Amphinomus, who stands as ever

Within the bounds : of all the rest there's none 620

That would not take thy life by stealth, nor one

Who openly would dare.

*Tel.*

Who sailed the ship?

*Eum.* Antinous.

*Tel.*

Ah!

*Eum.*

And if I die to avenge it,

Son, he shall pay for it.

*Tel.*

Talk, I pray, of safety,

Not of revenge. Shall I make bold to go

Straight to the house, or must I hide me here?

*Eum.* Bide, son, bide! 'Tis not safe. Let me go, son.

When once 'tis known in the isle that thou'rt returned,

Then thou mayst shew thyself. The cowards fear

The love the people bear thee. Let me go. 630

*Tel.* Is all else well?

*Eum.*

All's well where ill is well.

*Tel.* Eumæus, I'll not venture yet : but thou

Haste to the house, and in my mother's ear  
Whisper I am here : but let none other guess  
That thou hast tidings of me.

*Eum.*

Not to tell

Thy grandsire, son ? He scarce hath eat or drunk  
While thou hast been away : 'twere well he knew,  
And quickly ; for an hour is much to one  
Whose life leans on the grave.

*Tel.*

My safe return

Can be no secret, but my hiding-place 640  
Must not be known : therefore I would not have  
Thee for my herald. Thou mayst bid my mother  
Send one to comfort him ; but go not thou  
Wandering among the hills. My bidding done,  
Make swift return. I shall be here.

*Eum.*

I pray

Let not that old man here come round thee, son,  
With idle stories of thy sire : he is full  
Of tales of Troy : and if he win thine ear  
He hath a purpose.

*Tel.*

He ! Nay, trust me, father.

*Eum.* Well, he will try.

650

*Tel.*

Fear not.

*Eum.*

He hath a tongue :

He saith he fought at Ilion. Then, he saith  
He knew Ulysses.

*Tel.*           Saith he so?

*Eum.* And then  
He hath been in Lacedæmon too.

*Tel.* His talk  
While thou'rt away may well beguile the time.

*Eum.* Ay, and thee too. Thou hast not heard, I fear,  
Aught of thy father now, where thou hast been?

*Tel.* Somewhat, but nothing recent. What I know  
I'll tell thee later. Thou couldst gather nought  
From this old man?

*Eum.* He is cunning: didst thou see  
How he could counterfeit? I tell thee, son, 660  
He hath not been here an hour, and never knew  
Aught of thy father; but he plucks from me  
The story word by word, and then at once  
Bursts out,—he knew Ulysses: ay, he stayed  
Eating to speak of him.

*Tel.* What said he of him?

*Eum.* I would not hear him, son : I would not hear him.

*Tel.* Think you he lied?

*Eum.* Ay, ay. Why, how believe  
Thy father now is in Thesprotia,  
Where the king Pheidon hath a ship all stored  
To bring him home?

*Tel.* Eumæus, good Eumæus ! 670

What if 'tis true?

*Eum.* True! There, 'tis as I thought :  
I would not leave thee with him, son ; he is quick :  
He will delude thee.

*Tel.* I must hear his tale,  
Though it be false. Go thou : my ship will else  
Be round before thee. Go, and never fear  
That this old man will turn my head.

*Eum.* Be warned.  
Trust him not, son. There is something strange about  
him  
I like not.

*Tel.* Come : as far as to the gate  
I will go with thee. [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter Ulysses as himself.*

*Ul.* Lo! now the sun in the mid goal of heaven  
Hath climbed to view my fortunes, and my shade  
On this well-trodden floor falls neither way : 682  
So towers my genius ; so my future and past  
Lie gathered for the moment.—How oft in dreams,  
When longing hath forecast this hour, I have loved  
The rescuing tears that loosed my heart : and now  
The womanish water wells, I bid it back :  
For nature stammers in me, and I see  
Imagination hath a grasp of joy 689

Finer than sense ; and my most passionate spirit,  
When most it should leap forth, hangs back unwilling  
To officer the trembling instruments,  
By which delight is served. Back, then, my tears !  
Fate rules ; reason should fashion me.—And welcome  
Even this harshness of fate ; for if my son  
Shall know me as I am, not as a merchant  
Should I return at ease, that men might ask  
Whether Ulysses were returned or no ;  
Rather in blood than doubt.—Here on this bench  
I'll wait him, nor myself be first to speak :        700  
And 'twill be tried for once how a man's son  
Shall know his father, never having seen him.

*Re-enter Telemachus.*

*Tel.* Why, who art thou ? Not he that on this bench  
Sattest so late ! In truth I much mistook thee,  
Or thou art changed. Thy hair was thin and white,  
Thy body rough and pinched with age, thy clothes  
Were meanest rags. Say art thou he, the same,  
Eumæus' guest from the Thesprotian ship ?

*Ul.* Ay, son, I am.

*Tel.*                      Surely thou art a god.

Be gracious to our house !

[*Kneels.*

*Ul. (rising).*

Nay, rise, my son.

710

I am no god. Why wilt thou liken me

To those immortals? I am thy father, son,  
Ulysses to my home at last returned. [*Kisses him.*

*Tel.* Alas, thou art a god, and thy words mock me.

*Ul.* Thou knowest me not. [*Sits.*

*Tel.* Say, if thou wert a man,  
How couldst thou put that change of semblance on,  
Which only god's may use?

*Ul.* The wise Athena  
Uses me as she will: then was I old  
That none might know me; now I am myself  
That thou mayst know.—'Tis I. 720

*Tel.* Father! my father!  
O, happy day. [*Weeps on his neck.*

*Ul.* Thy kisses, O, my son:  
Thy kisses and thy tears, my son, my son.

*Tel.* O, thou art come. O, happy, happy day.

*Ul.* I am come, Telemachus: but how to know  
'Tis I?

*Tel.* O, I am sure; who could be like thee?  
I knew too thou wouldst come, dear father, and yet  
I never honoured thee enough: I thought  
I should be worthy of thee: now I fear . . . .

*Ul.* I must be unlike thy thought, son; but in thee  
I see myself again of twenty years: 730  
Nay, I was somewhat thicker, but maybe  
That will make up; and thou hast got instead

Thy mother's grace. 'Tis true we mostly shape  
Less to the father.

*Tel.* How, sire, didst thou come ?

*Ul.* A good Phæacian ship brought me last night.  
I came to land in the dark : and all the spoils  
I have brought with me are hidden in the cave,  
Till we may fetch them forth. 738

*Tel.* First come thou home.

*Ul.* And would I might. The hope of twenty years  
Is gathered in this hour. Come home, thou sayst :  
Ah, son ; and would I might ; but what of them  
That stop the way ?

*Tel.* The suitors of my mother ?  
O, they will fly to hear of thy return.

*Ul.* They must not fly. All, where they have done  
me wrong,  
Must with their lives atone. This is the cause  
Of my disguise, that none should know me here  
But thou, to whom alone I am revealed,  
That plotting with thee I may draw the net  
About them. This the goddess bids me, son ;  
To slay thy mother's wooers.

*Tel.* Father, I know 750  
Thou art unmatchable among the Greeks  
In warriorship and wisdom, ay, and here  
Is none would dare to face thee : yet by tens

They reckon, and I fear would overpower thee  
By very number.

*Ul.* Say : how many be they ?

*Tel.* Out of Dulichium there be two and fifty  
Princes and lords, each with his serving-man :  
From Samè, four and twenty : from Zakynthus  
A score ; and even of Ithaca itself  
Twelve of the best, with Phemius the bard, 760  
Medon, and many followers : 'gainst all these  
We are but two.

*Ul.* I fear them not, my son.

*Tel.* Seek other aid, I pray, ere 'gainst so many  
We venture.

*Ul.* What, son, sayst thou, if Athena  
And father Zeus aid us ? will they, thou thinkest,  
Suffice, or must we cast about to find  
Some other champion ?

*Tel.* Truly they are the best  
Thou namest, father ; tho' among the clouds  
Their seat is, and their countenance withheld  
From mortal men.

*Ul.* They will not hold aloof, 770  
When once our spears are plunging in the breasts  
Of that vain rabble. Goes thy heart with mine ?

*Tel.* With thee and for thee, father, will I fight,  
Askest thou ?

*Ul.* Wilt thou bear to look on me  
As late thou sawest me, and seeing me so,  
Find not the least diminishment of love?

*Tel.* I never shall forget this godlike mien,  
Whence to disguise thou deignest as a god.

*Ul.* But when thou seest me mocked and scorned,  
a slave,  
A beggar where I am lord, wilt thou discover 780  
No indignation?

*Tel.* I will hide my wrath.

*Ul.* For I must be thy guest among my foes.

*Tel.* To be my guest, if they should set upon thee  
To drive thee forth, will force me to resist.

*Ul.* Fear not the threatenings of those doomèd men.

*Tel.* They all are armed, and thou wilt be unarmed.

*Ul.* Tho' they provoke me I will bide my time.

*Tel.* But how if they assault thee unprepared?

*Ul.* The goddess will withhold their impious hands.

*Tel.* Lurk rather here until the plot be ripe. 790

*Ul.* Nay, son; and were the lure of home less strong  
To me so long deprived, yet would I see  
Myself the wrongs there done me, see the shame  
Of which men speak; and, once within the hall,  
I can take count and measure of my foes.  
A just cause, bold heart, and the aid of heaven  
Should still thy fear.

*Tel.* Tell me thy bidding, father !

*Ul.* Ay, so 'tis best : and thro' thee I may come  
To see thy mother ;—hark, the course is plain :  
Go to the town ; announce thine own return ; 800  
Thence to the house, and to Eumæus say  
Thou wilt receive me ; he must know no more :  
Bid him to-morrow fetch me to the hall.  
And when thou seest thy mother, tell her thus ;  
Thou hast seen a stranger in Eumæus' hut,  
Who having known thy father, carries news  
That he is near. As to confirm thy tale,  
Bring her to speech with me when none are by.  
Ourselves may meet at night, and then consult  
In secret on what stratagem may grow 810  
From that occasion, or what further thing  
The goddess may command.

*Tel.* Now thy disguise  
Is my chief fear, father ; I know these men :  
Their insolent assumption would not brook  
Any intruder, but against a beggar  
They will make sport of outrage.

*Ul.* Sayst thou so ?  
Then shall we prove them thus : be they good men  
They will show pity : if they mock my rags,  
Try if they honour thee ; and bid them make,  
Each of his own, a portion unto me. 820

I then shall see their hearts : the more they rage,  
Force them the more with full authority.

This canst thou well do. 'Tis thy harder task  
Not to betray me. Youth is bold of heart  
And hot in battle, but to guard the tongue  
And to restrain the hand come with long years.

*Tel.* Now let this trial prove me once for all,  
Whether in keeping counsel and in battle  
I am thy true son, or another man.

*Ul.* All hangs on thee ; for none but thou must  
know, 830  
Not even thy mother. Tell me, I would learn  
If in her thought I am alive or dead ;  
And what thine own mind was, fear not to say.

*Tel.* Truly 'twixt hope and hopelessness, we stood  
In blank uncertainty ; and if not yet  
Our wishes wore the colour of our fears,  
Now was the turn.

*Ul.* I come then not too soon ?

*Tel.* Nay, nor too late.

*Ul.* 'Tis well, but time is short ;  
Tarry no longer. Get thee home, and there  
Ordain a sacrifice, such as befits 840  
This day of days : such as may well content  
The favourable deities, and appease  
The unfriendly. Guess, son, if thy heart is stirred,

How 'tis with me. The ties of home are dear,  
And what a man is born to, both the place,  
Where'er it be, that hath received his being  
Out of oblivion, and given his mind  
The shapes and hues of earth, the sights of heaven,  
The place whence he sets forth to meet strange things,  
Whither returns to find his own, himself; 850  
This bides, the harbour of his fancy,—and draws him  
Spite of all else from world's end to world's end.  
And more, more dear, are those whose place it was,  
Whose name he is called by, whom he calls his own,  
Whose love hath borne and nurtured him, whose life  
He is offshoot of and diligent support.  
This love thou knowest, and being to-day returned  
But from short voyage, mayst in little gauge  
My joy returning after many years.  
But what thou know'st not—mayst thou come to  
know!— 860  
I'll tell thee. There be ties dearer than place  
Or parents; there be bonds that break in pieces  
The hearts that break them, and whose severance  
Is more than banishment. Boy, 'tis thy mother  
That makes this Ithaca the world to me;  
These tears are hers: and seeing thee, my son,  
Whose picture I have carried in my heart,  
And year by year have checked and altered still

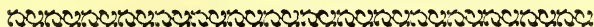
With vain imagination to thy growth  
Since last I left thee fondled in her arms, 870  
I learn how dear art thou. Now on thy brow  
I'll set this kiss. Begone and do my bidding.  
The goddess calls me : I must take again  
That shape which late thou saw'st me in. Farewell.  
Forget not when I am changèd what I am.

*Tel.* Thy first commands are dear, sire ; I obey.





## A C T . I I I



*Hall in house of Ulysses: [as described in note].*

*EURYMACHUS, AMPHINOMUS, CTESIPPUS,  
PHEMIUS, and many suitors. Noise and brawling.  
Remains of feast.*

*EURYMACHUS.*

**P**EACE! Will none hear? Silence! O peace,  
I say.  
Will ye not hearken? (*Some abatement.*)

*AMPHINOMUS.*

Friends, give ear awhile,  
And hearken to Eurymachus.

*CTESIPPUS.*

For one,  
I am not of his party.

*A SUITOR.*

Nay, nor I, 880  
Let him command his own.

*Eur.* Princes and lords!  
Have ye not chosen me to rule your feasts?

I claim no more precedence ; I would urge  
Nought but your honour, which ye go to shame  
By such disordered brawling.

*Ctes.* O, we know thee.

'Tis nought Penelope should deem we lie  
Under thy thumb !

*A suitor.* Ay, or what matters else  
How these old beams may shake ?

*Ctes.* What hast thou done ?

*Amph.* My lords, ye do forget yourselves.

*Ctes.* O, nay.

Why went not Lord Eurymachus himself 890  
To seize Telemachus ? Doth he not bide  
For the main chance ? Will he not watch the play,  
The while Antinous is furthered forth ?  
And—O, we know—when Lord Antinous  
Returns, and saith *The thing ye wish is done ;*  
*Telemachus is dead, and he who now*  
*Winneth the widow winneth house and lands*  
*And kingship ;* then the rich Eurymachus  
Will raise his hands and weep, *The very thing*  
*I would have stayed. Alas ! the neediness* 900  
*And avarice of some !*

*Amph.* Why, good Ctesippus,  
Seek not a quarrel.

*Ctes.* Nay, but is't not so ?

*Amph.* 'Twill never be. The just and equal gods  
Have yet respect unto Ulysses' house.  
And were't their will Telemachus should die,  
He that went forth to slay him is the man  
Whose heart they turned to do it. For me, I say,  
I willed it not, and think 'twill never be.

*Ctes.* Thou'rt but a craven!

*Eur.* Get ye to your seats :  
Pass we the bowl in peace, and while we drink 910  
Let Phemius soothe our rivalries with song.  
But one can win the prize, and whose 'twill be  
Lies in the lap of Zeus. Fair play and peace!

*Amph.* And shame not this good house. Lack we  
a lord,  
This courtesy is due unto ourselves.

*Ctes.* When brave Antinous returns, I say,  
We shall grow warm again.

*Eur.* Peace for the bard!

### PHEMIUS.

#### I.

Follow my song that leads,  
Ye wooers all, and come  
To praise the flock, that feeds 920  
Upon the grassy meads  
Of fair Dulichium :

Where Acheloüs laves with rippling sweet  
The low fields red with wheat.

## 2.

For thee, I praise, Amphinomus, thou prince,  
Shepherd of sunset pastures; and I tell  
Again what once befell  
Nisus, thy sire, long since :  
To fruitful Lacedæmon when he came,  
With lords that made resort 930  
From Calydon's high court,  
And western isles, at call of Helen's fame,  
Wooing the hand of Leda's heavenly daughter :  
But soon such jealousy and deadly gall  
Inflamed the suitors all,  
That then and there the fated slaughter  
Of Danaans had begun,  
Had not grave Tyndareus, her mortal sire,  
To quench the kindling fire,  
Called on Laertes' son. 940

## 3.

“ Wisest of men, Ulysses, tell me true,  
If skill or grace to keep the peace may be  
Among the lawless princes, here that sue  
For Helen's hand ; if ever as of old.

My house from curse of bloodshed may go free,  
Do thou the rede unfold."

Straight answered him the wise Ulysses then,

"O son of Thestius, 'tis in my mind,

That thou these lawless men

By firmest oath shouldst bind 950

To honour him, and give him all their aid,

Whose suit shall favour find,

And honour from the maid;

I a.

"Whoever it may be

Who in fair Helen's eye

His favour first may see ;

And thus shall they agree."

Whereto did all comply ;

And gave to Tyndareus their banded troth,

And singly took this oath : 960

I b.

"To keep good peace we swear,

And let that man go free,

Who winneth Helen fair,

And from all wrong whate'er

Shield him, whoe'er he be.

Good or ill fortune lieth in the lap

Of Zeus, what haps let hap."

## 2 a.

So goodly Menelaus, whom erelong  
Fair Helen chose of all the lords of Greece,  
His bride led home in peace ; 970  
And no man did him wrong.  
Then Tyndareus to good Icarius spake,  
“ Since now by one man’s wit  
Our house is saved, ’tis fit  
That thou this day be friendly for my sake,  
So at our hands he go not unrewarded :  
Give him thy daughter, fair Penelope,  
If so it pleaseth thee.”  
Who to this brother then the boon accorded :  
And thus the wooers’ strife 980  
Ulysses by good counsel quelled, and won  
Of Thestius’ other son,  
Penelope for wife.

## 3 a.

But when in time fair Helen’s virtue failed,  
He with the suitors bounden to befriend  
Wronged Menelaus, against Ilion sailed,  
And joined his arms, pledged by that oath with  
them ;  
Till Priam’s broad-wayed city in the end  
Fell by his stratagem. 989

But long being not returned, and passed for dead,  
There gathered suitors in his house to woo  
His fair wife in his stead ;  
And strife among them grew.  
Nor is his arm more lacked to guard his walls,  
Than his good counsel true  
To keep peace in his halls.

I c.

Which counsel I reclaim,  
Remembered for your use,  
Ye wooers, even the same  
Which saved from blood and shame 1000  
The house of Tyndareus.  
So now unto my song your chorus bear,  
As Helen's suitors swear.

*Chor.*

I d.

To keep good peace we swear,  
And let that man go free,  
Nor do him hurt whate'er,  
Whoever wins the fair  
And wise Penelope.  
Good or ill fortune lieth in the lap  
Of Zeus ; what haps let hap. 1010

*Amph.* I thank thee for my father, Phemius.

*Eur.* Thy tale is twice a tale told at this time.

*Ctes.* I'll hold it, that an oath sung out of tune  
Binds not the singer.

*Enter Herald.*

**HERALD.**

Tidings, my lords.

*Eur.* Speak forth.

*Her.* Be it known the prince Telemachus is come.

*[Suitors rise and murmur.]*

*Eur.* Shame on you. Silence. Sir, we are much  
rejoiced

To learn the prince's safety. When arrived he?

*Her.* He landed yestereve. We brought the ship  
This morn in harbour.

*Eur.* Where disbarked the prince?

*Her.* Northward by Ægilips. 1020

*Eur.* Is't known?

*Her.* My lord,  
I speed to tell it. [Exit.]

*Eur.* Friends, if this be true,  
We are baffled.

*Ctes.* False, 'tis false.

*Eur.* And nought remains  
But man a galley, that shall bear the tidings  
To Lord Antinous and his men, who else

Will lie out watching for him in the straits.

*Amph.* Yet even that pains is spared us. Looking  
forth

I see two ships in harbour side by side,  
And not far off a company of men,  
I take to be Antinous and his band.

*Ctes.* How so?

1030

*Amph.* See then.

*Ctes.* O, true : they are at the gate.  
How hath it happed?

*Amph.* Prophesy, sir, and tell us  
Whether some god forewarned Telemachus,  
Or if they gave him chase and could not catch him.

*Enter Antinous and his men.*

### WOOERS.

Hail, Lord Antinous !

*Eur.* How went it with thee ?

### ANTINOUS.

Where is the prince ?

*Amph.* Why, where's the prince ? he saith.  
Where is the prince ?

*Eur.* How missed you him ?

*Ant.* Curst luck !

All day our scouts kept up unbroken guard

Along the windy headlands, and at night  
None slept ashore, but cruising to and fro,  
We watched the narrow channels until dawn, 1040  
Lying in wait to take him when he came.  
And lo ! he is here, hath run by into port,  
And beached his ship upon the royal stade,  
Before we knew it. Curst luck ! Have ye seen  
him ?

*Eur.* Nay, for he landed by the northern shore,  
And sent his ship about : a god hath warned him.

*Ant.* God or no god, plant we before he comes  
An ambush in the hills, and slay him there :  
For once he reach the town alive, be sure  
He is the huntsman then and we the game. 1050  
Ay, he hath wit eno' ere he come hither  
To babble of our plot, and 'fore the folk  
Will, with his pretty face and cunning tears  
And speeches of his mother, stir them up  
To rise against us. Look, sirs, while he lives  
We can do nothing, but if we should kill him,  
His lands and goods are ours : we may divide  
The wealth and let who will possess the widow.  
That is my counsel, lords : but if ye suffer  
This baby to return, then this I say— 1060  
Make we at once our gifts,—myself I count it  
No satisfaction,—but that one of us

Should win at least the dame and such few chattels  
As may go with her, is the only credit  
We have to look for.

*Ctes.* What is that to us?

*Ant.* What say ye, lords?

*Amph.* Why, 'tis a pretty plan.

We came to woo the dame ; but since 'tis clear  
All cannot have her, in the general interest  
Change we our purpose, saith he, kill the son,  
And make division. Well! What say ye, lords? 1070

*Ctes.* Hark not to him : he hath a specialty.

*Amph.* Imbrue ye not your hands in innocent blood,  
Nor touch Telemachus : for 'tis a thing  
Abhorred of Zeus to meddle with a life  
Of royal strain. There be the oracles ;  
Consult ye them : and if Telemachus  
Must die and 'tis decreed, I shall be last  
Of men to oppose it : otherwise I stand  
Against Antinous, ay, sword to sword :  
Whose insolence, I say, the gods already 1080  
Have balked and will not suffer.

*Eur.* Spoken well,

Amphinomus ; yet hast thou shewn no way  
To avoid the mischief that must fall on us,  
If now Telemachus return alive.

*Enter from the gallery above, Penelope.*

*Suitors.* The queen, the queen !

*PENELOPE.*

Ye shameless men, and thou most shamed of all,  
Antinous—nay, never think I know not  
Because I hold aloof ; or that I hear not  
Because ye see me not. I know you all,  
And none is there among you who more wrongs 1090  
The hospitality ye all constrain,  
Than that Antinous :—doth he remember  
How once his sire Eupeithes to this house  
Fled from the people, when they would have slain him  
For joining in the Taphian piracies  
'Gainst the Thesprotians, who were then our friends  
And good allies as now ; but my Ulysses  
Took him, and by great favour won his life ?  
And now his son against our noble son  
Plotteth to kill him : is all due regard 1100  
For sacred ties 'twixt house and house so lost ?  
That ye too here, who sit in idleness  
To waste the substance of my absent lord,  
Hark to such insolent and bloody malice,  
The while ye sue me for my hand ? Pretence !  
I say : ye are constant lovers, but 'tis wine  
And meat ye love, and me ye only wrong.

*Eur.* And us thou wrongest, wise Penelope,  
Deeming thy son hath not such friends among us,  
As make his coming hither and his going 1110  
And converse with us safe. If one had dared  
To plot his death, this spear, that now is bright,  
Were red to-day with blood : for me too, lady,  
Hath good Ulysses in the days gone by  
Set on his knee, and to my boyish lips  
Tendered the wine-cup : wherefore is his son  
Dear to my soul, and from no man that moves  
Within my reach, need he fear death or harm.

*Ctes. (aside).* Hark to him now !

*Ant. (to Pen.).* We all are bounden, lady,  
To serve thy house ; and I above the rest 1120  
Have shewn my zeal, sailing my galley forth  
To meet thy son with honour, and in safety  
To escort him home.

*Pen.* Standing but late above  
I overheard your council ; look, I bid you  
Depart, lest on a sudden ye encounter  
Him whom ye willed to slay. The gods have brought  
him

In safety home : he will be here ; so ye  
Go to your lodges, nor to-morrow morn  
Come as your wont, unless ye bring in hand  
Each of you, for a pledge of truth and peace, 1130

Some gift of price. Strange suitors are ye, lying  
 Here at my charges, feasting day by day,  
 Nor ever make such offerings as a woman  
 Must look for where she is loved or wooed : begone.  
 My son hath passed the town. I have a message  
 He will be here. (*Voices without.*) Ay, now, before ye go  
 He is come. I hear him.

*Enter Telemachus, spear in hand at back; the wooers  
 throng round him as he presses forward.*

*Eur.* Welcome, noble prince.

*Amph.* All hail, Telemachus! *Ant.* The gods be  
 praised.

*Chor.* Hail, noble offspring of a noble sire!—  
 Most gracious son of a most gracious lady!— 1140  
 Dear to our eyes as is the light of morn—  
 Welcome as softest rain to new-sown fields—  
*Ctes. (aside).* Or like a frost in spring.

### TELEMACHUS.

My lords and friends,  
 I thank you all. (*To Pen.*) See me returned, dear  
 mother.

*Pen.* Welcome, my son. I knew that thou wert come :  
 'Tis good. (*Aside to Telem.*) I had now discharged  
 these lords : I pray thee  
 Rid us their company.

*Tel.* My friends, I fear  
My entrance, just as ye were stood to go,  
Delays your going : feel not such constraint,  
Beseech you. We may look to meet again, 1150  
If I mistake not.

*Ant. (aside to wooers).* See how haughtily  
He bears himself.

*Ctes. (aside).* Yield not an inch : abide !

*Eur.* My lords, let all depart.

*Amph. (to Pen.).* Lady, farewell,  
To-morrow I will offer at thy feet  
The best I have.

*All.* And I, and I.

*Pen.* Farewell.

*Tel.* Farewell, my lords.

*Ant.* Would I might stay to see the melting joy  
Of this most happy meeting.

*Pen.* Go thy way.

If ever grace spake false, 'twas on thy tongue,  
Falsest Antinous. 1160

*Suitors (going).* Farewell, Farewell.

[*They are heard singing without.* To keep good peace  
we swear, etc.]

*Tel.* My dearest mother.

*Pen.* O, my noble son,  
'Tis joy to kiss thee. Do I see thee safe ?

But O, thou hast tarried long ! And was it kind  
To make thy journey hence without a word ?  
If thou couldst but have seen my pain, the day  
I found thee gone, thy pity had surely made  
Thy duty, and held thee back. But now to see thee,  
And as thou camest those rude men abashed,—  
O, I was proud !

*Tel.*           Thou canst not more rejoice  
Than I.

*Pen.* I wonder not they were abashed ;           1170  
Thou hast a freer step, a manlier bearing :  
I am much to blame keeping thee here at home,  
Away from fellowship of noble spirits.  
Whom hast thou seen ?

*Tel.*           Why that were long to tell.

*Pen.* I saw thy ship sail in, and then there came  
Eumæus, saying how thou wert with him,  
And wouldst not come : then came thy messenger,  
That thou wert in the town, and on thy way.  
How was it ?

*Tel.*       See, I am just escaped with life :  
Spare questioning. First let the gods be served : 1180  
Go bid thy maidens, ere the night close in,  
Prepare a worthy sacrifice to Zeus ;  
Ay, such a sacrifice, as to this day  
This house has never seen.

*Pen.* 'Tis very meet.

Yet why this urgency? there hath something passed  
Thou keepest back. Is't possible, my boy,  
That in the southern courts some lady's eyes  
Have drawn thee to vow hecatombs?

*Tel.* Nay, mother.

*Pen.* I should be glad. What is it then hath changed  
thee?

*Tel.* How am I changed? 1190

*Pen.* Thou art aloof and strange.

*Tel.* It ever dulled my kinder spirits to view  
These robbers in my father's hall.

*Pen.* Alas!

What could I do, my son, and thou away?

Here is no change, nor ever any tidings.

I have neither power nor reason on my side:

I cannot say My lord is yet alive,

Wherefore depart, ye wrong me; nor as little

My lord is dead, I will requite your honour,

And choose the worthiest. O, where'er thou hast been,

If aught thou hast learned of any certainty, 1200

Speak now, whate'er it be, fear not to tell:

Tell of thy sire, my son, though 'tis his death!

*Tel.* Now heaven forbid that word.

*Pen.* Alas, Telemachus;

What is our hope? Or if thou know of any,

Why art thou reticent of it?

*Tel.*

Hearken, mother :

If thou wilt hear me, I will tell my story,  
As time allows, stripped of all circumstance.  
First sailed I then to Pylos, where I found  
Nestor, who lovingly my stay entreated,  
And held me as his son, but, when he learned 1210  
My quest, and nothing knew of my dear father,  
Would have me go, and with a royal escort  
Conveyed me to the court of Menelaus :  
There I saw Argive Helen.—  
But Menelaus, when I told my tale  
Brake out in anger, and I think few words  
Would draw him hither with his dukes to sweep  
Our house of its dishonour ; but in fine  
Thus much he said, that still Ulysses lived,  
But with the nymph Calypso in her isle 1220  
By subtle sleights withheld ; in whom it lay  
That he was not returned, and might not yet ;  
But there abode. Then, since he knew no more,  
I sped me home, and should have sped to death,  
Had not divine Athenè sent a dream  
To warn me of the ambush, with the wind  
To bring me round the isle : wherefore I bid thee  
Perform the sacrifice, lest for such favour  
We seem ungrateful.

*Pen.* Didst thou never ask  
Of Menelaus, how he came to know  
Thy father's fate? 1230

*Tel.* It was the wizard Proteus,  
Whom strangely he entamed and all his art,  
When he lay windbound in the isle of Pharos ;  
Who told him, for he held him fast for all  
His magic shifts and slippery changefulness,  
Becoming first a bearded lion, thereafter  
A snake, a leopard, and a bristly boar ;  
And then as running water seemed he, or  
A tall and flowering tree . . .

*Pen.* My son, my son,  
These are mere tales. When was this said to have  
been? 1240

*Tel.* 'Twas scarce two years.

*Pen.* Ah, and so long !

*Tel.* 'Tis tidings  
Both sure and good, mother ; and yet 'tis nought  
To what remains. The thing I sought abroad  
Has come to me at home : but if I tell thee,  
Thou in thine inmost heart store it,—no word  
Even to Eumæus, tho' 'twas in his hut,  
—Where as I crossed the isle I turned aside,—  
I found an aged man, his beggar guest :  
Whom, for Eumæus warned me he was full

Of tales of Troy, I held of no account 1250  
When first he spoke, but soon I learnt he knew.  
He was himself at Troy, and, as he saith,  
Hath lately seen my father, who is free,  
And bent on swift return.

*Pen.* Is this thy news?

*Tel.* Is't not then news?

*Pen.* Nay, nay, thou art deceived.  
An idle tale Eumæus would not hear :  
A rogue he warned thee of, and not the first  
That thus hath lied.

*Tel.* There hath been none like him.

*Pen.* Their tale is still the same, and spiced to match  
Any credulity.

*Tel.* I would not have 1260  
Thy mind less wary, nor bespeak thy credit.  
To-morrow I will bring him here, and then,  
He being our guest, thyself mayst question him.  
And be thou not persuaded, I will look  
No longer for my father's wished return ;  
Nor after lend an ear to any man,  
But hold him as our enemy, who saith  
Ulysses lives.

*Pen.* In hoping and despairing  
Thou art too quick, my son ; and past occasions  
Have taught thee nought. Come, tell me of thyself,

And of thy journey. Tell me too of Helen, 1271  
Is she still beautiful ? and doth she live  
Forgiven of Menelaus and beloved ?

*Tel.* In good time, mother, shalt thou hear all this,  
And more. Consider now how best to prove  
This beggar, when I bring him.

*Pen.* If need were  
'Twere easy.—Yet, how should Eumæus err ?  
Hath he not means to sift the false from true ?  
Could such a guest as this thou deemest dwell  
With him unknown ?

*Tel.* Thou shalt thyself enquire. 1280  
Weigh well what proof to use, but now no longer  
Delay the sacrifice my safety calls. [*Going.*

*Pen.* My son !

*Tel.* Adieu, I go into the town.

*Pen.* Why wilt thou go ?

*Tel.* First I must make report  
To good Noëmon of his ship returned ;  
Then to pay off my crew.

*Pen.* Ah, prithee son,  
Have care : the robbers have a plot to kill thee :  
They now may lie in wait. 'Tis early dusk.

*Tel.* I fear them not. 1289

*Pen.* Indeed I know their minds.

*Tel.* The goddess will withhold their impious hands.

*Pen.* What goddess trustest thou to aid thee so ?

*Tel.* Why who but she that hath preserved my sire ?

*Pen.* Alas ! Then take Eumæus with thee, son.

*Tel.* I need him not. Farewell.

*Pen.* Then if thou goest,  
Farewell. But do not tarry.

*Tel.* Bid prepare  
My chamber ; for at night I shall return. [Exit.

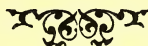
*Pen.* The gods protect thee.—Would the gods, that  
made him

So handsome, loving, noble, brave, and good,  
Had given him wisdom ; for without that gift,  
Grace bears no fruit. 'Tis plain to all, my son 1300  
Hath not the truth of his advertisement :

He wears the semblance only, such as lures  
And flatters the deceiver. If I am vexed,  
'Tis with myself : I looked for better things  
And suffer in rebuff. That Menelaus,  
The delicate, self-seeking Menelaus,  
Should leave his easeful home to avenge a friend,  
And that friend dead : and then the wizard tales,  
Calypso and Proteus, and whatever else,  
And worst of all this ancient beggar-man, 1310  
Who hath a tale better than all the tales !

Alas, alas ! my son, thou wilt have need  
Of much good care. 'Twas ill I did not send

Eumæus with him. Now till he return,  
Patience—and when he is returned, again  
Patience—'tis so : patience was made for me ;  
And one by one my deprecativè days  
Bring nought, but as they flee, still cry to-morrow.





## A C T · I V



*The same: many wooers seated about the hall over remains of feast. In front of stage TELEMACHUS (L.), EURYMACHUS (C.), AMPHINOMUS and ANTINOUS (R.). Phemius sitting near: at left of stage a table piled with gifts.*

*EURYMACHUS.*

**O**RDER thou as thou wilt; with mine own hand  
Will I present my gift.

*ANTINOUS.*

And so will I.

1320

Shall there be no distinction?

*TELEMACHUS.*

Sirs, consider  
How ye would make distinction. Ye are many,  
And acquiescence in a preference  
Of two or three were the self-forfeiture  
By all the rest of further claim in suit.

*AMPHINOMUS.*

Hark, 'tis well said, Eurymachus; and for one

I were content.

*Eur.*           Why this is nought to me.  
All cannot give ; but we and such beside,  
Whose title we acknowledge, may present  
Our gifts in person : let the rest lay theirs       1330  
Here on the table : nor will we admit  
More than are present now within the hall :  
All others with the henchmen may remain,  
Where they sit feasting, in the outer court.

*Ant.* So be it, I say.

*Eur.*                       'Twas on her own demand  
We brought our gifts to-day : shall we not give them ?

*Ant.* 'Tis fit there be reception. Here we wait  
Since noon, and still she comes not. Will she come ?

*Tel.* I am here, my lords, to tell you she will come.  
Prepare to see her.

*Eur.*                       My place is first : ye two       1340  
Will follow. For the rest, is't left to me  
To fix the order ?

*Amph.*           I would urge to abide  
By what the prince desires.

*Tel.*                       Nay, nay, my lords.  
I waive all word : the matter rests with you.  
I say but this : since 'tis not possible  
That each in person should present his gift,  
My mother's will is that ye lay them here

Upon the table. Yet if one or two  
Command distinction, there is nought so far  
Forbids exception.

*Eur.* Lords, then sit we down; 1350  
Thence may we pass the word to whom we will.  
And say that while we wait our lady's coming,  
Good Phemius sing. Prince, wilt thou sit by me?

*Tel.* Nay, I will take my seat where I was wont.

[*They sit down.*]

*Eur.* Serve us some wine.

*Tel.* Phemius, I'd have thy song  
Tell of my father.

*Music.* (*All are seated.*)

*Enter Eumæus with Ulysses disguised.*

*EUMÆUS.*

This way, old man, now art thou in the hall  
Of good Ulysses.

*Eur.* Stay, stay, who come here  
Breaking the music.

*Ant.* 'Tis the wretched swineherd.

*Eur.* Prince, bid him hence!

*Ant.* What ruffian brings he with him? 1360

*Amph.* Who is this ancient patch?

*Ant.* O miserable  
Tatterdemalion!

## CTESIPPUS.

What a scurvy beggar !

*Eur.* Eumæus, I bid thee take thy plague away !

*A suitor.* Nor want we thee to-day, old swine-driver.

*Another.* When the meat fails, we'll send.

*Ctes.* Rascally knave.

*Another.* Go fat thy pigs !

*Ctes.* The hog-tub stands without :  
If thy old man be hungry, take him there.

*Another.* Ctesippus, force them forth.

*Ctes.* Begone, I say :  
Or I will drive you quicker than ye came.

*Eur.* Eumæus, hear me : take thy man away. 1370

*Eum.* Nay, Lord Eurymachus, 'tis never thou  
Canst say begone to any from this hall,  
Nay, nor Antinous nor Ctesippus either :  
But if to me ye say it, ye forget  
How I stand here of right ; nor is it like  
I stir for you. As for your music-making,  
Be still yourselves, and we can sit in peace,  
And listen with you.

*Ant.* Ye to sit with us,  
Insolent villain !

*Eur.* Whatsoe'er thy right,  
This filthy beggar is beyond all reason. 1380

Who is he?

*Eum.* Lord Eurymachus, this man,  
Mean as he is, hath here more privilege  
Than thou. He comes by invitation hither ;  
He is the prince's suppliant.

*Eur.* Now, Telemachus,  
Thou art reproached in this.

*Eum.* Come to reproach,  
I know a word.

*Ant.* Wag not thy beard at us,  
Thou low-bred hind.

*Tel.* Indeed, Eurymachus,  
I am not disgraced ; for in my father's hall  
Was ever room and welcome for all such  
As needed food and shelter : nay, and they 1390  
Who most have need stand first ; as doth this man.  
As for my servant, he hath given an answer  
To those that have reviled him.

*Amph.* If so be  
This beggar is thy guest and suppliant,  
His fitter place were still the outer court :  
Invite him thither.

*Tel.* I have bid him here.  
And here he shall remain. Fear not, good father,  
Go sit thee by the hearth : and thou, Amphinomus,  
Urge me not. I will have my way in this :

Were there no other reason than this one, 1400  
That I will have my way. Take thou that stool,  
Old man, and sit at ease : none here can touch thee.

*Ctes. (to Ul. aside).* Dare!

*Ant. (to Eur.).* Shall we brook this?

*Eur.* Prince Telemachus,

Though thou be very son of great Ulysses,  
Think not to overrule us thus with words.

Dispose thou mayst within fair reason's bounds  
Even as thou wilt : so much in courtesy

We grant, but not for fear ; nor are our spirits  
Of stuff to suffer what indignities

Thy haughty temper may prepare. In this 1410  
We shall resist thee.

*Tel.* There be men in Ithaca

Call thee not king, Eurymachus ; though here  
Thou take so much on thee.

*Ant.* Ha ! threat'st thou us ?

Telemachus ! what next ? This is't to have been  
In Lacedæmon. Now may we, who ne'er  
Have looked upon the godlike Menelaus,  
Behold his mirror. Why, what game is this ?

Think'st thou with strength and might upon our side  
We bandy words ? I say this ragged loon  
Shall not have place with us : the sight of him 1420  
Hath turned my stomach. If for any bond

Of blood or service thou set store by him,  
Thou mayst do better for his skinny bones  
Than stow them here. 'Twill not be many hours  
That he shall trouble us.

*Tel.* Ay, so may be.

But wouldst thou kill him, Lord Antinous,  
It had been better to have waylaid his ship,  
Or set an ambush for him in the hills.

*Ant. (aside).* By heaven, I smart.

*Eur.* Peace, peace!

*Amph.* Hark, if the prince  
Persist, we may not say him nay. Be seated. 1430  
Maybe our lady's voice may interpose :  
Let us defer our grievance to the word  
Of sage Penelope.

*Ant.* How shall I sit  
In presence of such insult ?

*Eur.* Sit thou down.

*Ant. (aside to Ul.).* Man, as thou lovest life, fly  
while thou mayst.

*ULYSSES (to Ant.).*

Kind sir, I am deaf.

*Ant.* I'll make thee deafer yet.

*Tel.* Phemius, we listen. Sit thou there, old man.  
Eumæus, take him meat and wine.

*Ul.* (*sitting at r. front*). I thank thee.

*Ctes.* Go further off, I pray ; I'm not thy friend,  
Thou hoary plague.

*Eur.* Silence, the music sounds. 1440

(*Eumæus bears food to Ulysses, who eats and drinks  
during Phemius' ode.*)

*PHEMIUS.*

I.

Happy are the earth's heirs :  
Who, that his toilsome lot  
And hard-won gain compares,  
Admires and envies not ?

At one time one, at another another best,  
Come mortal pleasures, troubling sweet content ;  
But two above the rest

Are ever of worth,

Everywhere are praised and excellent,

To live and possess the earth : 1450

And my name—ranked desire 'mong graven things—  
Would live with the island kings.

2.

Happy Telemachus then art thou,  
Ithaca's true-born lord :

Rejoice and welcome him now  
Safe to his home restored.

Shout—O well is thee!

The gods in worship and joy, pray we,  
—And high desert uplifts the prayer—

Grant thee here in plenty the good thou meritest,  
Nor to fall in a like snare 1461  
With him from whom thou inheritest,  
Ulysses, Laertes' son.

*I a*

Twenty are the years gone  
Since in another's strife,  
To win a faithless wife  
He vexed the true, his own.

For her new-married he left and his newborn boy,  
His true-born prince to manhood now upgrown,  
To fight at fateful Troy. 1470

In front of the strife  
Fought he, and fell not there, nor lies entombed  
By mighty Achilles' side;  
Nor yet returned he home, but wandering wide  
To alien death was doomed.

*2 a.*

Weep for him, ye that around his board  
Sit in the bright fire-shine:  
No more shall Ithaca's lord  
Stretch his hand to the wine.

Sing a mournful strain !

1480

Alas, he counteth not loss nor gain ;

His wife is wooed, and he makes no sign ;

Thralls go here and there, but another beckoneth.

For the dead hath no desire,

He knoweth nothing, nor reckoneth ;

He is cold, and feels not the fire.

*[He plays sad music in silence.*

*Enter suddenly Penelope (with some six maids attendant).*

*Ul. (aside).* I see the beacon of my life undimmed.

*PENELOPE.*

Hush ye these mournful strains !—'tis music's skill  
To comfort and wean sorrow's heart away

With beautiful distractions from its woe :      1490

Not to be plunged therein, and chafe remembrance

With added echoes. Oh, I have wept enough.

Would you my life should faster waste in grief,

That ye must widen more its aching channels

With melancholy dirges ? These are fit

For souls at ease ; ay, such as ye, my lords,

Who feel no thorns prick you, may love to drink

The soft compunctious mimicries of woe.

But me with all your pleasures still ye vex,

In mine own house, forgetful of my wounds.      1500

—And thou, whom servest thou, Phemius, that thy mistress

Thou disobeyest?

*Ul. (aside).* Spoke like a goddess.

*Tel.* 'Twas at my command.

Forgive me, mother.

*Pen.* Thou wert used, I think,

To know me better, son.

*Tel.* If thou art come

To take the presents which thy wooers bring,

See where they lie.

*Ul. (aside).* Now what to say?

*Pen.* My lords, the prince hath shewn me  
These gifts: they are well my due, and some amends  
For your continual spending, which to grudge 1510  
Were unbecoming, were this house my own.

*Ul. (aside).* That is well said: now may she fairly  
spoil them.

*Pen.* But since I keep it for its absent lord . . .

*Ul. (aside).* Good.

*Eur.* Oh, lady, he is dead.

*Pen.* How know'st thou so?

*Ul. (aside).* Well asked.

*Amph.* Sagest Penelope, thou triflest still.

The time is fled when hope might yet imagine

Thy husband lived: so long to have sent no word

Is surest tidings : if Ulysses lived  
He would be here.

1520

*Ul. (aside).* True, sir.

*Amph.* Thy needful patience  
Have all admired : perpetual widowhood  
The gods and we forbid. To make an end  
Of all that thou mislikest in our suit,  
Is but the boon we crave : choose one of us,  
Whoe'er it be—to-day.

*Pen.* Would all of ye  
Assent to this?

*Ant.* Ay, wherefore sit we here?

*Pen.* Indeed, my lords, ye best know why ye came.

*Eur.* Worshipful lady, if but all the Achæans  
Who speak thy name could now behold and hear thee,  
Then not this house, nay, nor this island's round,  
Would hold thy thronging wooers, by so far 1532  
Outshinest thou all women of the earth  
In beauty and in wisdom.

*Pen.* Still too wise  
To fall to flattery ; but my grace and favour  
The gods destroyed that day the Argives sailed  
'Gainst Ilion, and bore hence with them my lord :  
But should he come to rule again his house,  
Fairer than ever then my fame would be  
For all this grief and the thick thrusts of fate. 1540

But he, in farewell ere he left his home,  
Took my right hand in his, and said to me,  
*Dear wife, we must not think the Achæan army*  
*Will all, as they set forth, return from Troy,*  
*In numbers and in bravery safe and sound:*  
*Our foes are warriors skilled in spear and bow,*  
*And horsemen good, say they, such as most quickly*  
*Are wont in equal fight to turn the day;*  
*Wherefore I know not what may be my hap:*  
*But, come the worst, thou here must guard the house,*  
*And aye to sire and mother both be kind* 1551  
*As now, or more, since I shall be away.*  
*And should I not return to thee, abide*  
*Until thou seest our babe upgrown and bearded,*  
*When marry whom thou wilt and quit the house.*  
'Twas thus he spake, and thus 'tis come about:  
And not far off that night of hateful marriage  
Confronts me now; for Zeus hath killed my hope.  
But ye add pain and anger to my grief,  
Who come not in the manner of our sires 1560  
To woo, when every man that wooed a lady  
Of substance, rank, and worth, vied with his equals  
In gifts of flocks and herds, and banqueted  
All the bride's household, offering of his own;  
Not wasting as do ye the house ye seek,  
And without recompense.

*Ant.* See then our gifts.

*Pen.* Ay, true : to where your late amendment lies.  
Let us o'erlook these offerings, ere my maids  
Bear them away.

*Eur.* But first, O queen,

Take at my hands the gift I bring, 1570  
This yellow-glistening chain,—whereof  
The amber beads may tell my love,  
The mesh of golden work between,  
The homage of my wealth may show,—  
Worthy of any neck but thine :  
No lover, mortal nor divine,  
Who made so fair an offering,  
But might with pride his gift bestow ;  
Tho' not to thee Eurymachus.  
Yet 'tis the best and richest thing 1580  
Of countless jewels rich and fine,  
Stored in his house ; and wouldst thou make  
The rest thine own, he for love's sake  
Were not ashamed in giving thus.

*Pen.* My thanks : 'tis brave and sweet attire.  
Long hath thy wealth been known to me,  
And grateful would thy marriage be  
Both to my brethren and my sire.  
What have we here ?

*Ant.* Lady, my gift.

This ample robe my servants bear, 1590  
White as the snow's fresh-wandered drift,  
Light as the air and beautiful,  
Is woven of the softest wool  
Our curly highland chilvers wear ;  
Fresh from the loom : and on the robe  
Twelve golden brooches, globe to globe,  
With fretted clasps of Syrian art,  
Which, brought by war to Egypt's mart,  
From thence—with many gawds beside,  
Now mine—my grandsire took, when he, 1600  
Crossing in ship the Libyan sea,  
Sailed up the mighty river wide ;  
But these for beauty stood alone.

*Pen.* I thank thee. This I'll not deny  
For some misdeeds may well atone.  
Who cometh next?

*Amph.* Lady, 'tis I :  
And give my homage one kind word,  
I shall not scorn to come but third.

My offering is this veil.

*Pen.* O wondrous work and rare ! 1610  
'Tis like the golden mail  
Of Hera's braided hair,  
Which every step sets hovering,  
Her brow discovering.

*Amph.* So 'tis most fit for thee,  
Rarest Penelope.

*Pen.* Or such methinks love's queen  
Across her forehead tieth,  
Whene'er along the green  
Of river-banks she hieth, 1620  
To cheer with sweet embraces  
Her sister graces.

*Amph.* Therefore most fit for thee,  
Queenly Penelope.

*Pen.* Oh, 'tis most fine : I thank thee. Is't thy  
meaning  
That I should wear the veil?

*Amph.* 'Twould deck thee well.

*Ul. (aside).* Here is some favour shewn.

*Pen.* My gracious thanks.

*A suitor.* See now my gift, O queen. 1630

*Ul. (aside to Amph.).* Sir, I would speak with thee.

*Amph.* Nay, man ; be silent.—

*Pen.* Ah, 'tis Peisander, what brings he?

*The suitor.* Lady, if ever thou didst see  
Three dewdrops gathered full within  
Some unawakened lily's cup,  
Each swollen to fall, or e'er begin  
The stalks to dress themselves aright :  
For yet the sun, that hasteth up,

Pricks not their delicate stems,  
 Nor spreads the crimson petals bright : 1640  
 That were an image of the gems  
 Which in this casket lie, a pair  
 Fit for thine ears to wear.

*Pen.* I thank thee, good Peisander ; set it down  
 Here with the rest.

*Ul. (aside to Amph.).* Sir, I would speak with thee.

*Amph. (to Ul.).* Nay, stand aloof.—

*Pen.* Ye do me honour, lords ;  
 Yet must reception end. I will take all,  
 And note the givers. Now my constant grief  
 Is strangely awakened. (*To maids.*) Gather up the gifts.

*Ul. (aside to Amph.).* Sir ! speak with me. 1650

*Amph. (to Ul.).* What wouldst thou ?

*Ant.* See, the rogue

Begins to beg.

*Eur.* Lady, ere yet thou go,  
 Grant me thine ear. There is come into the hall  
 A beggar, who for mere propriety [*Ul. sits.*  
 We would were housed without. The prince, thy son,  
 Against our general comfort bids him here.  
 Let thy kind favour spare us this annoyance.

*Pen.* That is he ?

*Eur.* Ay.

*Ant.* Lo ! by the fire he sits.

*Pen. (aside).* How strange a man. (*To Tel.*) Is this thy guest, my son?

*Tel.* 'Tis he I spoke of.

*Pen. (to Tel.).* Surely the complaint Hath a fair ground. To save offence 'twere best Dismiss him with some gift—I leave, my lords, This matter where it lies : My son rules here. 1662 Farewell. Keep peace amongst you.

(*To maids.*) Bear off the gifts. [*Exit.*

*All.* Farewell, fairest Penelope.

*Eur.* Ere now we sit again,  
I ask the prince once more if he persist  
To vex our party with this beggar's presence.

*Tel.* Press me not, lords, ye know my will : and how  
In night and darkness should I turn away  
A houseless guest? Nay, but for you 'tis time 1670  
Ye sought your lodges.

*Ant. (to Eum.).* Thou presumptuous swineherd,  
Why drovest thou this nuisance to the town?  
Had we not tramps and scamps eno', starved beggars  
And needy scavengers, haunting the place,  
Ravening thy master's substance, that thou now  
Must fetch in this one too?

*Eum.* Antinous,  
Thou speak'st not fair, lord tho' thou be ; that here  
Set at another's board wouldst judge and grudge

The spending of thy host. I know that thou  
Art like the world, who bid unto their tables 1680  
But such as can repay them well in kind,  
Or by some service or amusement made ;  
And none will ever ask a beggar-man  
To help him eat. Thou too wast always hard  
Above all here to all, and most to me.  
But I care not, while my dear gracious mistress  
Dwells with the prince, my master.

*Tel. (aside to Eum.).* Hush, Eumæus ;  
Truth is the hardest taunt to bear.

*Ant.* Thou hind !  
Answerest thou me ?

*Tel.* I laugh, Antinous,  
To have thee play the master in this house. 1690  
Bid me dismiss my guest ? The gods forbend !  
Thee rather bid I help to entertain him.  
Lo ! thou hast feasted well : give off thy plate  
Thy leavings to this beggar. Go, old man,—  
These lords can of their surplus well afford  
To furnish thee a supper,—go, I charge thee,  
And take what each may give.

*Ant.* By Zeus in heaven,  
Thou bear'st me hard. If all but give as I,  
He shall not make the round.

*Ul. (coming to Ant.).* Sir, give me somewhat.

Thou comest, I warrant, of no common stock, 1700  
But of some great house : thou'rt featured like a king :  
Thou wilt not stint thy hand : and, treat me well,  
It lies in chance I yet may make return.

For I too once had my own house, and lived  
In state, nor e'er turned any from my doors,  
Whoever he might be, whate'er his need.

I had my slaves and thralls, and all in plenty,  
That rich men have ; but Zeus made nought of all :  
For his will surely 'twas, who sent me forth  
With wandering pirates, sailing up the river 1710  
Of Egypt, a long voyage—and to my ruin :  
For tarrying there, my crews in mutiny  
Broke from me, and doing bloody violence  
Unto the people of the king, were slain,  
And I enslaved. But of the king's good pleasure,  
With whom I lacked not favour, I was sent  
In time to Cyprus . . .

*Ant.* Plague thee and thy lies !

Stand off, back from my table ; lest thou come  
To a bitter Egypt, and a mournful Cyprus.  
Begone, I say.

*Ul.* Lo ! now I see thou lackest 1720  
Wisdom unto thy beauty. Of thine own  
Thou wouldst not give away a pinch of salt,  
Since thou withholdest here what costs thee nothing.

*Ant.* Then take what I would give thee ere thou  
go. *[Strikes him.*

*Ul.* Ha! wilt thou strike me!—Why, and even a  
blow

Thou giv'st not well.

*Amph.* Shame, shame!

*Eur.* Enough, Antinous.

*Eum.* To strike a man so old, thy fellow-guest!  
Come back, good father, to thy seat.

*Ul.* Now, hear me,  
Ye wooers of the queen, for I will speak.  
Many hard blows in honourable fight 1730  
I have borne, and held them nought; but to be smitten  
For being an-hungered, tho' the hurt be small  
'Tis huge in wrong; and as there is a god  
To avenge the poor, I say this ill-bred lord  
Shall never live to see his marriage day.

*Eum.* And so say I.

*Ant.* Now for thy paltry curse  
Think thyself lucky I bid not my men  
Hale thee without, and flay thee with their whips.

*Some wooers (murmuring).* How will Antinous woo  
our queen,  
Having his hand accursed with shame?— 1740  
Doth he forget the gods have been  
In such disguise?—How Zeus once came

Thus to Lycaon's feast unbid :—  
Or how in Celeus' house, 'tis said,  
Demeter at Eleusis hid?—  
And were he but a man, 'tis dread  
To smite in wrath the hoary head.

*Amph.* Father, I bring thee meat. May happiness  
Ere long be thine, for what thou sufferest now.

*Ul. (reseated at front, to Amph.).* I thank thee,  
lord Amphinomus, and since 1750  
I see thee like thy father, wise and good,  
Old Nisus of Dulichium, I will say  
What thrice thou hast refused to hear : Attend.  
Of all that moves and breathes upon the earth,  
Nóthing is found more únstáble than man.  
Awhile his spirit within him is gay, his limbs  
Light, and he saith, No ill shall overtake me.  
Then evil comes : and lo ! he beareth it  
Patiently, in its turn as God provides.  
So I too once looked to be ever happy, 1760  
And gave the rein to wantonness, and now—  
Thou seest me . . . Wherefore, say I, let no man  
Be lawless, but in quiet and reserve  
Possess whatever good the gods have sent.  
And this I witness 'gainst the deeds I see,  
These wooers, full of mischief, making waste,  
And doing such dishonour to a lady,

Whose lord not long will tarry: nay, I tell thee 1768  
 He is very near,—ay, near. May thy good genius  
 Withdraw thee soon, lest thou shouldst meet his wrath  
 When he returns: for not without blood-spilling  
 Will they be sundered, these infatuate wooers  
 And he, when he comes stepping thro' his house.

*Eur.* What saith this ancient seer, that makes thy  
 brow

To cloud?

*Ul. (aside to Amph.)* Fly hence to-night.

*Amph.* Ill hath been done him:  
 Shew him more kindness.

*Eur.* Why, methinks I see  
 A fine celestial glory on his crown,  
 So brightly gleams the torchlight on it: nay,  
 And never a hair at all. (*To Ul.*) Old man, 'tis true  
 Thou'rt out at elbows; wilt thou earn a living, 1780  
 I'll take thee on. If thou canst gather stones  
 Or trench, I'll find thee wages and good food,  
 Ay, and a coat and shoes: but well I know  
 Thou'rt practised but in sloth, or if thou bend  
 Thy body, 'tis in louting thro' the land  
 To beg thy bellyful.

*Ul.* Now, lord Eurymachus,  
 I would that there might be a trial of labour  
 'Twixt us in springtide, when the days grow long,

In the deep grass ; and I would have my scythe,  
And thou another, striking blow for blow, 1790  
Fasting from dawn till dark : Or give us each  
A plow, and for a team four sturdy oxen,  
Frammard and toward to break up between us  
A stubble of thirty acres ; thou shouldst see  
If I could veer out straight : Or would, I say,  
That Zeus would send us war,—I care not whence,—  
To-day ;—then set a helmet on my brows,  
And give me in either hand a spear and shield ;  
Thou shouldst not taunt me with my belly then.  
Now art thou merely insolent and rough, 1800  
Because thy fellows are so few and feeble :  
And if Ulysses came and faced thee here,  
Those doors, wide as they are, would seem too small  
And narrow for thee, in thy haste to fly.

*Eur.* Try thou their width then.

[*Throws a stool and hits Ctesippus.*

*Ctes.*

Gods, my head !

*Amph.* By me, old man.

*Ctes. (to Eur.).* Now curse thee for a fool.

Take it back, thus : (*throws*) and mend thy aim.

*Eur.*

Ctesippus !

*Tel.* My lords, my lords !

*Eur.*

Thy pardon, good Ctesippus !

*Ctes.* In time : thou'st broke my head.

*Ant.* By heaven, this beggar  
Grows to be some one : let us drive him forth. 1810

*Amph.* Peace, peace !

*Ant.* See where he stands.

*Eur. (to Amph.).* Wilt thou protect him ?

*Tel.* Lords, are ye mad ? The god disturbs your  
wits.

Else what ye have drunk declares 'tis time ye part.

*Ant.* Then list to me. Let us begone, but first  
Rouse we the game : start we this beggar hence,  
And hunt him at the spear-point thro' the town.  
With me for sport !

*Some wooers.* Hie there, hie ! Tally ho !

*Eum.* Not if I die for it.

*Amph.* Fools ! Give o'er.

*Tel.* Now, lords,

What keeps you back ?

*Re-enter suddenly Penelope with maids.*

*Pen.* Shame, shame ! what vile and drunken brawl  
is this, 1820

That reaching to my chamber, brings me down

At mid of night in fear lest in your revels

Ye stain my floors with blood ? Ah, now ye are  
shamed.

How rose this sudden uproar 'mongst you, lords ?

Honour ye not my son, that in his presence,  
The morrow of his return, ye are broken forth  
In more disordered noise than e'er before ?  
If ye respect not him, me ye respect :  
Who answers for you ?

*Ant.* That impertinent swineherd . . .

*Eur.* The wretch I spake of . . .

*Ctes.* Nay, Eurymachus, 1830

'Twas thou as much.

*Pen.* Speak one for all.

*Eur.* O lady,

Thy son hath fetched a beggar in to mock us.

*Pen.* Telemachus, what is it ?

*Tel.* Of this riot

The whole occasion lies but with these lords ;  
Who have raised their hands to strike their fellow-  
guest,

And as thou cam'st were risen to drive him forth.

*Pen.* I know not, sirs, what sort of man this is,  
That so hath stirred your wrath : but be ye sure  
That shelter offered here is shelter given.

Yet at your instance I will take upon me 1840  
To make enquiry, and will give your wishes  
All fair allowance, as my older guests.

Meanwhile depart : ye have feasted long : depart :  
'Tis time indeed : I bid you all good-night.

*Eur.* The queen has spoken, lords ; depart at once.

*Ant.* The villain will escape us yet.

*Ctes.* He shall not,

If he go forth to-night.

*Ant.* And if he stay,

To-morrow I will serve him.

*Tel.* Lords, depart!

*Ant.* Fare thee well, prince ; I shall return at morn.

*Woosers.* Good-night, rarest Penelope.— 1850

Fair queen of Ithaca, good-night.— [Going.

*Eur.* Until to-morrow, fairest queen, adieu. [Exit.

*Pen. (to Eum.).* Eumæus, hither ; who is this old man ?

*Eum.* Why 'tis a strange old man, and full of lies :  
Yet 'tis an honest and a wise old man.

*Pen.* How full of lies and honest ?

*Eum.* Gracious madam,

I have looked on many men, and by their gait  
And voice and eyes are honest men well known ;  
And this old man is such : but when he speaks  
Such floods of words run o'er his aged lips, 1860  
Ay, and such tales,—and ever when he draws  
To make conclusion, 'tis the same old fable,  
That he hath seen the master, that the master  
Will soon return :—therefore I say he lies.

*Pen.* Hath he been with us long ?

*Eum.* 'Twas yestermorn  
He came.

*Pen.* Enough. Thou mayst go home. Good-night.

*Eum.* Good-night, my lady. [*Exit.*

*Pen.* O my son, my son ;  
I think that years and use, which perfect others,  
Serve but to blunt thy reason : as a child  
Thou hadst a shrewder wit, and quick enough ; 1870  
But now, when any man to look on thee  
Would say that thou wert some one, thy behaviour  
Would blast his praise.

*Tel.* Tell me what ill I have done.

*Pen.* What thou hast done ? My heart was full of  
hope ;  
I looked for thy return as happiness,  
How hast thou dashed it. I had well forgot  
The empty tales thou broughtest me for tidings,  
Nor marked the fault, seeing thy zeal in love  
Outrun thy judgment : but when thou hast invited  
Thy man to be our guest, and canst not then 1880  
Protect him : this is shame.

*Tel.* Mother, I think  
To do a wrong is shame : to suffer wrong  
Asks not for pardon.

*Pen.* Ay, but what to do ?  
Thy guest hath been insulted : hast thou power

To punish that? and of the two reproaches,  
 To suffer it again, or to dismiss,  
 As must be, him to whom thou offeredst shelter,  
 I know not which is worse.

*Tel.* Wilt thou dismiss  
 The herald of such hope?

*Pen.* Eumæus saith  
 His tales are lies.

*Tel.* Speak with him but thyself: 1890  
 Make proof thyself: if thou be not persuaded,  
 He shall not bide the night. Nay, if he lies,  
 Let him go starve. See, I will bring thee to him.

*Pen.* If so thou wilt. (*To maids.*) Maidens,  
 begone. [*Exeunt maids.*

*Tel.* Old man,  
 The words which thou hast told me, now make good  
 Unto my honoured mother. [*Exit.*

*Pen.* Thou strange old man, whose thin and sorry  
 rags

Speak thee no friend of heaven; whose many years  
 Find thee a wanderer in a foreign land;  
 Who art thou, I will ask, and with what tale 1900  
 Winning my son, thou comest to the house  
 Of good Ulysses, and to me his wife  
 Pretendest tidings of my long-lost lord?

*Ul.* O lady, there is none in all the world  
Would blame the word thou sayest, so fair thy fame :  
Nay, for thy spirit is gentle : yet ask me not  
Thus of myself, for I have seen much woe :  
And tears might flood my face ; till thou perchance  
Shouldst think my temper soft, or drowned in wine.

*Pen.* Whate'er my fame, stranger, it lacketh much  
In losing of my lord ; if he were here 1911  
Then I were proud. But 'tis of him we speak.  
Tell me then whence thou art, and what thou knowest.

*Ul.* If tell I must : there is a beauteous isle,  
Which men call Crete, washed by the Libyan sea :  
Ninety fair cities hath it, and the men  
Who dwell there are of various race, Achæans,  
Cydonians, Dorians, and Pelasgians,  
Beside the native Cretan. There is Gnosus,  
Where Minos dwelt, and took his law from Zeus :  
He was my grandsire, and Deucalion 1921  
His son, my father, had another son  
Idomeneus, elder and better gifted  
Than I, who am callèd Æthon. Now it happed,  
That when not many days, Idomeneus  
Had sailed away for Troy, thy lord Ulysses,  
Bound thither too, was driven aside to Crete,  
And sheltered at Amnisos ; and when thence  
He sent up heralds to the king, as one

Whose welcome was assured, it fell to me 1930  
To play awhile my elder brother's part,  
And entertain him and his men. Twelve days  
He stayed, for even so long the mad North wind  
Abated not, but with such fury blew  
That far from putting out, they scarce could keep  
Their feet on land: but on the thirteenth day  
It fell, and let them forth to sail for Troy.

*Pen.* Friend then, if so thou art, that courtesy  
Thus royal shewedst to my lord, forgive  
My thought to prove thee, if indeed these things 1940  
Were as thou sayest. When thou sawest my lord,  
How was he clad, and what lords followed him?

*Ul.* Lady, 'tis hard with such a time between  
To say—'tis twenty years; and yet, methinks,  
My memory shows him to me, as he was.  
Thy lord Ulysses wore a purple robe  
Of double woof, and on the golden brooch,  
Which two pins held, was wrought a rare device;  
A hound that had o'ertaken a hunted fawn,  
Stood on't and gazed: and none who saw the work  
But marvelled, so was nature done to life. 1951  
The linen too about his neck was bright,  
And fine in tissue as the silvery coat,  
Which the lithe snake among the withered grass  
Leaves off unrent. Ay, and his squire I see,

A man round-shouldered, tanned, and curly-haired,  
Eurybates, that was his name ; and him  
Ulysses loved and honoured 'bove the rest.

*Pen.* Now, stranger, for the shame, which thou  
hast found 1959

Within my halls, shalt thou find love and honour.  
The garments which thou sawest are the garments  
I gave to him myself : the golden brooch  
Of rare device I chose to be his jewel,  
On that accursed day when he set forth  
For evil Ilion, never to be named.

*Ul.* O honoured wife of great Laertes' son,  
Waste not thy soul in weeping for thy lord !

*Pen.* Hath sorrow taught thee, friend, that tears  
are vain ?

*Ul.* Love's tokens were not given to man for nought.

*Pen.* Blamest thou then a woman, if she weep  
Her lord's decease ? 1971

*Ul.* Nay, many dames that mourn  
Their lords fordome at Troy, lament unblamed.

*Pen.* Then why say'st thou to me, weep not ; who  
knowest

My loss so well, knewest so well my lord ?

*Ul.* Since thy lord lives, therefore I say weep not.

*Pen.* I knew that thou wouldst say Ulysses lives.

*Ul.* 'Tis to no purpose then I bring thee joy ?

*Pen.* Many have falsely brought this hope before.

*Ul.* And yet unwittingly they spake the truth.

Ulysses lives.

*Pen.* Prince Æthon, if so thou be, 1980

I came to hear thy tale, 'twas well begun :

Shew proof as fair for what thou goest to tell.

*Ul.* Lady, indeed Ulysses lives, and now  
He is in Thesprotia, as I lately heard,  
And gathers gifts and treasures as he comes :  
The which I saw, a kingly wealth, enough  
To dower his children's children o'er and o'er.  
His brave companions all were gone, but he  
From untold perils was come out unscathed.

*Pen.* Where learnedst thou this ? 1990

*Ul.* Being in Thesprotia

Not many days ago, the good king Pheidon  
Told me these things, and shewed me too a ship  
For voyage stored, wherein he said Ulysses  
Should shortly sail ; and with him I had come,  
But that a vessel there discharging corn,  
Left for Dulichium, and gave me passage.

*Pen.* Thou saw'st him not ?

*Ul.* True, lady, I saw him not ;  
He had travelled to Dodona, to consult  
The oracle.

*Pen.* Nay, and alas thou hast seen him

Scarce later than have I.

*Ul.* May Zeus himself 2000

Be witness first, and then this kindly house  
Of good Ulysses, whither I am come,  
He shall return to thee ere this moon change.

*Pen.* I thank thee, sir ; and wish right well thy word  
Might be accomplished : I would so reward thee,  
That all who looked on thee should call thee blessed.  
But in my heart I know 'twill not be so ;  
Nor shew'st thou proof.

*Ul.* What of my oath ?

*Pen.* Indeed

I doubt not thy good will, nor thy good faith ;  
But nought can come of it ; and much I fear 2010  
That thou wilt scarce win escort from this house,  
So are its masters changed.

*Ul.* Mean as I am,

I fear not them thou hintest ; nor in thy house  
Will they dare hurt me. I will here remain,  
Until Ulysses comes.

*Pen.* O, thou knowest little.

Now is the end. I'll tell thee. When at first  
These princes came to woo me against my will,  
I put them off with guile ; and some good spirit  
Prompting my heart, I set up in the hall

A loom, and rolled upon the beam a warp 2020

Ample and long, and said *My lordly wooers,*  
*Abide, nor press my marriage till this cloth*  
*Be made, for I would weave the threads I span.*  
*'Tis old Laertes' shroud, against the day*  
*Which is not far, when death must take him hence.*  
*For since my lord is dead, I would not leave*  
*His house, without this honour paid his sire.*  
And stealing thus their courteous consent,  
I used by day to weave, but every night  
Would silently creep down, and by the loom 2030  
Setting the torches, soon unravelling all,  
Undid the work of the day. Thus for three years  
I wove and prospered, and the web stood still :  
But in the fourth, by blabbing of my maidens  
Was all discovered, and since then I have known  
Reproach, nor now can longer 'scape. My friends  
And parents urge me, and my son himself,  
Who once was with me, begs me leave the house,  
Ere his good father's wealth be all consumed.

*Ul.* Well done of thee ! Fear not. Ulysses cometh  
To slay these robbers like a flock of sheep. 2041

*Pen.* Against conviction, friend, thy words are  
pleasant :

None yet hath thus talked with me ; and ere I go  
To sleep or weep upon my lonely couch,  
I'll tell thee of a dream I lately dreamed,

Much of thy meaning. There were twenty geese,  
Which in the courtyard I had watched with pleasure,  
Raising their bills above their well-filled trough.

Now in my dream a furious eagle flew 2049

Down from the hills, and with his crooked beak  
Broke all their necks, and killed them, and they lay  
Strewn in the yard; but he flew off to heaven.

Then cried I out, as in my sleep it seemed,  
Aloud, and all my maidens came about me,  
And mourned with me my geese the eagle had killed.

But he returned, and perching on the wall,  
Spoke in man's voice to me and said,

*Fear not, O daughter of Icarius,  
No dream thou sawest, but a vision true.*

*The geese are all thy wooers, and the eagle* 2060

*That was, am now thy husband safe returned,  
Who will slay all those men as thou hast seen.*

Thus spake he, and I awaked; and looking forth  
I saw my geese all standing by the trough,  
Eating the wheaten meal as heretofore.

*Ul.* Now blessed be the gods, who thus will visit  
In sleep the attentive spirits of them they love.

*Pen.* Two gates there are in heaven of shadowy  
dreams,

One pair of ivory wrought, and one of horn: 2069  
And dreams that through the ivory come to men

Are cheating, and show things that shall not be ;  
But such as through the polished horn fly down  
Are true in issue to their glad beholders :  
But thence came not my strange dream as I fear,  
Welcome as 'twere to me and to my son.

*Ul.* The dream was true ; the interpretation true.  
If yet thou doubt, me too a goddess sent  
To warn thee of the thing, which thou, alas,  
For weariness of hope and long misgiving,  
Art slow to hear. 2080

*Pen.* What is man's hope, good friend?  
Is't not a beggar in the land of doubt,  
Seeking as thou shelter and fire and food  
From day to day ? and, while she finds a little,  
She travels on, comforting life's affections  
With scraps and crumbs fall'n from the dish of joy.  
'Tis thus hope lives, patient and pleasureless :  
But time will come when hope must die ; she feels  
The gathering cold and creeping touch of death,  
And hath no thought but how to pass in peace.  
Even such my hope, agèd and white as thou, 2090  
And near her term. Persist not ! Rudely to arouse her  
But hastens her sure end. Like in spent ashes  
Which fuel chokes, what little fire remains  
Burns best unmended.

*Ul.* Thou wouldst wrong the gods,

Who show such care for thee.

*Pen.* Friend, what to do?  
To-morrow I had purposed—ah, evil morn!—  
To end disorder, and to do a thing  
Should part me from this house. I had bethought me  
Of good Ulysses' bow, to bring it forth,  
And make therewith a contest to the wooers; 2100  
That if among them there was one could string it,  
And shoot an arrow thro' the axes' heads  
Set up in line as he was used to set them,  
That that man I would marry,—and with him  
Quit my dear home for ever. Now thou say'st  
Ulysses comes, give me thy counsel, friend,  
If I should do this thing or wait awhile.

*Ul.* Lady, some god hath put it in thine heart :  
Set thou the axes up : Bring forth the bow :  
Here is there none can bend it ; and maybe 2110  
That he, while they but strive with that same bow  
Shall work thee full revenge for all their wrongs.

*Pen.* Bid'st thou me so ?

*Ul.* Fear not ! To-morrow morn  
Bring forth the bow, the axes, and the arrows.

*Pen.* And shall I marry him who shooteth true ?

*Ul.* Thou shalt find here no archer like thy lord.

*Pen.* Then will the bow be offered them in vain ?

*Ul.* More than in vain for them, but not for thee.

*Pen.* Be it so. Yet would I that pure Artemis  
Might give me an easy death in sleep this night,  
Even now; that I no more in sorrow of heart 2121  
Should waste my life, longing for my dear lord's  
Manifold excellence.

*Ul.* Thy constant love  
Is witness that he lives. A rootless flower  
Blooms not so long. Be sure that he will come.

*Pen.* Friend, all thy words console me : wert thou  
willing  
I could sit here by thee, nor wish for sleep.  
But 'tis full time I leave. I go to send  
One to strew bedding for thee.—

*Ul.* Beseech thee, lady,  
I'll lay me on this fleece and take my rest. 2130  
A beggar such as I needeth no more.

*Pen.* The god of sleep visit thee soon. Farewell.

*Ul.* Lady, good-night.

[*Exit Penelope. The firelight is failing.*]

Now could I weep, and from the springs of pity  
Forgive some wrong. Yet in the goddess' hest,  
Away my softness! Surely in these things  
Is her hand seen. My bow! ay, from that bow  
The arrows were not wont to fly in vain.  
But now to find my son, my trust in him  
Hath grown with this day's doings. 2140

*Enter in the gallery above Maids whispering and  
tittering.*

*MAIDS.*

See there he sits—

Hush! hush!

He talketh to the fire—

'Cause of his wandering wits.—

He! he! he! he!

What makes he here?—

He hath come over sea

With old tales of the sire.—

Why who would lend him ear?

He! he!

2150

How could the prince give heed?—

How can our lady trust

This object of disgust?—

Or how hath she agreed

To take him here among

The wooers as her guest?

Half crazed too, I'll be bound—

He! he! he! he!

And treat him like the rest,

So noble all and young?

2160

Hush! hush!

His old bones creak !

Hush ! hush !

He looks, he turns around,

He sees us, he will speak.

Hush !

*Ul.* Ye miserable women, accurst of fate,  
Unknowing on the eve of doom ye are come  
To anger justice. Go ! your wanton lovers  
Are gone ; ye never shall concern them more. 2170  
Nor none of them, nor ye that mock old men  
Shall know what 'tis to have grey hairs. Begone !  
For when Ulysses cometh, as men hang  
Bunches of grapes upon a string to dry,  
So shall he set you dangling in the court  
By your white necks. Fly to your chambers ! Fly !  
Ulysses comes.

*Maids.* Ah, ah, ah ! Mercy on us ! [*Exeunt.*

*Ul.* Now first to find my son. If I dare call.

[*Goes to L.*

Softly—Telemachus !—Telemachus !

*Tel.* (*enters L.*). Father. 2180

*Ul.* Speak softly, son, lest any hear.

The goddess guides us well. The plot is laid :  
'Tis but to tell it thee. I have won thy mother  
To confidence, tho' yet she knows me not.  
To-morrow morn will she bring forth my bow,

And make therewith a contest for the wooers,  
Pledging to marry him who strings the bow,  
And shoots an arrow through the axes' heads.  
Now thou must set them up, as I will shew thee,  
In the outer court ; that they who come to shoot  
May stand where we are standing—as I was wont,—  
Sending the arrows thro' the open doorway. 2191  
But when 'tis seen that none can string the bow,  
Then I shall take it, and be that our sign.  
With the first shaft I loose a foe will fall,  
And war begins ; and when I speak my name,  
Thou and Eumæus join me ; for the rest,  
Soon will they fly for safety to the court :  
But let its outer gate be barred ; then we  
Here at the doorway can at leisure aim,  
Nor fear not any numbers. Learn thy part : 2200  
To bar the gate of the court on the outer side,  
To close the postern, and set up the axes.  
And have good care their heads sit loose upon them,  
Nor bound unto the shafts ; else might they serve  
For arms against us. As for other weapons  
They bear not many : those that here be hung  
Upon the walls, must we take down and hide.  
Which, if thou help me now, may soon be done.  
First let me put this blazing log aside,  
Lest light betray us.

*Tel.* Father, how shall we see 2210  
To move the arms?

*Ul.* Now had the goddess made me  
As blind as old, I should not need to grope  
In my own house : and all, I have marked it well,  
Hang where I hung them there : each spear and shield  
I know the touch and weight of.

*Tel.* None hath dared  
To change a thing.

*Ul.* Lift off that shield.

*Tel.* I have it.

*Ul.* And that and these. Have care, son, lest the  
bronze  
Ring and betray us.

*Tel.* Now the helmet, father.

*Ul.* Reach me those spears above,

*Tel.* What is that light,  
That dances so and plays about the beams? 2220

*Ul.* Now mayst thou see the goddess aiding us.

*Tel.* It shimmers like the moonlight on the sea.

*Ul.* 'Tis the same fierce ethereal flame of heaven,  
Which makes the lightning ; but the wise Athenè  
Hath tamed it for her common servicings.  
Stay not to look on't ; 'tis to aid our work.

*Tel.* 'Tis certain we shall prosper.

*Ul.* Take thou those,

I these. Follow me up the stair. Step slow  
And soft. Let nothing in thy burden shift.  
Come thou.

*Tel.* I follow.

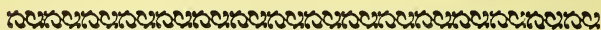
*Ul.* Stealthily, my son, 2230  
Soon shall we set them out of reach.

*[Going up the stairs.]*





## A C T . V



*The same : ULYSSES and TELEMACHUS.*

*ULYSSES.*

LOOK not thus sad, my son ; the day hath  
dawned  
Which ere it close shall see this house and me  
Restored ; for though the event seem perilous,  
The goddess' oath is sure. Look not thus sad.  
Arouse resolve, and brace intention up  
With thoughts to whet thy courage.

*TELEMACHUS.*

See, dear father,  
All things as thou hast ordered have I done,  
And whatsoever more thou bidst me do  
I shall be glad and ready : fear me not ;                      2240  
Nor doubt my courage, if my heart is foolish  
In asking one thing of thee.

*Ul.*                                      Speak, my son.

*Tel.* I am sad for thee, father, that thy return  
Must be in battle, when thou shouldst have come  
In peace and merriment : and for my mother

I grieve, that when her sorrow's cause is fled,  
Her joy must break so sternly : and for these halls  
I mourn, that they must know the din of arms,  
And bear the stain of life-blood. But not least  
For these rash men I am sorry, who I know 2250  
In part deserve to die, and yet not all :  
Being for the most of common parts, no ruder  
Nor worse than others are : while to the worst  
Forgiveness of their wrongs would be, methinks,  
Nobler revenge, and as a punishment  
Heavier than death.

*Ul.* What wouldst thou now, my son ?

*Tel.* Reveal thyself, and bid them at the word  
Depart in shame. If then they should not fly,  
There were no help for it : fight.

*Ul.* The manliest hearts  
Are gentle ; and thy speech, son, would convince  
My heart of malice, were my heart my guide : 2261  
But as thou without question me obeyest,  
So I the goddess, in whose hands my life  
Till now hath lain.

*Tel.* And will there be no mercy  
Shown to thy servants, who have failed in trust ?

*Ul.* Such justice only as shall separate  
The false from the innocent. If I should swerve  
Even in desire from what the goddess bade,

She may desert me. Already hath my pity  
Strained my obedience : yestereve I gave 2270  
Warning to fly to Lord Amphinomus ;  
For which if I be blamed, what is our risk ?  
At the hands of these wretches my death ; or else  
Return denied me to my proper self,  
Condemned to live unrecognizable,  
A withered, age-stricken beggar, full of scorn.

*Tel.* Already I love thee, even as now thou art.

*Ul.* O son, this shame stifles me. Where's Eumæus?  
I incline to tell him.

*Tel.* And there is one besides 2279  
Whom we may trust, the neatherd. When time came  
To close the gate, I thought to take them with me.

*Ul.* Ay, do so, son ; and order with them thus.  
When none of all the lords can string the bow,  
I will call for it : let Eumæus bring it :  
'Twill rouse disorder ; should thy mother tarry,  
Make that excuse to bid her to her chamber.  
When once she is gone, I shoot.

*Tel.* With them we are four.

*Ul.* Where be our arms ?

*Tel.* They are hid beneath the stairs.

*Ul.* Keep we this side the hall, so shall our foes  
The sooner seek the door.

*Tel.* Hush ! see, they come ! 2290

*Enter Eurymachus, Antinous, Ctesippus (others following).*

**EURYMACHUS.**

Good-morrow, prince!

*Tel.* Good-morrow, lords.

*Eur.* I prithee

What mean those axes planted in the court?

They mock my judgment.

**ANTINOUS.**

Now I have wagered, prince,  
They are set to root : the bronze is out of date ;  
They shall be grafted in the spring with iron.

*Tel.* The pleasantry is happier than the wager.  
This being Apollo's feast-day, 'tis proposed  
To do him honour with some archery :  
The axes are for mark.

**CTESIPPUS.**

Here's something new :

What is't?

2300

*Eur.* The walls, the walls. They are bare of arms.  
Why are they taken down?

*Tel.* Moving the axes,  
'Twas found the arms, which in their place had hung  
Untouched for twenty years, were much decayed

And perished by the smoke : they are set aside,  
Where they can be o'erlooked and cleansed from rust.

*Enter Amphinomus, the rest after him.*

*AMPHINOMUS (and others).*

Good-day.

*Tel.* Good day.

*Amph.* What are these axes, prince,  
Set in the court ?

*Tel.* Since all will need to know,  
Let me tell all. It being Apollo's feast,  
The queen, my mother, has decreed a trial  
Of shooting in his honour ; and the axes 2310  
Ye ask of, are the mark. She gives the prize :  
The which, with the conditions of the contest,  
She shall herself proclaim. Until she comes,  
Sit ye in peace.

*Ctes.* Tell us what prize, I pray.

*Tel.* Beseech you, await.

*Eur.* Be seated, lords, be seated !

*Wooers (sitting).* Can you explain ? I am in the dark

How axes are an arrow's mark ?—

—The arrows, sir, are shot point blank  
Through the axes' heads set up in rank.

—And that is such a juggling feat, 2320  
That when you do it you cannot see't.

*Ant.* Give us some wine. Ho, fellows !

*Tel.*

Bear the wine

To lord Antinous.

*Ctes.* Plague him, whoe'er he be,

That put this ox-bone in my seat. Old scoundrel,

(*To Ul.*) I think'twas thou: if not, I owe thee favours:

Here goes a present to thee.

[*Throws.*

*Tel.*

Now, Ctesippus,

Missing thine aim thou madest a better throw

Than was thy purpose. For by heaven I swear,

That hadst thou hit the stranger, at this moment

My spear were in thy body, and the gold 2330

Thy father saveth for thy wedding-day,

He should have spent upon thy funeral.

Know henceforth all of you, what insolence

May look to meet from me. I have been a child,

And so ye have treated me; I am now a man,

Grant it or learn it. (*To Ul.*) Old man, take thy

seat.

*Wooers.* Now if Ulysses ne'er came back,

We not for that a lord should lack :

So doth this son of his inherit

His masterful and haughty spirit. 2340

*Amph.* Silence acknowledgeth a true rebuke.

There is nought to answer, lords: treat we this  
stranger

With due respect. But to Telemachus  
One word I speak in kindness. While hope was  
Ulysses might return, he did but well  
Discouraging our courtship of his mother ;  
But now, when hope is gone and all agree  
He never can return, the prince should join  
To urge the queen that she delay no more,  
But wed the best man here : which were far better  
Both for himself and for his father's honour, 2351  
Than all this waste and rancour in his halls.

*Tel.* Nay, now by Zeus, and by my father's griefs,  
In no wise do I stay my mother's marriage.  
Rather I urge her marry whom she will.  
But while she wills not, that one word of mine  
Be breathed to drive her forth, the gods forbid.  
To her speak, not to me. Lo you, she is here.

*Wooers.* The queen ! silence ! the queen !

*Enter Penelope (with bow). Maids follow.*

PENELOPE.

My noble suitors, hear me. The prince, my son,  
Hath told you of the purpose of my coming : 2361  
Howe'er that be, attend. Ye have now long time  
Besieged this widowed house, and day by day  
Eating and drinking without end, abused  
The absence of its lord ; and ever in all

Ye have still proclaimed one object, me to woo  
And wed. Till now I have barred consent : to-day  
I yield me to your urgency to declare  
Whom I will choose : but since not willingly  
I wed, I set my fortune with the gods 2370  
To guide and govern. Here is Ulysses' bow :  
With this contest, I pray you, among yourselves,  
And I will be the prize. Yes, his am I  
Who strings most easily this bow, and shoots  
The truest arrow through the axes' heads.  
He is my husband and with him to day  
Will I leave this fair house so dearly loved.  
Eumæus, take the bow. Offer it now  
In turn to all : and let all try in turn ;  
I will sit here and watch.

*EUMÆUS.*

O honoured mistress, 2380  
What wilt thou do?

*NEATHERD.*

Alas, my tears run down :  
I never thought to have seen this day.

*Ant.*

Now, hinds,

Obeys. Why weep ye, fools? Your lady needs  
Encouragement, not pity. Swift obey,

Or take your tears without, and leave the bow  
To us for whom the prize is ;—a prize, my lords,  
Not lightly to be taken ; for none I think  
Will bend it as Ulysses did : none here  
Is like the man, as I remember him  
Long years ago, when I was but a lad. 2390

*Tel.* Stay ; are all here ? This trial being for all,  
Chance shall exclude none from it. In the house  
Are ye full numbers ?

*Eur.* Lords, let all sit down,  
Each in his place.

*Tel.* Eumæus, go without,  
And see that all be gathered in the court.

[*Exit Eumæus.*

*Woovers.* The queen doth well.—'Tis just and plain,  
All share the chance.—It goes for nought  
To have boasted favour. They that brought  
The costliest gifts have spent in vain.—  
Now we may laugh, sirs.—Some that sought 2400  
To overawe our equal claim  
Are answered well.—I ever thought  
She was a wise and honest dame. [*They sit.*

*Eur.* The places all are filled : none lacketh here.

*Eum. (returning).* All are assembled, prince, within  
the court.

*Tel.* Come forth in turn then, and assay the bow.

I think Zeus robs me of my wits.—I laugh :  
'Tis true I laugh.—Ye understand, my lords,  
My wise and honoured mother hath declared  
That she will wed a stranger, and go forth 2410  
And leave this house :—and I laugh and am glad !  
Come then, I say ; seeing this is the prize,  
A lady without rival in the land ;  
What say I ? Not in all the Achæan lands,  
In sacred Pylos, Argos, or Mycenæ,  
Or elsewhere. But ye know this, and indeed  
Why should I praise my mother ? Come, I call you ;  
Come forth, assay the bow. Who cometh first ?  
Why, now I see I am a fool ; myself,  
Why not myself ? If I should string it best, 2420  
And easiest, and shoot truest at the mark,  
Then I reserve the prize : my lady mother  
Will never quit these halls. Yes, and I think  
I have some phantom of my father's strength.—

*Eur.* Nay, prince, this was not bargained.

*Ant.*

Let him try.

*Tel.* It bends, it yields ; but what you say is just ;  
'Tis not for me. Ye be the mighty men :  
I hand it you.

*Eur.* Rise each in turn,  
As the wine circles. First is Sir Leiodes,  
The soothsayer.

## LEIODES.

Give it me.

*Eum.* Sir, mayst thou fail. 2430

*Leiod.* Curse on thy tongue. I asked not thy goodwill.

*Tel. (aside to Eum.).* I need thy aid without : thou  
and the neatherd

Follow me thro' the postern : let none see you.

*Some wooers rise from their seats. Tel., Eum., and  
neatherd go out by the postern door R.*

*Leiod.* I cannot bend it : 'tis a deadly bow.

Ay, if I ever have spoken sooth, to-day

My spirit is true. This is no marrying bow.

'Twill prove our shame and death. Another take it.

I have done with it. We have all along been fooled ;

Now more than ever. But if any yet

Hope for the lady, let him try the bow, 2440

And then go woo another.

*Ant.* Think not, sir,

Because thy hands are white and delicate,

There be no men of sinew.

*Eur.* Peace, my lords !

*A suitor.* 'Tis stiff and dry with age. Bring me some  
oil :

If it be rubbed therewith and warmed the while,

'Twill ease it mightily.

*Ant.*

Ay, do ye so.

[*They take it to the fire.*]CHORUS—*Wooers (inter se).*

What was it, friend, I heard thee say?—

Seest thou the arms, that in the hall

Were wont to hang, are gone to-day?—

Ay, so they be, sir, one and all.— 2450

Mark you this dust beneath the wall?—

Well, sir, what of it?—hark, 'tis said

That, as Eumæus took last night

The axes from their rank o'erhead,

He saw a strange and fearful sight ;

For all the arms, which never yet

Had been disturbed where they were set .

By good Ulysses years ago,

Crumbled before his eyes ; and lo!

Spear, helm, and shield, without a sound, 2460

Fell down in dust upon the ground.—

That was an omen.—True, and we

The accomplishment to-day shall see.—

Ulysses' reign is past and fled :—

Ay, and his spirit here hath been

To do this thing, knowing the queen

Should to another man be wed.

*The suitor (2nd competitor).* I cannot bend it.

3rd.

Go to, sir, give it me.

Thou heldst it wrongly,—but thus.— 2469

*2nd.* Ay, teach me, shew me!

*3rd.* Ah! ah! ah! Nay, indeed it yieldeth not.

What is it made of? Were't of Indian horn

I must have broke it. Bah! I have wrenched my back!

*Eur.* Sirs, 'tis my turn. Ye do us little honour.

'Tis warm to the hand, and well hath drunk the oil.

Now be I first to string it.

*Wooers.* See!

See he will do it if any can.—

He is the best, and so 'twill be.—

He standeth firm: it yieldeth now.—

Well done! Eurymachus will win.—

See how his striving body strains!— 2480

Fixed like the image of a man

In stone he stands.—Now for it!—The veins

Stand out upon his darkening brow.—

It slowly yields.—He doth it.—Nay,

It slippeth back.—He giveth in.—

He hath failed, he putteth it away.

*Eur.* My friends, I am hurt both for myself and all.

And were there but this woman in the world,

To miss her could but vex me as it doth.

But others be there, and my grief is other. 2490

For that we came in strength so far behind

The great Ulysses, that we could not string

His bow, will ring our shame in ears unborn.

*Ant.* That will not be, Eurymachus,—and thou know'st it.

This is Apollo's feast, and on such day  
Who should presume in archery? Sit down;  
And let the bow and other gear abide.  
Meanwhile pour out libations to the god,  
And make a sacrifice. To-morrow morn,  
Be he appeased, we may with his good favour 2500  
Find better fortune.

*Eur.* 'Tis well spoke, my lords.  
Consent ye all?

*Wooers.* Ay, ay.

*Eur.* Then be it so.  
What saith our honoured lady?

*Pen.* Well, my lords,  
'Tis an untoward ending. Shall I think  
Ye will not, or ye cannot?

*Eur.* Be content  
To wait but till to-morrow, we beseech thee.—  
Bring round the wine.

*Tel.* (*who has entered unperceived with Eum. and  
neatherd*). Ho! men, take round the wine.

*Eum.* Will they not need it?

*Ant.* Thou impertinent swineherd,  
Go to thy pigs.

*Eum.* Ay, ay, my lord.

*Ul.* Hear me,

Ye warriors, wooers of Ulysses' queen, 2510

And you, Antinous and Eurymachus

In chief! 'Tis well ye urge to stay the contest,

And pour libations, that the archer god

To-morrow may grant strength to whom he will.

But first give me the bow, that I may gauge

My strength with yours, to see if yet remains

Some muscle lithe of what once clothed my limbs,

Or if 'tis withered all with age and want.

*Wooers.* Ho! ho! The beggar thinks that he

Shall win the fair Penelope. 2520

*Ant.* Thou wretched fool, thou hast even less wit  
than hairs :

Art not content in our high company

To sit at ease, and have thy share, and hear

Our talk, and see our pleasure 'gainst our will?

The unwonted wine dilates what brains thou hast,

To make thee think thou canst contend with us.

*Pen.* Antinous, I forbid this disrespect

Before me of my guest : and by my life

Thou dost him wrong. To me he seems as tall

And strongly built as thou ; he boasts to be 2530

No less well born :—I grant him place and speech.

Thinkest thou if he string Ulysses' bow

That I should wed him ?—Nay, nor he thinks that.  
Fret not yourselves, beseech you, with such fears.

*Eur.* Far be the thought, O wise Penelope :  
And since he hath nought to gain, let him not try it :  
Lest if he string it, men should say hereafter,  
Naming our names, *The great bow of Ulysses*  
*These could not handle, but a beggar strung it.* 2539

*Pen.* Look ye to future times for fair renown ?  
That hath been forfeit long. Stick not at this.  
Give him the bow ; he too shall have his prize.  
A king's son is he : ay, and like a king  
From this house shall he issue clad and armed  
From head to foot, as are the best of you.  
I say, give him the bow.

*Tel.* Mother, the bow is mine :  
To give it or withhold it is my right,  
And mine alone, which none can gainsay here.  
And choose I now to give it to this beggar,  
'Tis his to bear away for good and all. 2550  
And what I will, that shall I do. To me  
Therefore leave this dispute : to-day the trial,  
Thou seest, is closed. Retire thou to thy chamber,  
And there at loom and distaff set thy maids their  
tasks.

But this, which looks not like to be a lady's matter,  
Is mine, for mine is lordship in this house.

*Pen.* Well, son, then I shall go. Follow me, maids.

[*Exit Pen. and maids.*]

*CHOR. Wooers.* What hath come o'er the prince?  
and why

Bids he his royal mother hence :

Pushing his haughty speech so high 2560

In strange, undutiful offence ?

*Ul.* Bring me the bow that I may try my skill.

*Wooers (to Eumæus).* Stay ! man, stay !—Whither  
wilt thou go,

Bearing the great resistless bow ?

Stay. We will slay thee if thou dare !—

Forbear ! Forbear !—

*Tel.* Standest thou ! servest thou so many masters ?

On man, and give it him : say thee nay who dares.

*Wooers.* Ha ! ha ! he knows not what to do :

Now he will go, and now he stands.— 2570

Go, give it in the beggar's hands.—

Ay, let him have it and welcome too.—

And thee, old man, may Fortune bless,

As thou therewith shalt find success.

*Eum. (giving to Ul.).* Master, O master ! . . .

*Ul. (aside).* Silence.—Now may Apollo

Grant me but half the strength that once was mine,

And ye shall see if I can bend a bow.

*Wooers.* By heaven, the beggar hath an eye.—

He holds it as he knew the trick.—

Perchance he hath the like laid by 2580

At home.—Or 'tis his thought to try

To fashion such another stick.—

He bends it at his will.—'Tis done!—

'Tis done!—He hath strung it.—See 'tis done.

*Ul.* Behold, prince, if I have not been wrongly scorned.

Give me the arrows. Now they have seen my strength,  
These lords belike would have me prove my skill.

*Woosers.* Now will he shoot? The villains bring

The arrows.—Ay, he taketh one,

To set it on the string. 2590

*Ul.* Now is the irresoluble contest o'er :

Though what remains to do be not child's play.

But I will hit a mark ye little think of.

Apollo aid me ! [*Shoots Antinous.*

*Woosers.* Ah ! Ah ! Beware, beware !

*Ant. (falling back).* Ah !

*Woosers.* Oh, madman ! madman ! Seize him !

*Eur.* Man, what dost thou ?

*Amph.* What hast thou done ? Thou'st slain a man.

*Ctes.* O villain !

*Woosers.* He's dead. Antinous is slain.

*Other woosers (appearing at door).* The lord Antinous  
is slain.

*Eur.* Foolhardy wretch, this murder is thy death.  
 Whether unwittingly, or wittingly, 2601  
 It matters not: thou hast slain the noblest prince  
 Of the isle; and swiftly shall he be avenged.

*Ul. (leaping up to where Penelope had sat. Tel., Eum.,  
 and neatherd join him).* Dogs! ye that said I never  
 should return

From Trojan soil: ye that would waste my house,  
 And woo my wife while yet I was alive:  
 Nor feared the gods in heav'n, nor shame of men:  
 Now are the bonds of death made fast upon you.  
 I am Ulysses.

*Wooers.* Ah, think you!—think you!

*Others without.* See! see!

*Eur.* Stay, sir, awhile!

*Wooers.* Fly! fly!—'Tis he! 2610

'Tis he, fly! See the prince, and there

His two men—Speak, sir! speak him fair—

*Eur.* Stay, sir, awhile, I pray thee. If thou indeed  
 Art he, the good Ulysses safe returned,  
 As by thy deeds and words thou makest to be,  
 Thou wilt hear reason, as thy speech is just.  
 'Tis true ill hath been done thee in house and field:  
 But he lies dead, who was the chief in blame;  
 We may rejoice, for he brought all about,  
 Antinous, less eager for the marriage 2620

Or dower, than in ambitious hope, now quenched,  
That he should reign in Ithaca :—to which end  
He would have killed the prince. But, he being dead,  
Spare thou thy folk, sir, spare thine own ; and we  
For all wrong done thee will repay in full,  
Each one in answer for waste hitherto,  
Bringing the worth of twenty oxen, ay,  
And bronze and iron in plenty, till thy heart  
Be well appeased, that now is justly stirred.

*Ul.* O nay: not though thou gavest me all thy wealth,  
What now thou hast, or after shouldst inherit, 2631  
Could that be thine atonement ; nor the like  
Of each for each, that I should stay my hands  
From slaying here the wooers of my wife.  
This choice ye have, to fight or fly ; but flying  
Or fighting I shall slay you with these arrows.

*Wooers (without).* 'Tis he : he shooteth : fly.

*Wooers (within).* Wrath of the gods, 'tis he.

To arms !—Nay, fly.—O fly.—

[*Many begin to escape.*

*Ul.* I am come late indeed, but in good time.

*Amph.* Out, sirs, haste thro' the doors : 2641

To-morrow it may be

He may be appeased ; now fly.

Avoid his anger now.

[*They fly.*

*Eur.* Fight. We shall overwhelm them. Follow me !

*Ctes.* Fly while we may, I say. [Exit.

*Eur.* Who is with me?

*Eum.* Come, lord Eurymachus; and I will kill thee,  
Even as a pig.

*Eur.* Death to thee, hind. Now charge!

*Some wooers.* Charge all together. Down!

*Tel.* Now, robbers, die. 2649

*Eur.* Ah! ah! I am slain. [Falls dead.

*The others.* Fly, fly, fly, fly. [Exeunt.

*Tel.* They are caught.

[Cries without.

*Ul.* While I stand here and shoot, fetch forth the  
arms. [Shoots.

*Wooers (without).* To the gate; to the gate. Ulysses  
is returned.

Fly, fly! Throw wide the gate. The gate, the gate!

*Eum.* Master, 'tis thou indeed: and I not know thee!

*Ul.* Serve me but now, as when thou knew'st me  
not. [Shoots. Cries.

*Tel.* See here thy shield, my father, and the spears.

*Ul.* Now forth with me and fear not, for the goddess  
Is with us. We will stand upon the threshold,  
And from that vantage fight. Be we hard pressed,  
Retire within, and bar the door. Now forth! 2660

[Exeunt *Ul.*, *Tel.*, *Eum.*, and neatherd in fighting order.

*The doors close behind them.*



2nd.                   The beggar on the stair  
Deals death around, and by him stand the prince,  
The neatherd, and Eumæus. Ah! he is struck!  
Nay, nay. They keep all off with spear and shield.

[*Cries without.*

Pen. Alas, the shrieks of death. I faint, ho! help me.  
Lead me to the chair.                   [*Sits down.*

1st.                   They may burst in : beseech thee,  
Back to thy chamber!                   2681

Pen.                   Nay, if my son be safe.  
Watch there, and tell me.—Is he yet unhurt?

2nd. They spring upon the beggar and the prince,  
And as they spring, they are slain.—They lie in heaps.

Pen. Alas! what cries! Say, is the prince still safe?

2nd. He shieldeth himself well, and striketh surely.  
His foes fall dead before him. Ah! now what see I?  
Who cometh? Lo! a dazzling helm, a spear  
Of silver or electron; sharp and swift                   2690  
The piercings. How they fall. Ha, shields are raised  
In vain. I am blinded, or the beggar-man  
Hath waxed in strength. He is changed, he is young.

O strange!

He is all in golden armour. These are gods,  
That slay the wooers. (*Runs to Pen.*) O lady, forgive me!  
'Tis Ares' self. I saw his crispèd beard:  
I saw beneath his helm his curling locks.

None will escape. O lady, save me, save me. [*Kneels.*

*Maids all.* Let them not slay us. Lady! lady!

forgive us! 2699

*Pen.* Why kneelest thou to me? Fools, why to me?

I have nothing to forgive you. There is no wrong

'Twixt me and you: Or if the gods should punish,

Can I protect?

*Maids.* Forgive us, queen, forgive us!

*Pen.* I see ye are dazed—no wonder.—The thing is  
true

Ye say. The gods are come. I know it: I spake

With one myself unweeting: and he bade

Confront those robbers with the bow of death.

That hath provoked our fate. Ah, cursèd day

The Greeks set forth for Troy. Accurst was Helen,

Accurst was Menelaus, Agamemnon 2710

Accurst, who o'er us drew a net of ill:

Whence since is no escape, no not for one.

Not Ilion burned, not Greece made bare of men,

Not ten years' war, nor to their widowed homes

The barred return of heroes could suffice

To fill the cup of evil, which the gods,

Dooming one deed of all the deeds of men,

The folly of one woman and one man,

Have heaped upon us. Now the unending slaughter

Falls on this house. Was joy, or woe, my crime?

To have had, or lost the best of all the Greeks?  
My patience, watching twenty years, or now 2722  
To have yielded but a little? O ye high gods,  
Smite all ill-doers; ay, smite me with death,  
Triumphant Ares, if within my body,  
My lord being dead, there is either hope or love  
That may be callèd life. I would not live,  
I have no cause to live: but O my son—  
Spare him!

*2nd Maid.* O lady, 'tis not him, but us  
Ares will slay.

*Pen.* Look, look again.

*2nd.* I fear. 2730

'Tis now more dread than ever. The cries have  
ceased.

*Pen.* Hush, hark—ay, all is still. Look forth, I say.

*Re-enter Tel., Eum., and neatherd.*

My son, my son, thou livest.

*Tel.* Thou art here! thou knowest?

*Pen.* What means this fight? what hath been  
done?

*Tel.* Thou knowest not?

The robbers are all slain.

*Pen.* All slain!

*Tel.* My father

Is here.

*Pen.* Son, son !

*Tel.* He hath returned—'Tis true—  
And in his vengeance slain them all.

*Pen.* What say'st thou ?

*Tel.* Mother, believe : our sorrow is o'er. 'Tis he,  
The man disguised, who spake with thee last night :  
But now himself.

*Eum.* O lady, 'tis the master, 2740  
Just as he was.

*Tel.* The tidings hath o'ercome her.  
Stand from before her.

*Re-enter Ulysses, as himself.*

*Ul.* Now o'er my threshold step I as myself,  
None will gainsay my coming. Ah here, my son !

*Tel.* She learned her joy too quickly. As I spake  
She fell back swooning.

*Ul.* Watch by her awhile.

(*To Eum. and neatherd.*) Drag ye these bodies forth,  
and hide the blood ;

That there be nought to shock her wakening sense.

And all ye maids begone. I know to winnow

Good wheat from chaff : and what I spake to you

Shall be to-day accomplished. (*Exeunt Maids.*) Ha,  
what see I ? 2751

Beneath yon skins a coward skulks—one more—  
Traitor, come forth!

*Phem.* (*appearing from under skins*). O my good lord  
and master,  
Have pity upon me.

*Ul.* (*to Eum.*). Take him to the court,  
And slay him there.

*Phem.* Master, have pity on me :  
I am but a minstrel, and have done no wrong.

*Tel.* Father, I plead for him : 'tis Phemius.  
Spare him.

*Ul.* Well, be thou spared ;—the only one—  
And live to tell the tale. See, 'tis thy trade.  
Go from the hall. [*Exeunt Phemius and neatherd.*

(*To Tel.*) Now all is ready, son : 2760  
Doth she not wake?

*Tel.* Ay, now I think she awakes.

*Ul.* Stand thou in sight. Now, dearest wife,  
awake!

Wife, wife, awake! That word and in my voice  
Should call thee from the grave. Dost thou not  
hear?

*Pen.* Who spake?

*Ul.* I speak to thee again.

*Pen.* Thy hand.

*Ul.* I hold thee, and thou me. 'Tis I. I kiss thee.

*Pen.* 'Tis thou. Let it be waking life, or death,  
Or dream, I see thee.—

*Ul.* Truest and bravest heart, our patient years  
Are crowned with joy. 2770

*Pen.* O love, thou comest in time.

*Athena appears on the threshold.*

*ATHENA.*

My work is done. But ere I leave the haunts  
Of sorrowing and rejoicing men, I look  
To bless my work. O wise son of Laertes,  
Thou hast thy house and wife and self restored.  
Murder, strife, robbery, the wrongs I hate,  
Revellings and insolence are now avenged.  
Yet not less am I foe to faithlessness,  
Breaches of trust and of those modest laws,  
Which guard high thoughts and heavenly purity.  
Thy wicked servants slay ; which done, make soon  
Purification of thy house defiled : 2781  
And not forget the oracle, which said  
That thou shouldst find one journey more to make ;  
This thy atonement : and since justice holds  
The crown for good deeds, as the sword for ill,  
Grudge not this only absence : thy good servant  
Thou wouldst reward ; he is a prince ; restore him

Unto his kingdom : 'tis the will of Zeus.

He that hath servèd well hath earned to reign.

Son of Laertes, wilt thou do this thing? 2790

*Ul.* Yea, goddess, I will do it. Thy will is mine.

*Eum. (kneeling).* Most honoured of all masters !

*Ath.* Then FARE YE WELL.



# NOTES

## PALICIO

### I

THE fragment of Æschylus on the title (see List of previous Editions) suggests a truly ancient origin for the family of Palicio: its known history is given in the *Nobiliario viceregio capitaniale e pretoriano in Palermo nobile. Parte terza degli annali di Agostino Inveges. Palermo. MDCLI. p. 104. PALIZZI*. Hugo, Squarcialupu and some of the others may be found in Sicilian histories about the year 1500, the supposed date of this play: their characters and the political situation are quasi-historical. The incidents connecting Margaret and Palicio are mostly adapted from a bad French story by *De Stendhal*, called *Vanina Vanini*, in a book titled *Chroniques Italiennes*, published by *Michel Levy*, in 1855.

1883.

### II

Since the publication of PALICIO, unexpected light has been thrown on the married history of *Palicio* and *Margaret*. It would seem that they had a son, who was probably named after his maternal uncle, the chief Justiciary: for in March 1891 a half-witted Sicilian, named *Manuel Palizzi*, or *Palicio*, was

among the Italians who were executed by the mob in *New Orleans*, for being concerned in the murder of the head of the police. Though the mental condition of this unfortunate fellow was such as to make his responsibility questionable, yet his connection with the *Mafia* society, and with their motives and crimes, points, as unmistakably as his name, to his ancestor in my play, terribly degraded though he was in body as in mind. It is possible that some of our fanatical anarchists may be similarly the prey of a depraved atavism, and be impelled by a fermentation of the sour dregs of an old puritanic heroism. I hope that the family is now extinct. The late *Professor Freeman* in the introduction to his *History of Sicily*, contributed to the literature of my play, by giving a careful and full account of what I assumed to be the origin of the family name.

1894.

## THE RETURN OF ULYSSES

This play, being a dramatising of the chief scenes in Homer's *Odyssey*, and not a recast of the story in dramatic form, is as a stage-play open to evident objections; to which, if it be not successful, there can be no answer. How closely Homer has been followed need not be pointed out, as translations of

the *Odyssey* are common, and the recent accurate version by *Mr. Lang* is in every one's reach. Reference to that will measure the author's fidelity, and show where he has altered, where added ; and it may also excuse him from any acknowledgment of obligation to his friend, beyond the general confession that he has borrowed from his book whenever it suited him to do so.

It was necessary for the play to make the hall of Ulysses' house different from its description in the *Odyssey* ; and considering the disagreement of critics as to Homer's meaning, this was a matter of less regret. The hall required for the last three acts has the following necessary parts. Of the three walls the back wall has, running along it at a convenient height, a practicable *gallery*, which communicates at either end with the upper rooms. This gallery joins in the left corner a short *staircase* against the left wall, leading down to the hall, not so far as to the floor, but ending on a daïs-like *platform*, which is raised two or three feet above the rest of the floor. This is the elevation on which Penelope sits to receive the gifts, and on to which Ulysses leaps when he makes himself known. It has steps also down from it to the floor of the hall. The gallery spoken of is supported by pillars, behind which a

bench for the suitors runs along the wall ; and this arrangement may follow round what is seen of the right wall of the room. But the centre of the back wall is broken by the *doorway* which leads into the outer court : its threshold is three steps above the floor of the hall ; it has double folding-doors, through which, if they are open, the *outer court* may be seen ; and this outer court is on a higher level than the inner hall. The *postern gate* is in the right back corner. The *fireplace* is at the right front.

With this skeleton given, the text is clearly descriptive of all the disposition ; but there is one stage direction it may be well to add : that is, that the *chair*, in which Penelope sits on the dais to watch the contest with the bow, is thrown down on the floor of the hall in the fighting when Eurymachus is killed ; and is set up for her there in the centre of the stage by one of the maids for the last scenes.

1884.

P.S. The translation of the *Odyssey* referred to above is the joint work of Mr. S. H. Butcher, Fellow and Praelector of University College, Oxford, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and of Mr. A. Lang, late Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. Published by Macmillan and Co.

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